

34
No 8006.121

114
1909-10



3/27

1/23, week

4/7/18, week

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF · CULINARY · SCIENCE · AND ·
DOMESTIC · ECONOMICS

JUNE-JULY, 1909
Vol. XIV No. 1

1 DOLLAR
A YEAR

10 CENTS
A COPY

PUBLISHED
BY
THE BOSTON COOKING
SCHOOL MAGAZINE CO.
372 BOYLSTON ST.
BOSTON MASS.



"Light as a Summer Cloud~"

RUMFORD
BAKING
POWDER

is the food made with

RUMFORD

The Wholesome

BAKING POWDER

Pound Can 30 Cts.

*Contains nothing but what is found
in a grain of wheat*

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

OF

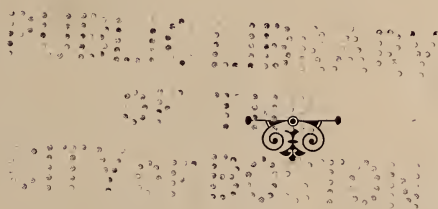
Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

VOLUME XIV

* 2006-171
14

JUNE-JULY, 1909 — MAY, 1910

Copyright, 1909, 1910, by THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE Co.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE: 372 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

6423

COMPLETE INDEX, VOL. XIV

JUNE-JULY, 1909—MAY, 1910

	PAGE		PAGE
Achievements of a Simple Hostess, The	199	Origin of Macaroni, The	41
Are You Saving Your Strength?	315	Our Menus and Recipes	485
Ars Victrix	493	Pies	368
At Christmastide	229	Philosophy and Housekeeping	267
Bachelor and Housekeeping, The	19	Pompadours	413
Ballade of Heart's Desire, The	424	Porch Parlors (Ill.)	451
Beef Crop and the American Woman, The	313	Pride and Sorrow	127
Being a Daughter	17	Psychology of Food	465
Bird in the Hand, A	71	Rational Finance	324
Bird Renegade, A	66	Referring to Recipes and Menus	38, 93
Bridal Flowers	3	Sally's Smile	466
Cause and Cure	102	School Children's Luncheons	247
Challenge, A	150	Silver and Old English Plate (Ill.)	407
Chat about Croquettes	95	Simple Life, The	173
Christmas Forethought	174	Small Markets of Paris, The	130
Christmas Night	225	Some Quaint Old Mirrors (Ill.)	259
Christmas on Wildwood Farm	217	Some Thoughts by the Way	340
Cookery at High Altitudes	372	Spaghetti	341
Cook's Hobby, A	319	Story of the Three Princesses, The	276
Cook's Masquerade, The	132	Summer Camps for Girls	59
Cracklin' Pie, The	222	Table Proverbs	420
Cupboards, Old and New	163	Taking One's Self Seriously	72
Day Nursery, The	370	Taking Temperature	317
Development of Dorothea, The	68	Teaching the People how to Eat	295
Domestic Element in Art, The (Ill.)	355	Thanksgiving Day	181
Drinks in France	392	Thanksgiving House, The	177
Editorials 22, 78, 134, 182, 230, 278	278	Their Way to Pin-Money	15
	326, 374, 422, 470	Three Miles from a Beefsteak	128
Fads	270	Time and the Occasion	245
Fly, The — The Disease of the House	154	Twofold Calling, The	13
French Hospitality	416	Type of Vision	463
French Kitchen, The	115	Unlearned Creed, The	133
French Servants	467	Vase of Clay, The	75
French Show Cooking	203	Viands for Midwinter Entertainments	293
From Notebook of a Young Voyager	10	Welcome Guest, The	180
From the Heights	123	What the Easter Eggs Hatched	361
Furnishing One Room	323	What the Food Inspector thought about It	97
Getting the Most out of Our Reading	345		
Gift and Help	9	QUERIES AND ANSWERS:	
Gladiator Soup	489	Acid, Tartaric, in Food	158
Going to Market on the French Riviera	307	Almonds, Salted	208
Guest Room, The	220	Almonds, Sugared	112
Have You Served Up to It?	461	Apricots, Eggs, Beef, etc., in Chafing Dish	112
Heart of Russia, The (Ill.)	403	Aspic, Veal	208
Helps in Planning Daily Menus, 388, 436, 484	484	Baba	159
Her Last Appearance	45	Beets, Stuffed with Cabbage and Nut Salad	494
Her May Baskets	457	Biscuit, Sour Cream	55
Home-Hungry Hearts	74	Bread, Gluten	159
Homely Potato, The	149	Bread, Nut or Npisetle	398
"Hills, Whence Cometh My Help, The"	376	Bread, Puffed	55
Home Ideas and Economies, 48, 105-151, 205, 252, 300, 347, 394, 443, 491	205	Cake, Cheap Sponge	259
House with the Hollyhocks, The, 124, 169, 226	226	Cake, Chocolate Fruit	158
How are the Dead Raised up?	365	Cake, Devil's	494
How Jack Johnson Tried to make Good	103	Cake, Lady Baltimore	55
How to Select and Open a Lobster	441	Cake, Marble, without Spices	109
How to Use the Cheaper Cuts of Meat	437	Cake, Plain Butter and Quick Sponge	54
Inferences	121	Cake, Plain Plum	496
In the Phipps Model Buildings	272	Cake, Raspberry Jam	53
Kneeling Camel, The	8	Cake, Spider Corn	56
Lessons in Elementary Cooking, 343, 390, 487	487	Cake, Sponge for Jelly Roll	255
Little Box on the Sidewalk, The	411	Cake, Ten-pound Fruit	303
Living-Room, The (Ill.)	211	Cake, Wellesley Fudge	496
Lost Art, A	346	Cakes, Bread Crumb Griddle	56
Lunches of Travelers and School Children	99	Cakes, Buckwheat	160, 351
Malarial Fever	94	Cakes, Cheese	109, 256, 496
Menus, 34, 37, 90, 92, 113, 145, 146, 161, 194, 195, 196, 242, 244, 290, 292, 337, 339, 385, 387, 433, 435, 480, 483	483	Cakes, Fresh Fish	400
Mother's Valentine, A	325	Canapes, Anchovy, Sardine and Ham	352
New Year's New Hopes	265	Canapes, Appetizers, etc., Regarding	351
Orange, The, or "Golden Apple"	250	Candy, Ice Cream	397
		Caramels, Vanilla	110
		Catsup, Cucumber	111
		Cherry Ice	207

LOWNEY'S COCOA

GOOD Cocoa is the best beverage known to modern authorities on food and drink, nourishing, strengthening and a valuable aid to digestion.

There is, however, a wide range in the *Quality* of cocoas.

Lowney's cocoa is made of the choicest cocoa beans without "treatments" or adulteration, and in a manner that insures the purest and best product possible.

It is the best cocoa made.

The Lowney Cook Book
421 pages, \$1.25 postpaid

*The Walter M.
Lowney Co.
Boston*

**Cocoa-Chocolate
Chocolate Bonbons**



THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1910

No. 10

CONTENTS FOR MAY

PORCH PARLORS (Illustrated)	Mary H. Northend	451
THE STORM	Lalia Mitchell	456
HER MAY BASKETS	Alix Thorn	457
HAVE YOU SERVED UP TO IT?	Mrs. Charles Norman	461
TYPE OF VISION	Kate Gannett Wells	463
PSYCHOLOGY OF FOOD	Josephine Paige Wright	465
SALLY'S SMILE	Clara Seaman Chase	466
FRENCH SERVANTS	Frances B. Sheaffer	467
EDITORIALS		470
SEASONABLE RECIPES (Illustrated by half-tone engravings of prepared dishes)	Janet M. Hill	473
MENUS FOR WEEK IN MAY	" " "	481
MENUS FOR CHILDREN WITH DINNER AT NOON	Janet M. Hill	482
MENUS FOR LUNCHEONS IN MAY	" " "	483
HELPS IN PLANNING DAILY MENUS	" " "	484
OUR MENUS AND RECIPES	" " "	485
LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY COOKING. Mary Chandler Jones		487
GLADIATOR SOUP	Isaac Motes	489
THE NESTLING	Grace Agnes Thompson	490
HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES		491
ARS VICTRIX	John N. Hilliard	493
QUERIES AND ANSWERS		494
BOOK NOTICES		xiv
MISCELLANEOUS		xx

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published Ten Times a Year
Four Years' Subscription, \$3.00

10c. A COPY

Entered at Boston post-office as second-class matter. Copyright, 1910, by
THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMPANY
372 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PLEASE RENEW ON RECEIPT OF THE COLORED BLANK ENCLOSED FOR THAT PURPOSE

LEADING WORKS ON COOKERY

PUBLISHED BY LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., BOSTON

The Boston Cooking School Cook Book

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER. New revised edition, with 130 illustrations in half-tone. 664 pages. Cloth. \$2.00.

This new and enlarged edition contains 2117 thoroughly tested recipes, from the simple and economical to the more elaborate.

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER. With sixty illustrations in half-tone. 300 pages. Cloth. \$1.50 net.

An invaluable book for those whose duty it is to care for the sick.

Chafing Dish Possibilities

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER. 161 pages. Cloth. \$1.00.

It is a book that no one who entertains with the chafing dish will be without.—*St. Paul Globe*.

The Golden Rule Cook Book

By M. R. L. SHARPE. 12mo. 300 pages. Cloth. \$2.50 net.

A collection of 600 recipes for meatless dishes with specimen menus that will delight the vegetarian.

Cooking for Two

By JANET MACKENZIE HILL. A handbook for young housekeepers. With numerous illustrations. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50 net.

Over 400 pages of recipes, menus, and other invaluable information for families of two.

The Up-To-Date Waitress

By JANET MACKENZIE HILL. With 53 illustrations. 165 pages. Cloth. \$1.50 net. A book for every household in which a waitress is employed.

Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing-Dish Dainties

By JANET MACKENZIE HILL. With 50 illustrations. 143 pages. Cloth. \$1.50.

To the housewife who likes new and dainty ways of serving food, this book will simply be a godsend.

The Boston Cook Book

By MARY J. LINCOLN. Revised edition, with 51 illustrations. About 600 pages. Cloth, \$2.00.

It ought to be in every household.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

30 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

... SUMMER COURSE ...

JULY 7 to AUGUST 11, 1910

Two Sessions each week day, Saturdays excepted

OUTLINE OF WORK

Practical Dietetics

TEN LECTURES

Infant and Child Feeding

TWO LECTURES

Applied Organic Chemistry

FOUR LECTURES

Invalid Cookery

TEN PRACTICE LESSONS

Feeding in Institutions

FOUR LECTURES

Duties of a Waitress

EIGHT PRACTICE LESSONS

Marketing Course

FOUR LESSONS

Advanced Cookery

TWENTY PRACTICE LESSONS

Demonstrations in Cookery

FOUR LECTURES

TERMS \$40
PROSPECTUS SENT ON APPLICATION

FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

INDEX FOR MAY



SLADE'S
COOKING SCHOOL
RECIPES

BY 25 COOKING SCHOOL TEACHERS
PRICE 10 CENTS

COOK BOOK, PRICE 10 CENTS

Free to users of SLADE'S Absolutely Pure Spices, Extracts, etc. Send end-piece from package and 2c. stamp to pay postage, or ask your grocer for one.
D. & L. SLADE CO., Boston.

	PAGE
Ars Victrix	493
Editorials	470
French Servants	467
Gladiator Soup	489
Have You Served Up to It?	461
Helps in Planning Daily Menus	484
Her May Baskets	457
Home Ideas and Economies	491
Lesson in Elementary Cooking	487
Menus	481-483
New Books	xiv
Our Menus and Recipes	485
Porch Parlors (Ill.)	451
Psychology of Food	465
Sally's Smile	466
The Nestling	490
The Storm	456
Type of Vision	463

SEASONABLE RECIPES:

Biscuit Tortoni (Ill.)	479
Cake, Fig or Date Layer, with Cream Frosting	477
Cake, Ice Cream, with Frosting (Ill.)	479
Cookies, Fig or Date	478
Chicken Creamed, in Pastry Horns (Ill.)	476
Eggs, Waldorf Style (Ill.)	474
Fish, Baked Fillets, Mousseline Sauce (Ill.)	474
Halibut, Fillets of, St. Germain (Ill.)	474
Jelly, Caramel Coffee (Ill.)	480
Marmalade, Rhubarb or Orange	477
Onions Stuffed with Veal en Casserole (Ill.)	476
Potato Balls, Fried, for Fish	474
Pudding, Cottage, with Strawberries	478
Purée of Turnips with Tapioca	473
Salad, Fish, Sardine Dressing (Ill.)	475
Salad, Asparagus, Tartare Mousseline Sauce (Ill.)	476
Sandwiches, Ham-and-Chicken or Veal	475
Soup for the Convalescent	473
Toast, Wellesley	477

QUERIES AND ANSWERS:

Beets, Stuffed with Cabbage-and-Nut Salad	494
Cake, Devil's	494
Cake, Plain Plum	496
Cake, Ways of Using Stale	xii
Cake, Wellesley Fudge	496
Cakes, Cheese	496
Cheese, Cottage	x
Chips, Chocolate	495
Dressing, Horseradish	495
Eggs, Uses of Left Over	xii
Fish à la Virginia	495
Jelly, Beet	x
Meringues	xii
Rose Petals, Candied	x
Salad, Apple, Nut-and-Celery	494
Salad, Prune-and-Pecan Nut	494
Sauce, Brown	495
Soup, Onion, in Petites Marmites	496
Timbales, Peanut Butter	x



FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA

Both Trout and Salmon are among the finest in America, with almost virgin rivers and lakes. Reached from Boston to Yarmouth and Digby, N. S., via the

Dominion Atlantic Railway S. S. Line

(The Land of Evangeline Route)

Steamers "Prince George," "Prince Arthur" and "Boston." Eight trips per week during Summer Season.

Send 5 cents in stamps to the undersigned for beautifully illustrated booklets, "Summer Homes in Nova Scotia" and "Vacation Days," giving all fishing resorts, rates, etc.

J. F. MASTERS
N. E. Supt.
Long Wharf,
Boston

R. U. PARKER
G. P. A.
Kentville,
Nova Scotia

COMPLETE INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
Chicken à la King	398	Soufflé, Prune	350
Chicken, Creamed	52	Soup Bag	399
Chips, Chocolate	495	Soup, Onion in Petites Marmites	496
Consommé, Keeping of	157	Stew, Tender Beef	399
Cookies, Drop, with Sour Cream	56	Strawberries, Crushed, for Ice Cream	108
Cookies, Graham and Bran	110	Substitutes for Sherry Wine	111
Cookies, Honey Drop	351	Sundae, Maple-Walnut	108
Cookies, Peanut	53	Syrup, Chocolate, for Caterers	108
Corn, Sweet, Canned	158	Tarts, Strawberry	53
Crackers, Sweet	448	Temperature for Baking and Roasting	54
Croquettes, Cheese	159	Thermometers, Regarding	400
Croutons, Puff-Paste	111	Timbales, Fish	56
Cutlets, Salmon	255	Timbales, Peanut Butter	496
Dressing, Formula for Poultry	448	Tomato Marmalade	157
Dressing, Horseradish	495	Veal Loaf	53
Dressing, Salad	207, 256, 446	Viscogen to Thicken Cream	397
Eggs, Solution for Preserving	398	Yeast	110
Flummery, French, etc.	108		
Fritters, Corn	112		
Frosting, Chocolate	109	SEASONABLE RECIPES:	
Gingerbread, Rochester	56	Alaska, Baked (Ill.)	432
Grape Juice and Grape Wine	304	Almond Bars (Ill.)	335
Jell-O	447	Anchovy Canapes (Ill.)	137
Jelly, Aspic	398	Apples, with Rice, Winter Style (Ill.)	288
Jelly, Calf's Foot	448	Asparagus Cream Glacé (Ill.)	429
Jelly, Cucumber	446	Bacon Rolls	140
Jelly, Mint	55	Banana Cocktail (Ill.)	281
Jelly, Plain Veal	208	Banana Pie	289
Jelly, Tomato	157	Banana Sponge	289
Jumbles, Honey	351	Bass, Baked Sea	429
Lamb, Roast Crown of	111	Bass, Sea, Buena Vista Style	82
Limes, Pickled	158	Bavarian Cream, Maple and Walnut	33
Marmalade, Grape-fruit	350	Bavarioise, Pineapple (Ill.)	31
Marron, Glacé	351	Beef, Filipino (Ill.)	139
Menu, Banquet for High School	52	Beets, Italian Style (Ill.)	142
Menus for Picnics	52	Biscuit, Cream Baking Powder (Ill.)	286
Mousse, Fish	56	Biscuit, Tortoni (Ill.)	479
Muffins, Gluten	447	Blancmange (Ill.)	238
Mushrooms, Cooked under Bells	447	Blueberry Betty	31
Mushrooms, How to Use Dried	255	Bombe Glacé Caramel (Ill.)	238
Mushrooms, Stewed in Cream	447	Bonnes Bouches de Caviare (Ill.)	281
Nuts, with Sauce for Ice Cream	160	Bouillon, Parisienne	282
Olives and Pimentos, Keeping of	157	Bouillon, Tomato, Tomato-and-Chicken	378
Orange Peel, Candied	160	Bread, Graham, Nut (Ill.)	431
Oysters, Scalloped Vegetable	304	Bread, Irish Sweet (Ill.)	286
Paste, Almond, for Fruit Cake	447	Brioche with Sauce (Ill.)	28
Pastry Bag and Tubes	54	Buns, Cinnamon	191
Pâté de Foie Gras in Aspic	208	Buns, Floradora (Ill.)	333
Peel, Candied Grape-fruit	446	Cabbage, Stuffed (Ill.)	188
Peppers, Canned	111	Café Parfait (Ill.)	88
Pickles, End of Season	160	Cake, Christmas Fruit (Ill.)	239
Pie, Raisin	207	Cake, Date Loaf (Ill.)	431
Pie, Skin on Pumpkin	256	Cake, Fig or Date Layer	477
Pie, Sour Cream	110	Cake, Ice Cream, with Frosting (Ill.)	479
Pineapple Champagne, Beer and Vinegar	158	Cake, Ingredients for Sponge	88
Pop Corn Balls	398	Cake, Nut	89
Potato Balls	160	Cake, Plain White	287
Potatoes, Baked, with Soft Skins	350	Cake, Spanish	89
Pork, Creamed Roast	303	Cake, Sponge	192
Pork, Roast Rechaufée, etc.	304	Cake, Swedish Sponge	384
Pudding, Steamed Cottage	400	Cake, Yellow, with Marshmallow Frosting (Ill.)	240
Pudding, Steamed Fig	350	Cakes, Easter	384
Puddings, Little Date	352	Cakes, Mocha (Ill.)	383
Raisins in Cake	159	Cases, Batter, for Swedish Timbale	380
Rice Flour in Soup and Jelly	109	Cauliflower and Brussels Sprouts (Ill.)	236
Rolls, Salad	303	Cauliflower, Pain of, with Mousseline Sauce (Ill.)	189
Salad, Apple, Nut and Celery	494	Charlotte Russe	32, 239
Salad, Potato	53	Cheese Custard (Ill.)	286
Salad, Prune and Pecan Nut	494	Chicken, Baked with Salt Pork (Ill.)	187
Salmon, Jellied	256	Chicken, Creamed in Puff Cases (Ill.)	382, 476
Sandwiches, Egg Salad, Cheese, Nuts	53	Chicken, Cream of, à la Reine	329
Sauce, Brown	495	Chicken, Curry of, en Casserole	234
Sauce, Raspberry	54	Chicken, Planked (Ill.)	139
Soufflé, Fresh Fish	400	Chicken Soufflé	85
Soufflé, Potatoes	399	Chicken, Supreme of (Ill.)	283

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

	PAGE		PAGE
Chicken Timbales	141	Oysters, Creamed	142
Chops, Stuffed Lamb, Suedoise (Ill.)	331	Oysters, Fried, Cabbage Tartare (Ill.)	379
Chou Paste	30, 382	Oysters in Brown Sauce	382
Cocktail, Crab Flake, in Pepper Cups	425	Oysters, Scalloped	193
Cocktail, Fresh Mushroom (Ill.)	377	Pain de Foie de Volaille (Ill.)	84
Cocktail, Prune	329	Partridge, Braised (Ill.)	186
Cocoa, Best, for Quick Use	334	Partridge, Roast (Ill.)	234
Cocanut Squares (Ill.)	287	Pâté de Fois Gras in Aspic (Ill.)	383
Codfish, Creamed, on Toast	336	Patties, Creole, Franchini	236
Consommé	82, 137, 233	Peach Whips (Ill.)	335
Cookies, Fig or Date	478	Pears, Muscovite of	89
Cookies, Graham (Ill.)	287	Pies, Little Squash (Ill.)	192
Coupe Bartholdi	88	Pilaf Indienne with Chicken Livers	187
Coupe Melba (Ill.)	87	Pineapple, Dainty (Ill.)	336
Coupe Thais	384	Pork, Chine of, Roasted	283
Crab Flakes, Le Marquis	138	Pork, Salt, Country Style (Ill.)	427
Crab Flakes, Newburg Style	25	Potato Balls, Fried for Fish	474
Cranberry Sauce, Jelly and Frappé	193	Potatoes and Onions, Scalloped	86
Cream Cheese with Raisins, etc. (Ill.)	332	Potatoes, Lyonnaise	427
Cream, Frozen Tomato (Ill.)	286	Potatoes, Sweet, Southern Style	86
Cream, Quince, Bavarian (Ill.)	334	Poultry Wings, Fricassee (Ill.)	285
Cream, Mocha	384	Pudding, Cabinet, with Prunes (Ill.)	143
Creams, French Chocolate (Ill.)	240	Pudding, Cottage	289, 478
Croquettes, Cup-Shaped (Ill.)	83	Pudding, Marquise	89
Croquettes, Egg, in Spinach Nest (Ill.)	381	Pudding with Apples or Dried Fruit	334
Croquettes, Macaroni (Ill.)	332	Punch, Fruit	89
Croquettes, Savory Kornlet (Ill.)	191	Purée, Green Pea	332
Croutons	81, 88	Purée, Turnips with Tapioca	473
Crullers, Orange (Ill.)	430	Rabbit, Tomato	336
Crusts, Deviled	426	Relish, Philadelphia	379
Custard Royal, Almond-flavored	233	Rice, Boiled	140, 334
Doughnuts, Christmas (Ill.)	236	Rhubarb, Canned (Ill.)	428
Eggs, Stuffed, Hors d'œuvre (Ill.)	425	Rhubarb with Sultana Raisins (Ill.)	32
Eggs, Waldorf Style (Ill.)	474	Roe, Shad	428, 429
Eggs with Bread Sauce	426	Roulettes de Sardines	241
Fillets, Halibut, Broiled (Ill.)	26	Salad, Apple-and-Date (Ill.)	336
Fish à la Virginia (Ill.)	84, 495	Salad, Asparagus (Ill.)	476
Fish, Baked Fillets, Mousseline Sauce	474	Salad, Egg-and-Kohl Rabi	141
Fish Cakes, Left-Over	335	Salad, Endive-and-Prune (Ill.)	141
Fish, Fried Fillets of (Ill.)	82	Salad, Fish, Sardine Dressing (Ill.)	475
Fish, Planked (Ill.)	330	Salad, Hothouse Cucumber (Ill.)	192
Fritters, Green Corn	140	Salad, Hot Chicken, Jellied Cabbage (Ill.)	142
Fritters, Salt Codfish	336	Salad, Tomato, Green Pepper-and-Onion	33
Frosting, Boiled	288	Sandwiches, Ham and Chicken or Veal	475
Frosting, Caramel	33	Sandwich, Hot Cheese (Ill.)	383
Griddle Cakes, Rice	191	Sandwich, Welsh-Rabbit	33
Halibut, Fillets of, St. Germain (Ill.)	474	Sauce, Brown Tomato	380
Ham Mousse (Ill.)	331	Sauce, Cream and Hollandaise	140, 141
Ham, Potted	428	Sauce, Frothy	289
Hors d'œuvre, Anchovy and Tomato	81	Sauce, Perigueux	234
Ice Cream, Fig	193	Shortcakes, Individual Strawberry	33
Ice Cream, Pineapple Raspberry, Strawberry	30	Soufflé, Corned Codfish (Ill.)	282
Jelly, Creamed Coffee (Ill.)	480	Soufflé, Hot Pineapple	241
Jelly with Fruit and Nuts (Ill.)	237	Soup, Chicken Gumbo	138
Knots, Lover's (Ill.)	431	Soup, Clam, Winter Style	185
Kohl-Rabi (Ill.)	141	Soup, Cream of Asparagus	426
Lamb, Hashed, Provencale (Ill.)	84	Soup, Cream-of-Cauliflower	185
Lamb, Leg of, Roasted, with Mirepoix	28	Soup, for the Convalescent	473
Lamb Stew, French Style (Ill.)	235	Soup, Lobster	25
Leaf, Bretton Woods	233	Soup, Potato	329
Liver, Calf's or Lamb's, en Casserole	381	Soup, Tomato	426
Lobster au Gratin (Ill.)	330	Spinach au Gratin	87
Lobster Croquettes (Ill.)	27	Spinach with Stuffed Eggs (Ill.)	188
Macaroni, Milanaise	333	Steak, Planked Sirloin (Ill.)	380
Macarons, with Fondant, etc. (Ill.)	288	Stuffing, Bread	193
Marmalade, Rhubarb or Orange	477	Tarts, Apricot (Ill.)	30
Muffins, Corn Meal	289, 333	Tarts, Marlboro (Ill.)	237
Muffins, Delicate	87	Timbales, Crab-Flake (Ill.)	139
Muffins, Ham	427	Toast, Wellesley	477
Muskmelon with Peach Ice Cream (Ill.)	87	Tomato, Bisque of, Chantilly	82
Nougatines, Maple Chocolate (Ill.)	241	Tomatoes, Pear, Preserved (Ill.)	143
Okra, Evaporated, Andalous Style	190	Tomatoes, Stuffed	140
Onions on Toast (Ill.)	85	Veal, Cannelon of, with Macaroni (Ill.)	27
Onions, Stuffed with Veal, en Casserole	476	Zabaione (Ill.)	31
Orange Jumbles	289	Zwieback	144

Sunday Night Tea Menu



Hot Creamed Crab Flakes
(Electric Chafing Dish)

Hot Baking Powder Biscuits

Cold Fancy Brisket, Sliced Thin

Potato Salad

Olives

Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

Camembert Cheese

Crackers

Chocolate-Dipped Almonds

(See page 25)



TALKING IT OVER

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

JUNE-JULY, 1909

No. 1

Bridal Showers

By A. M. C.

BRIDAL showers seem to be a waxing rather than waning fashion. The fashion weather prophecy for the year 1909 reads, 'Forecast for United States and vicinity — temperature much the same as for the last nineteen hundred and eight years — increasing bridal showers.'

To the bachelor girl whose friends all get married at once, with concentrated demands upon her time and purse, these overfrequent disturbances of the weather are somewhat of a strain.

"There is one storm that, cold or warm,
I've always cause to dread;
It's worse in May, but any day
Can burst upon my head.
This very mail has brought the tale,
In note of harmless hue:
'Get out your purse, at once disburse,
A bridal shower's due.'"

Thus improvised one matter-of-fact young woman as she opened a note that bade her to the tenth shower within a twelve month.

But from the standpoint of the less beleaguered mortal, the bridal shower is a charming function. And to the bride, the pieces of linen for her chest or the

more prosaic contributions towards her household furnishings will carry with them from the occasion a bit of sentiment that endears them to her even more than their daintiness and usefulness.

The bridal shower is of so recent an origin that its etiquette is hardly an iron-bound thing. Any time after a girl's engagement is announced it is proper to give her a shower, although it is in the month or two weeks immediately preceding her wedding that these affairs usually take place.

A delightful departure in shower etiquette was made by some original young women recently. They gave a shower to a woman who had been married five years. She had recently come to America, and hearing her young girl friends talk about "showers," which appear to be a strictly American function, complained that she had never attended one. The girls forthwith got together and on her fifth anniversary gave her a household shower. Seldom was any bride more pleased and never any more surprised than this little lady.

The invitations, as a rule, are most informal, for the guests are usually all intimate friends of the bride and of each other. Sometimes the "bids" may be given by word of mouth. When written they take the form of simple little notes explaining the character of the shower. They should be sent a week in advance. If the affair is to be one which, by the character of its gifts, requires much time in the preparation, the hostess often tells her guests of her intention to give a shower, sometimes before she sends out her invitations.

If one is invited to a shower and is unable to go, it is nice, but not necessary, to send a gift. As a rule only those sufficiently interested in the bride to be anxious to give her something are invited, so this question seldom arises. The gifts may be taken to the house by the guests themselves or sent

in advance. Usually the affair is kept a secret from the bride. In that case the hostess usually warns her guests, lest they let the cat out of the bag. A clever pretext will often keep a bride from suspecting its object, when she is invited to a tea or luncheon at a date suspiciously near her wedding day. One bright hostess invited a girl who had newly come to town and told the bride-to-be that the tea was for the purpose of introducing this newcomer.

Showers, nowadays, may be of varying character. Originally the function was always a linen shower. Then came the household shower and, nowadays, a girl may be "showered" with any class of article that she can use either for her personal adornment or for the furnishing or beautifying of her house. Vases, books, stockings, tinware, bags of all kinds, kitchen furnishings or china, any of these may



THE WOODEN BRIDAL SHOWER

be the special class of article with which the bride's friends are asked to present her.

It is very difficult to keep the secret from the bride up to the time of the presentation of the gifts. In these days, when showers are so very common, if a bride is invited to a shower or an afternoon tea, given by one of her most intimate friends in the week just preceding her wedding, and pervading the gathering is that air of mystery which it seems impossible to banish, it is not unnatural that she should suspect that something is up. "You can't keep a tin shower secret," said one little bride, who during her engagement had been unusually well showered, "because" — this with a reminiscent laugh — "some one always rattles something."

The shower may be accompanied by either a luncheon or a tea according to the hostess' desires and facilities for entertaining. The tea is naturally the more common.

Showers are essentially feminine affairs. Not even the groom-to-be receives an invitation, though, if he knows the character of the occasion and is inclined to step in and assist his *fiancée* to carry home the donations of her friends, he is permitted to do so.

To present the bride with the gifts in some particularly novel, dramatic or dainty fashion is the natural desire of every shower hostess. Here are a few of the ways in which the deed can be done or has been done by clever hostesses.

At a shower given in June the hostess entertained upon her piazza. The guests were all assembled before the bride-to-be arrived. Her invitation had been for a later hour than those of the rest of the guests, in order to accomplish this. The victim of the shower was promptly led up to a window that opened from the living-room. Out of this window trailed all



THE LINEN SHOWER

sorts of strings. To the other end of the strings, within the living-room, were attached the gifts. The bride was instructed to pull the strings, one by one, and see what she got. The result was very amusing. The occasion was a household shower, and according to the description of one guest, "Sometimes she pulled out a cake-spoon and sometimes dragged forth a clotheshorse."

Another bright hostess instructed her guests to wear raincoats over their light dresses and carry umbrellas. In



THE SHOWER OF GLASS

this case, also, it was arranged that the bride should be the last to arrive. And when she entered the parlor she was greeted by a group of girls all dressed in raincoats and carrying umbrellas. Before she had time to grasp the situation, she — the only unprotected one in this unexpected weather disturbance — was pelted with a storm of dainty little bundles.

One girl, who had a large and exceptionally pleasant back piazza, arranged a unique tin shower. She had her guests send their gifts beforehand and strung them all up on this piazza. Just before she was ready to take the bride and the guests out to see the gifts, she had some one start the tin pan at one end of the line swinging. The natural result was that the company were greeted with a tremendous and most amusing clatter and any possible stiffness was immediately dissipated.

Another hostess who had given several household showers solved the prob-

lem of presentation by always having the gifts hung upon a huge clothes-horse, which was her gift to the bride.

At one linen shower the hostess pressed her pretty baby sister into the service. Pink was the bride's favorite color and all the details of the occasion were carried out in pink. The ices, the table decorations and the flowers with which the house was decorated were of that color. When it came time for the "shower," the servants brought in a huge clothes-basket across the top of which was stretched a covering of pink tissue paper. As it was set down some one casually inquired for Rosalie, the baby sister. And, like the four and twenty blackbirds that were baked in that memorable pie, Rosalie suddenly burst through the covering. She was dressed all in pink and made a very pretty picture as she proceeded to give the bride the gifts that had been packed into the basket with her.

A rather quaint and original idea is to have a cobweb of twine arranged.

At convenient points along the way the gifts are disposed. The bride is given one end as a clue and must work out the labyrinth. The prizes that she finds from time to time will cheer her on to the completion of the task. The most elaborate gifts or, perhaps, some very amusing joke should be kept for the very end of the cobweb.

At a luncheon and shower, where all kinds of bags were the articles to be brought, the hostess instructed the maid, after each course, to bring in one of the bags on a waiter. As



THE SHOWER OF BOOKS

there were only eight guests the gifts and the luncheon came to an end together. Where there are a larger number of persons two or three bags might be brought in at once.

Where the guests at a shower are all very intimate friends of the bride, the occasion is sometimes turned into a sewing bee. If it is a linen shower, perhaps the girls will each bring one of the beautiful Japanese doilies that are so popular, and spend the afternoon embroidering the bride's initial upon each piece. The same thing may be done to a set of towels. One hostess supplied a dozen napkins, which she required her guests to hem, and still another had a supply of dusters, dishcloths and dish-towels, which were to be hemmed.

Interest is added to these occasions by requiring, or at least requesting, each guest to supply an appropriate rhyme to be read on the presentation of her gift. The bride will treasure the products of her friends' wit as much as she does the material gifts that accompany them.

Some absolute nonsense, some extraordinary meter and rhyming, and some very witty and clever jingles will be the probable harvest of such a request.

Here are a few examples of the poetic efforts that have been inspired by bridal shower gifts.

With a shiny new measuring cup came this advice:

"Always use a measure,
Never cook by guess,
Then eating'll be a pleasure,
And you'll never have a mess."



THE SHOWER OF TIN

The gift of a big pitcher was accompanied by this comforting assurance:

"That little pitchers have big ears
In adage old one often hears,
But this big thing will hear no whit
Should you and Philip spoon a bit."

A traycloth given at a linen shower carried, rolled up in its folds, the following suggestion:

"When Harold carves the turkey,
Upon Thanksgiving Day,
If you put me 'neath the platter
You feelingly will say,
'How very good was Mabel
This traycloth to give me;
Without it, Mr. Hubby dear,
You'd be a divorcé."

At the same shower a half-dozen doilies were supposed to utter this sentiment:

"For usefulness and beauty and adherence
strict to duty
We are noted like our giver and we bring
her love to you,
With the hope that only weather that is
bright and cloudless ever
Will be the lot and portion which shall come
to Ethel Drew."

At the bag shower, with a bag for soiled handkerchiefs, came this terse couplet:

"When your handkerchiefs cease to be white,
Put them in here to be kept out of sight."

One girl whose gifts were numerous catalogued them in this fashion:

"Six little cake tins, a funnel and a sieve,
A grater and a yellow bowl to Elinor I give,
With the very loving wishes that her future
may be bright
And that things within her kitchen walls
will always run all right."



CUT GLASS FLOWER HOLDER
(Silver wire to hold blossoms in place)

The Kneeling Camel

By Anna Sample

(Reprinted by Request)

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To let his master lift his load,
And rest to gain.

So thou, my soul, shouldst to thy knees,
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden through the night
Dost carry through.

The camel kneels at morning's dawn,
To let his guide replace his load,
Then rises up, anew,
To take the dusty road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

Gift and Help

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

IN the famous old city of Bagdad, under the caliphate of the illustrious Haroun Al Raschid, says the book of the "Thousand and One Nights," there lived two intimate friends, Saadi and Saad, the first immensely wealthy, the second having only a competence. Saadi believed that a man could not be happy unless he had wealth, but Saad thought that he needed only enough for his real wants, and that virtue ought to constitute his happiness. This was the only subject on which the two friends seriously differed.

One day they decided to try an experiment upon a very poor rope-maker, whom in their walks they often passed busily working at his trade, and earning barely sufficient for his family. Saadi made him a gift of two hundred pieces of gold, that he might buy his hemp to advantage and lay the foundation of his fortune. Hassan, the rope-maker, was overwhelmed with gratitude. In studying where to put this purse of two hundred gold pieces, for he had neither box nor chest with a lock in his house, he drew out ten pieces of gold for immediate wants and concealed the purse in the folds of his turban. He bought a stock of hemp with these ten gold pieces and also some meat for his supper. Returning home, with the meat in his hand, he was attacked by a kite, a ferocious bird, which seized upon the meat. In compelling him to release this Hassan's turban fell to the ground. Instantly the kite seized upon this and flew off with it, nor could Hassan recover it. He had therefore ten pieces of gold in place of two hundred.

Six months later the two friends, passing his way again, and ever in the same condition as before, Saadi

did not believe the story of the kite, but thought that Hassan had dissipated the money in idleness and amusement. Saad, however, took the rope-maker's part and told so many wonderful stories of kites that Saadi gave Hassan another two hundred pieces of gold, telling him this time to put them in a secure place. Hassan chose a large earthen pot of bran standing in a corner of his house, and put it at the bottom of this to be safe from his wife and children, again taking out ten pieces for some purchases. Whilst making these a man selling fuller's earth passed through his street crying his wares; and Hassan's wife exchanged the pot of bran for this. Hassan, on his return, found the pot of bran gone, and had reason to regret that he had not confided in his wife.

After a still longer time had elapsed Saadi and Saad paid the rope-maker another visit, only to find him in the same condition as at first. Saadi then left it to Saad to try his hand at helping the unfortunate Hassan. But he said to his friend: "Whatever you may give him I cannot persuade myself that he will become more rich than he might be with four hundred pieces of gold."

"Saad held a piece of lead in his hand, while he showed it to Saadi. 'You have seen me,' said he, 'pick up this bit of lead which lay at my feet. I am going to give it to Hassan, and you will see how valuable it will be to him.'"

In spite of Saadi's ridicule, Saad presented the lead to the rope-maker, telling him not to refuse it, because some day he would be able to tell them what good fortune it had brought him. Hassan thanked him, took the lead and thrust it carelessly into his vest.

That very night the wife of a neigh-

bor, a fisherman, came to borrow a piece of lead, which her husband needed for his nets in the very early morning, and could not buy that night, because the shops were all closed. Hassan remembered the piece of lead that Saad had given to him, and gave it to the fisherman's wife, who was so grateful that, in her husband's name, she promised Hassan the first fish he should catch.

In cleaning this fish Hassan's wife drew out of the entrails what proved to be an immense and very valuable diamond. This proved the foundation of Hassan's fortune, which grew large enough to rouse the curiosity of the famous Haroun Al Raschid, always interested in the affairs of his subjects.

Saadi, however, did not believe that the fortune came from Saad's lead, but from his own four hundred pieces of gold, until the finding in the kite's nest of the turban, with the two hundred pieces still in it, and of the pot of bran, with the second two hundred pieces, convinced him that Hassan was telling the truth, in this case at least, of the helpfulness of a trifle that might

be passed on in equal helpfulness, and, at the same time, like a legitimate business, bring its return.

The relations of wealth and poverty and their mutual obligations are among the most discussed questions of the day. It is interesting to find a fresh illustration of the truth that there is nothing new under the sun. We all realize the value of money. Yet the world's greatest benefactors have often been poor men. In the same way the world's greatest successes have often been illustrations of the acorn and the oak.

But not only in great events that bless mankind, but in individual benefits, also, a wise helpfulness may rank a great gift.

It is thus that the delectable "Arabian Nights" tells, in its own fanciful way, the story of the man to whom came two benefactors, and the result of their benevolences. Through the extravagances of the tale may be traced a shrewd lesson for today; and it is interesting to hear through the megaphone of history the voice of the Arab of a thousand years ago enforcing the wisdom which our twentieth century is inclined to consider its own.

From the Notebook of a Young Voyager

In Mid-ocean, Homeward Bound

By Mrs. Charles Norman

(Third Paper)

"And I could fancy that the mighty deep
Were even the gentlest of all gentle things."

SO great has been the calm surrounding us. Last night we were watching the moon behind the mast, and that great pole swayed only enough to allow us a peep at the silver orb. This morning I observed to the

Captain that his vessel was remarkably steady.

"Oh," he said, "there's no sea! In a storm we can toss just as any other ship."

My friend ventured the remark that she had heard one passenger express a willingness to be seasick just to see the ocean in a storm.

The Captain looked her straight in the face and said solemnly: "It must have been a woman who said that. It is like wishing one's self in hell, just to satisfy one's curiosity."

The Captain is a blunt man, and that struck me as being a rather rough speech, especially since I was the person whom my friend had quoted. You may be sure, however, I did not say a word. I was quite meek for a few minutes, but when I did open my mouth, I am sorry to say, I made another blunder.

"Are you ever afraid, Captain, in a storm?" I queried.

"Miss," he said turning his good old weatherworn face abruptly toward me. I shuddered as he continued: "I am *always* afraid in a storm."

I felt silenced again, and what is more, felt that I deserved to be silenced. Experience was speaking to Ignorance, Dignity to Impertinence,—though I had not meant to be impertinent. My crime was only that of youth.

I have since decided that the Atlantic need not get up a storm for my benefit. If a brave captain, who has sailed the high seas for twenty years, is *always* afraid in a storm, then it becomes me to say my prayers, and thank God for a quiet sea. This I have done. Secretly I have also thanked the Captain for his not over-gentle rebuke.

At eight o'clock last night we came in sight of the Azores, and were not passed till noon today, though we made no stop. The Captain announced yesterday that we would sail between two of the islands, close enough to see the goats grazing upon the mountains. If any person did not care to get up, the Azores would be brought into his stateroom. Well, at four o'clock we were awakened by a mighty noise. My roommate looked at her watch and said: "I never did get up at such an hour as this, and I won't do it now."

But I was too afraid of missing some-

thing so I rose with alacrity. It is as well I did, for sleep would not have been possible. The noise increased, and down the long, narrow hall came a whole brass band, every instrument making all the sound it could. My roommate must have thought the Azores were about to walk in upon her, for she jumped out of bed and bolted the door. It is useless to say that the whole shipload of people was astir at once. It brought to my memory those patriotic celebrations we used to have at home upon July 4th, when I, a youngster, made my hasty toilet to the booming of cannon.

To me the islands were well worth the sacrifice of two or three hours' sleep, though my city-bred roommate declared they looked like Sodom and Gomorrah. Her chief interest in them was that they represented *terra firma*, all she should see of that article till we reach our own, our native land,—some two thousand miles farther on. The coloring in the mountains was first a lovely purple, then blue, and as we got closer, green and brown.

"'Tis distance . . . clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

The people of the Azores are Portuguese. They have a cable to Lisbon, by which our passing is announced. Thence the word is sent to Liverpool and then to New York; so before I pen these lines the relatives at home are reading of our safe arrival thus far. We have no wireless machine, and must be content with a plain old cable, which is not so bad!

Something has happened! It is the only thing that has happened, and being the one incident of the voyage, it ought to be recorded—though it is not tragedy.

This morning I was wakened by a peculiar jumping of the steamer, and I rose in haste, to discover the cause. All seemed very quiet in the cabins,

and since the jumping ceased, I took time to make my usual toilet before going on deck. I did not perceive that the steamer had come to a standstill — the motion of the ship has been so insignificant as seldom to be observable in the staterooms. My arrival on deck was almost too late for the best part of the episode.

A bark at some little distance had given a signal of distress and our great vessel had stopped to render help. It was yet early — only four o'clock — but the sun was already riding gloriously over the sea. Not many passengers were up, so the few had the deck to themselves. As I arrived upon the scene and looked over the side of the steamer, I saw a little rowboat coming very slowly toward us; and, though there was no wind, it seemed that the boat was nearly engulfed by the waves set in motion in stopping the steamer.

When the boat was close enough its officer reported that their bark was in need of provisions. They had been out, he said, one hundred and fifty-eight days from Java, with a load of sugar. They would like to reach New York, but they were becalmed — unable to make any progress at all. What food they had was unfit for use.

It is needless to say our Captain attended to their wants. It was interesting to see barrels of meat and other

provisions lowered into the rowboat. (I secretly hoped we should not go hungry ourselves.) Books and magazines were also donated, and the craft moved carefully away. It was evidently not so small as it looked to us.

One young man on our deck remarked, as the steamer was beginning once more to move:

"This means a delay in getting to New York! I don't believe a word of the story about their being out one hundred and fifty-eight days. That is five months."

The Captain stood by and heard, and I knew from his looks something was about to be said.

"Young man," he called rather sharply, but with quiet dignity, "this means a delay, as you say, but human suffering is to be considered above personal convenience. As to the tale being false, there is not the slightest reason to say that, and we meet too few vessels in midocean to miss an opportunity for charity. Their need may be very great, but in any case we are more blessed in giving than they in receiving."

That was a splendid speech, I thought (though I was glad I was not the occasion of it), and when I considered that the Captain is a German, I was the more delighted that he could offer his remarks in such superb English.

To Suffering Humanity

By M. C. N.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
 May make a man healthy and wealthy and wise,
 But it's my opinion that if you'd be healthy,
 You must sleep with your windows ajar;
 And if you'd be wise, and so truly wealthy,
 Eat apples and leave out all pies.
 But this is not all that is needed, my dear,
 In your pharmacopœia, I think,

For I've heard you must have a large water supply,
 And whenever you've time, take a drink.
 Other rules might be given, but simplicity's best;
 Eat apples, take plenty of air;
 Drink water, don't stop short of three pints a day;
 And then let me hear how you fare.

The Twofold Calling

By Kate Gannett Wells

ONE would almost deem it were wrong to hold marriage as an ideal ultimatum before one's self, so impatiently is it asserted that dependence cannot be placed upon the permanence of woman's labor in any one calling, as she is always liable to be married. Would that she were! Then, moreover, she is blamed because she is supposed to be less interested in preparing for some lifelong vocation "than merely in earning something while waiting." As if it were a disgrace to wait, or as if she alone could prevent her waiting! So, consequently, it is vehemently asserted that her labor is inferior to man's. If statistical economists would only content themselves with the single assertion that marriage slackens continuance in work, but does not necessarily affect its previous quality, they would be nearer the truth.

Yet, as it is usually assumed that woman's peculiar usefulness lies in home-making, how can she avoid thinking that home-making, even if it does not last long, generally comes about through marrying? She frankly wants to follow the cultural side of life, that she may hereafter be agreeable to her husband, yet she has to take up some so-called vocational pursuit until she finds him, though for many a woman there is the third alternative of fitting herself for "social welfare."

It may be very worthy to grow up without a thought of marriage, but it is unnatural that a woman, just because she is a woman, should be more handicapped in her adoption of vocational duties than is a man. And then, if she meekly asks whether domestic science as taught in the public schools is not a hint towards the possibility of having a home of her own, she is frowned

upon as being too free. So she wishes she were in Germany where marriage is regarded as a vocation, or that men and women were more evenly distributed in geographical areas, instead of there being a surplusage of one or the other in given localities. Truly the prospect of a home of her own, "woman's natural sphere" as it used to be called, is remote!

At least it must be acknowledged that the economic conditions of today's civilization seem to demand a vocational training of woman outside of home, that she may be independent of "mere man," as against the real entity, man, who always looks after her when men and women are numerically equal. Meanwhile it is wise to fit herself for some specific trade or calling, — only, if she does not keep the thought of a home of her own as her dream castle, she will be all the less a woman. To deprecate such a fancy is putting a low value upon marriage, which is not solely for itself but for the good it can do through its development of comrade happiness, wherever common sense is interwoven with a love that is sane and strong, and coexists with all else of dominating interest in life.

The trouble is, that just because being a woman means having to do and be a little of everything, there is a great deal of patchwork in her education. The old proverb of whatever is worth doing is worth doing well has been insisted upon for her against her instincts, which differentiate between essentials and non-essentials. Education for home teaches one how to place the values, where to slight and where to be exact in performance, while education for a trade, for self-support, must insist upon doing well whatever

is done. Partly because of this difference in values are there two opposing forces in woman's education, for not to many of us is it given to keep the equilibrium between carelessness and fussiness. Yet, as hard labor in the home is less to-day than fifty years ago, thanks to laundries and bakeshops, should there be greater intellectual efficiency.

And because in all the domestic training that is given it is so difficult to fit it to a variety of homes, should there be more emphasis upon the efficiency of character than upon manual skill in the management of a home. Must every woman learn how to wash and scrub as well as how to cook and sew? Are there not specialities in home education? Miss Helene Lange of Berlin, a German educator, has said that "the higher we rise in institutions for the education of girls, the more sharply defined will appear the problem resulting from the twofold calling of women, her cultural mission in the family, and her economic duties."

Here in America, where society is constantly changing, it is far harder not to overdo, either in culture or in economies, than it is in Germany, where social lines are closely observed. And yet there are thousands of American women who so fully recognize their responsibility to the future and their duty to the present that they unite in themselves a facility for cultural and manual performance, that renders ludicrous any theorizing about the respective values of culture and industry.

But why should these two things in themselves be opposed? Academic education must underlie industrial, else one will not know how to read, and one must know how to use his hands else he cannot work. When trade and academic education are, alike, but methods in the art of living far more than they are aims, the value of each depends upon the time and place in which it is to be manifested. In both accuracy is wanted, but still more is

needed sincerity of purpose, exact proportioning in endeavor, according to the work to be done and that requisite amount of accuracy which does not waste time and heart over needless nicety.

Shall a wooden knitting needle or a plant stick be made absolutely perfect before a child takes the next industrial step? Is not a relative perfection, adapted to stages of growth, better in itself than in relation to work alone?

The more we have of industrial training and of economic living, the more do we want to keep ourselves young in heart. We don't want to get prejudiced against the idea of marriage any more than we want to be on the active hunt for it. Only may we be allowed to indulge in a little romancing, when there is nothing else to do.

If we do not insist upon minor points in etiquette and personal dignity, our heart, head and hands will be working, even if but temporarily, for the permanent value of the work to be done, without our counting how long we shall have to keep at it. Impersonal valuation of one's self helps mightily. There is a book to read, bread to bake, a dress to make. Go at each singly or all together, without thinking it is one's self who is at it, not counting one's preferences but one's duties. But just as soon as one poses to one's self, she is a regular obstructionist to her best self.

Some one said "a woman was never an independent entity, the man is the noun, the woman the preposition." But rejoined somebody else, "Well, what do I care? the preposition governs the noun!" All the more then should woman never lose sight of the need for cultural values in the industrial life, which is more and more forced upon her. The more she has got to be specialized in doing, the more may she be an all-round woman at heart. A certain primary teacher who missed the point of each question in her examination papers was yet approved, because,

said her examiner, "her answers were in every instance so ladylike and refined that I think she should be awarded a medal." There was the triumph of character, of being a lady. What one is in feeling always tells in the long run, though the Frenchman recognized the force of emotion by saying, "The American woman makes her husband earn what she wishes to spend."

Would not marriage become more universally a blessing instead of a problem, if we kept this twofold calling of woman ever before us, indulging in healthy day dreams of what ideal marriage is, but never thinking of it as a personal possession, except so far as to keep ourselves from accepting it on an indeterminate value, that too often leads to "playing leapfrog with morality!"

Their Way to Pin-money

By Helen Campbell

THE miracle was that the three beautiful trees, two maples and an elm, had not been cut down in the usual fury of destruction that seems to come upon the starters of a town anywhere. Father was a Southerner and Southerners love trees naturally, so these stayed; grandfather, I mean, for it was he who settled here before my father was born, and who left us girls the big plot of ground with the trees. We lived in a rented house, but were always hoping to build a bigger one on the plot. There was plenty of money for that and more, but it was always being put off. In the meantime, this was the situation:

"We had graduated at the high school and had had a year at a Lakeshore Seminary, where, among other things, we had a course in Domestic Science, invaluable it turned out to be. We came home to a father and mother, dear as ever was, but what the Yankees call 'sot'; perfectly sure that young women, who had a good home, should stay in it after school days were over until they were wanted elsewhere. My dear old father thought it an insult to himself that his girls should talk of earning, or even of anything as business-like as an allowance. 'I don't fret over

the bills,' he said. 'Haven't any reason to. What do you want to be tied down to an allowance for?' and no arguments or coaxing moved him an inch."

The clear-eyed, most charming girl nodded her pretty head, her lips set in a line that indicated her full inheritance of the quality defined as "sot."

"Why they call it firmness at fifty, and just plain obstinacy at twenty, I never could see," she went on, "nor could Emily. We're twins, you see, and we think pretty much alike about everything, and oh, how we did want a little money of our own! We had car fares, of course, and something for the contribution plate Sundays, but never any just to use anyway. Mother gave us a trifle now and then, but we didn't want her to, for she never really had any money either for herself — always bills. No grudging at all, but I wanted my own and so did Emily. I think mother did too, but wouldn't say so. And then, all at once, one day we saw the way. It wouldn't have been the least bit of use to see it, if father hadn't gone over to England on some special business or other, and mother, alone, we could always manage. And this is what it was. You can see the ground from the side windows."

I looked out on what appeared to be a minute but very pretty park; an open pavilion with chairs and small tables of shining white enamel in the shadow of the beautiful trees, and beyond two tennis courts and a croquet ground. Seats were placed here and there and flower beds and climbing vines were about the pavilion.

"It's not so bad, is it?" the pretty girl went on. "We did it all, but it had been just a nuisance till we took it in hand. It was this way. There was a high fence and a gate that was kept locked, but of course every boy on the street was bound to climb over and play ball, and they often broke down the fence to make things easier, so there was expense in mending it and all that. Then even the neighbors caught the infection and had a tennis court on the ground and seemed to think it was all right. Nobody commented, or at any rate not to us, when one day they found a mended fence, a leveled croquet ground, and a printed notice, nailed on the gate, that croquet games would be ten cents and tennis, twenty. A cousin who lived next door was ready always to unlock the gate and take the cash, and, in a week, time had been sold a month ahead. How had we done the getting ready, you are thinking? Aunt Hetty lent us a hundred dollars to work with. 'You're free, white and twenty-one,' she said, 'and ought to have a chance to show what you can do and you shall. Call it an outdoor tea-room and you'll be all the fashion. You must plan for that, and there's little Nan Lacy who wants more customers for her cake and rolls. Why don't you take her in and so really have things worth while in the way of eatables?' That did seem going in deep, but after all, why not, and Nan jumped at the chance and so we planned it all out.

"Of course the next thing was the building of the simplest sort of pavilion, one end enclosed with a little kitchen

and a pantry big enough for refrigerator and stores, etc. From the furniture factory we got unpainted chairs and tables and did the painting ourselves. That was just fun, when we thought what might come of it. It was counting our chickens before they were hatched, but then you see they *did* hatch.

"There was just so much money, so we had to have everything very simple, but then you know, one can get very pretty cups for ten cents, and good ice-cream saucers or sherbet glasses for seven or sometimes even five. Of course, we had only plated spoons, but always bright and shiny, and the very prettiest of Japanese napkins. Emily wanted wash ones, but I talked her down as to that. We had settled to serve crackers and toasted muffins with tea or cocoa and home-made cake or sweet biscuit with the ice cream and sherbet. It wasn't long before it took almost all the time of two girl friends, who made delicious cake, and another young married friend, who caught at the chance of earning something, made the ice cream, with a colored boy to pound the ice. We did think that we should be able to do some of it ourselves, but things just piled up so fast there was no time. Oh, but weren't we scared that first day, for we opened up the first of May and people just poured in for the games and had to go away? But a good many stayed and ate everything we had provided, just as if they hadn't anything at home, so we had to get lots of boxes of sweet crackers instead of cake. Of course numbers lessened as we went on, but not much. We had to have a man several times a month to look after the grounds and soon found a waitress just a necessity. And a little later we saw it would be better to have a nice boy all the time to look after the tennis and croquet grounds, and now he takes the whole charge and really has as much pride in his side of it as we in ours. He has five dollars a

month for the time he is there (we don't open till after lunch time), and the waitress is twelve. The man takes three dollars a month, since we only need him a few hours. As to breakage there is very little. I do all the serving and one of the other partners washes the dishes. We had to buy new outfit for both tennis courts, and lots of new crockery and spoons, but after all expenses of every sort were paid, we divided up and it meant for the three of us, each, a little over two hundred dollars. And we are going right on, for do you know, very nice people, even, engage a lot of tables beforehand instead of entertaining at home. The town isn't big enough to support a

roof-garden, yet quite a lot of people, who wouldn't think of going to one or two cheap resorts a little way out of town, come to us and have a very good time, they say. As for father he was simply struck dumb when he got back. But he is very just after all. You see, it was our very own land from grandfather and we were both of age, so he couldn't do anything, but really he didn't want to. And, at last, he just laughed as I never saw him do before. 'You ought to have been boys,' he said, 'but you're not and I don't know as I wish you were. You'd have been too much for me, if you had been, so I am better off as it is.' That's all he ever said and we are just going right on."

Being a Daughter

Estelle M. Hurl

NEXT to being a wife or a mother, no greater privilege is given to womankind than to be a daughter. Even the baby toddler, learning to help mamma by picking up her spools and saving her steps, makes a beginning in the right direction. The growing girl has a multitude of opportunities to make herself useful and lovable in the home. The time soon comes, however, when she begins to weary in well-doing, and her dutifulness begins to wane. When the school days are over and she is really a young lady, she fails to rise to the high privileges of a daughter. Just as her maturing judgment makes her companionable to her parents, she gives her companionship to others. Just as her general competency makes her useful, she devotes her attention to herself. Her thoughts center in her own concerns: her clothes, her amusements, her social opportunities — and above all, her possible marriage.

The average daughter accepts the sacrifices of her parents as a matter of course. Her mother may wear a shabby dress, in order that she may have a party gown, her father may deny himself a needed vacation, that she may have music lessons — and she raises no objections. She does not mean to be ungrateful: she may even be gentle and amiable, with all her selfishness. It seems to her only the natural order of things that parents should give and daughters should take. The idea of a reciprocal relation has never occurred to her. In her simple philosophy, parents were made for daughters, and daughters were made — for future husbands. And while she dreams of the coming man, and prepares herself for wifedom, she forgets altogether the vocation to which she is in the meantime called. Wifedom may never be hers, but daughterhood is a present reality. If she lives faithfully in the present, the

future will take care of itself. There is surely no better preparation for marriage than loving service in the home; for a good daughter must needs make a good wife.

Being a good daughter does not mean giving up altogether the friendships of one's own age or the pleasures and pursuits of youth. That is a foolish extreme which no rational person would favor. New England women of a bygone generation sometimes took this morbid view of duty, and merged their individuality in the whims and idiosyncrasies of their parents. Pathetic tales of noble lives of such sacrifice are familiar to us all. But such calls, if they do, indeed, come at all, come rarely. To the majority of daughters it is given to develop more normally, to their own happiness, as well as to that of their parents.

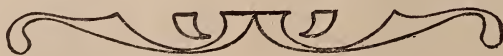
Being a good daughter does not mean taking all the housekeeping out of the mother's hands, as some would seem to interpret it. The elder woman resents being "laid upon the shelf," in this summary fashion. Except in cases of ill health, the mother should properly retain the direction of the household, and the daughter's share in the responsibility should develop gradually and with tact. To work together in harmonious coöperation is the great desideratum.

For, in the highest ideal of family reciprocity, parent meets daughter, and daughter meets parent. There is giving and taking, on both sides, in equal measure, a constant interchange of loving thought and planning. The mother chooses eagerly her daughter's pretty clothes, and the daughter, with equal enthusiasm, studies the colors and textures becoming to her mother.

If there are two concerts available, the generous daughter will accept only one, and insist that her mother enjoy the other. If there is an invalid in the home to care for, mother and daughter take turn about in their nursing and outings.

The privileges of daughterhood belong equally to the daughter who is absent from home, either at school or earning her living. Her mother should be her closest friend, her father, her best "young man." All her successes and triumphs have their highest value in the pleasure they give the parents. The joy of home coming is in the mutual giving and taking of loving attentions.

The Declaration of Independence informs us that every one has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. So far, so good. After that, every one has a calling to take care of some other human being or beings. The girl who has a parent or parents, living, has a sweet and sacred vocation to fill in relation to them. It should be the dearest privilege of her life, the constant purpose of her heart, the dominant idea in her thoughts, to make this a noble and successful vocation. She should pursue it as an artist his art, a scientist his profession, a clergyman his ministry. If her vocation cost her any sacrifice, as every vocation must, she will find rich compensation in the beautiful intimacy of which the selfish daughter has no inkling. If in time her vocation change to that of wifehood, she will still be a better daughter than another, and will help her husband to be a better son. And should she ever have a daughter of her own to train, that child will find in her mother a sweetness of its own peculiar flavor.



The Bachelor and Housekeeping

By Virginia Osborne

IS it possible that woman's only laurels are to be torn from her brow, that the palm for good housekeeping is to be wrested from her by that undomesticated biped, man?

It sounds iconoclastic, but it is nevertheless true, that today men are keeping house as woman never did, better than she ever did — reducing it to a science and without the aid of feminine help.

Of course we know man can cook. He has shown an aptitude for that from the beginning, when he spitted his meat and wrapped his birds and fish in wet clay and baked them in hot embers.

All of the great cooks of the earth have been of the masculine gender. Who ever heard of a woman inventing a dish? She has been content to follow man's beaten track, but he strikes out in the culinary wildernesses and digs up the new dishes for us. And when he has partaken thereof and pronounced them good, he sings a song or writes a sonnet.

But that he should show an aptitude for the dishwashing, the sweeping, the dusting, paring potatoes and so on, *ad infinitum* — all the drudgery against which the feminine soul has revolted — that is the extraordinary thing!

Formerly the bachelor was an object of pity. The bachelor's hall was supposed to be a chaos of unmade beds, unwashed dishes, half-cooked food, everything that betokened the absence of the presiding feminine genius necessary to make a home.

That was in the last century. Today the bachelor is among the blessed of the land. Every comfort, every luxury, every convenience is his. He keeps up with the latest inventions that minimize the work of the menage, and all

the latest culinary devices. He is a housekeeper *par excellence*.

Perhaps the most famous district attorney of our time could give any woman points about cooking and housekeeping. When in the city he lives all to himself in a tiny flat, which is a marvel of neatness. He gets his own breakfast and often his dinner. He can make an omelette to perfection; he can fry bacon as it ought to be fried, tender yet crisp; his chicken melts in the mouth; he could teach an East Indian the uses of curry. He knows all about New England and Southern cooking and has delved deeply into the art of French and Italian cooking.

How many women can say as much? The majority of them are still in the A B C's of the culinary art.

The next interesting point is the genesis of this housekeeping movement of man. How has he come to rush in where only woman dared tread?

Possibly in self-defence, for man can live without books and a lot of other things, but he cannot live without cooks. The chafing dish was the entering wedge, and from that he went on to the casseroles, and now he is a past master of pots and kettles — not the ordinary iron and granite ware, but the *batterie de cuisine* of the real cook, be it of French or other origin.

It is worth any woman's while to see how one of these bachelors keeps house.

Here is a story of one of them, and he is not one but legion.

The man took a bachelor apartment. He had been a collector in his day and his store of old china, Queen Anne silver and mahogany made the place blossom like a rose.

He had a canny eye to the main chance, — the expenditure of dollars and cents, — and having determined to

live unto himself, he determined to do it well and at a minimum cost.

The apartment was minus kitchen or kitchenette, so the first thought was for a gas stove. This was procured at an apartment store and cost eighty cents. Since this stove is the pivot around which the menage revolves, it is worth a description. It is a rather generous-sized burner with an asbestos plate on top.

The first thing our bachelor did was to enclose the stove on three sides with thin sheets of brass, which gave it quite an ornamental appearance. The front was left open. In this way he was able to utilize the heat from both above and below the burner. While one dish is cooking on top, he may be broiling chops below, or toasting bread, or he may have a casserole with a more important dish cooking.

The heat in this improvised oven was found just right for a variety of things. It broils all sorts of meat perfectly, — bacon, ham, chops, steak, kidneys en brochette, etc. It has this advantage over the original stove, that the same quantity of gas is made to do double work.

After the stove was fitted out, he had built, according to his own design, a small table with a shelf below at convenient height. This table is the resting place of the gas stove, and the two form our bachelor's kitchenette.

The kitchenette is at his right hand in his dining-room. He sits at his table and, if he has guests, which is often the case, for he is an hospitable bachelor, he does not have to get up from his chair and the service is uninterrupted and noiseless. While the soup is being eaten he has the next course piping hot on top of the little stove, mayhap another dish underneath and in their order on the shelf are the remaining courses. He does it all so easily that the fact that the dinner is being cooked and served before your eyes is scarcely apparent. And such

dishes as he concocts! They are marvels of tastiness.

After one of these little dinners a feminine guest, who was properly impressed with the skill of the host, asked him how he got rid of the dishwashing.

"Oh," said he, "it is no trouble at all! I use a mop and wash them under the boiling water and they almost dry themselves."

Interrogated as to whether he used soap, he replied in the negative, adding that, when he used soap, he found it impossible to get a luster upon his dishes, when he wiped them.

This shows the care of our fastidious bachelor about the little things that go to make up the ensemble of perfect housekeeping. No detail, however, small or seemingly unimportant, is neglected. His housekeeping is so systemized, so complete, that it is hard to believe the presiding genius of the place is a mere man.

The next type of the masculine housekeeper is the married man. His *raison d'être* is not so easy to justify, but he exists, either in self-defence or else for sheer love of home and cooking. One of these frankly admits that no masculine job can compare to the delights of pottering around the house and lending a hand with the cooking.

In the course of seven years of married life this man has become almost as good a housekeeper and cook as his wife, which is saying a good deal. At the outset he was allowed to broil the steaks and chops, cook the eggs and make the coffee. Then he showed a special aptitude for all the Newburg dishes, lobster, crabs, etc., terrapin stew, so these were relegated entirely to him. He could make a simple salad dressing and from that he advanced to mayonnaise and all the sauces with mayonnaise as the foundation.

But his long suit is spaghetti — the real thing, the recipe for which was handed down from an Italian forbear, with a sauce made from a round of beef

highly spiced and braised, and which is to ordinary spaghetti as wine unto water. When the goodwife goes off on a visit, the husband is not only equipped to take care of his dinner and outer man, but the fame of his little dinners has spread abroad among his friends and an invitation to one of them is much coveted.

The artists, that is the masculine contingent, form a housekeeping class all to themselves. No artist of any note, who has not lived in Paris for a

number of years, and Paris revolutionizes one's ideas of living. The student's habit prevails even after the return to this country. Breakfast is only a roll with a cup of coffee two-thirds of which is hot milk, luncheon is little more and dinner, which is gotten out, is the meal of the day.

But the average housekeeping bachelor lives, as the old saying was, at the top of the pot and he is so strongly entrenched in his single blessedness that femininity seems a far cry.

The Secret

By Grace Stone Field

The dingy little station you left with no regretting,
 A dismal smelting furnace glow'ed, a cindery blot behind;
 The dusty village, doggedly, blinked in its murky setting,
 Unheeding, stupid and inert, to beauty dull and blind.

But southward from the noisy town the river road went winding,
 Hedged with a breeze-blown wall of trees and tall brakes, freshly green;
 Upon its right the hurrying stream fled onward, ever swerving,
 Upon its left the mountain stood, and so it wound between.

Do you remember how the leaves kept whisp'ring, sad as weeping?
 Do you remember how the stream kept singing as it ran?
 You tried to guess the secret that the pine trees had in keeping,
 But the river's rhythmic meaning was easier to scan.

A little lesson of content it taught you while 'twas fleeing
 Far from the sordid town to where the lovely valley smiled;
 A little lesson of content, — a cheerful scheme of being, —
 What time you trod the river road, a happy-hearted child!



THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL

WE think the present issue of the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE will bear, with credit, careful examination. There is interesting and useful matter on every page. Our interest in the character and quality of the MAGAZINE is unflagging. We are on the lookout for whatever is good and timely and helpful in specialized and progressive housekeeping.

Interest in home life, and especially in country home life, was never more widespread and marked than it is today. Happily, it is a significant feature of the age. We are in hearty sympathy with that spirit which longs for improved conditions and better things for the home. Would that the best of refinement and civilization

might be extended to every home in the land. Life is most real and divine to those who are fond of the soil.

We are often asked when is the best time to begin a subscription to the MAGAZINE. The present number is the first of a new volume and thus indicates the very best time to begin a new subscription; for each volume is made complete and set apart by the insertion of a title-page and full index.

THE VACATION SEASON

MANY good things have been said of the value of a vacation period; and the matter is well worthy of careful thought and consideration. No one will care to question that an annual vacation or outing tends to renew strength; to prolong life and render the details of every kind of occupation, in which men and women engage, more tolerable in their performance.

A change even in occupation is productive of rest. But the change that affords the most of good to us is that which comes from long days passed in the open air. To leave the dust and noise and turmoil of the city and spend months, or even weeks, in the country in close contact with earth provides a source of change and rest that none other can afford. There are hundreds of things we never see or come to know until we live in the country, see the rising and setting of the sun, wander in field and wood, climb mountains, trace streams to their sources and encircle inland lakes. Nature is always changeful and restful; her aspect in successive minutes is never the same. Every footstep brings new objects into view, new vistas to scan. Earth, itself, becomes a veritable paradise to him who has grown familiar and fond of all her varied forms and aspects.

Another gainful result that comes from an outing in the country is ac-

quaintance with those whose life, for the most part, is spent "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Truly their lot in life may be an humble and hardy one, but yet, at the same time, theirs is a most useful, wholesome and independent calling. Self-dependent, fertile in resources, country people are wise in ways and means in which the city-bred has had little knowledge or experience. And it is still true that from those whose early life is passed in close contact with the soil the strength and vigor of the state are largely drawn. True, too, that

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Intimacy with nature, fondness for outdoor life, can not well be too highly commended, for it is the natural way of living. And we are glad to know that, on every hand today, the indications are manifest and convincing that the tendency of people is growing stronger and stronger to resort to the country, to reinhabit the abandoned farms and find health, strength and lasting good in the peaceful pursuits and pleasures of country life. In the words of another writer this sentiment is thus expressed:

"Strong is the growing passion for a rest, the hunger for a simpler life. The tide is turned from the tragedy and comedy of city mansions and city slums to the quietude of the country home. The man with the hoe, today, has also chemistry, botany, entomology, ornithology, and all the rest of the sciences of the age, the thought and the uplift, as a part of his life. The great inventions no longer subserve merely the trader, but they bind together the farm-houses, and make life among the trees rich with thought and sentiment. Ten acres are said to be enough; and well they may be, for one acre alone holds a thousand scientific and social problems.

"The world will always be hungry, hungry for something better, wiser, and something more divine. It is a grand thing that we can never be satisfied. That our needs change and our desires change with them, in this is the propulsion to progress. The nineteenth century came in with an intense longing for liberty but, when liberty was obtained, no one was satisfied. A longing cry arose for law and order. The gnawing passion for peace and for an escape from the reign of greed will just as surely find its achievement, and yet there are greater things ahead."

REVISION DOWNWARD

IN the discussion of the tariff the protective idea is put foremost and seems to be regarded as the whole thing; that certain industries may flourish is made the main issue. The interests of the man with the hoe are not held to be worthy of consideration; he is to be exploited in favor of the few. Now, in this matter of tariff revision, which is simply an economic question, have we not been facing the wrong way ever since the period of the Civil War? And this way, if it be persisted in, will lead inevitably, it seems to us, to radical changes in the near future; for nothing short of tariff revision downward will ever be acceptable to the majority of our people. As the case was very mildly put recently by a senator at Washington, "The duty of the present Congress is to reduce the margin of protection in the existing rates wherever it can be done without substantial injury to the productive enterprises of this market."

Debt, extravagance and graft are the matters of concern that are looming large today on every hand. We are in favor of economy and reform in government as well as elsewhere, in both national and private house-keeping. To trim expenditures to meet

revenues is not a bad policy of the state. Expenditures on what? it may be asked. On army and navy and the endless chain of taxation of which these are the occasion. Is it not high time to consider the interests of wage-earners, the consumers, the man with the hoe?

THE BODY AS A MACHINE

THE human body is a machine of such a degree of efficiency that one-fifth of the energy expended by it can be utilized as work, and this efficiency is constant in men of all types. The longest and most thorough training does not change this ratio. The professional athlete, if he is able to do more work than the novice, does it, not because his muscles are of such a quality that he can get more work out of them for the same amount of energy, but because he is able to put more energy in the shape of tissue change into the action. It would seem, then, that training, besides preparing the heart to stand greater strain, acts to increase the subject's power of using up his tissues and by giving him more muscle tissue to use, rather than by teaching him to conserve his energies. To adopt a metaphor from the mechanical world, the professional has a more powerful engine, because he is able to use more fuel, and not because he wastes less steam.—*Medical Record.*

The disciplined soul is not only garrisoned against its own crises, but has provision and strength to spare for those of its fellow. The highest call upon us is to develop resources for others. Our own victory is not complete unless it has taught also some brother man how to win. Our brother, he, too, is to be assailed with Nature's harshnesses, is to experience life's fierce intent to make him heroic! Then is it for us to stretch out the hand, to add

our power to his. Then are we to feel all the meaning of our poet's word,—

"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony."

In that self-devotion do we find release from our personal fears. We welcome the crisis, our neighbor's and our own, for we find in it the majesty of the life purpose that governs us. It is evidence of the high things that are destined for him and for ourselves.—*Christian World.*

—————

"Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity. Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind."

—————

One of the mistakes in the conduct of human life is to suppose that other men's opinions are to make us happy.—*Burton.*

—————

"Men are seldom, if ever, more innocently employed than when they are honestly making money."

A Protective Roundelay

BY S. D. SHATTUCK

There was a young lady in Hingham
Who bought a full suit of Scotch gingham;
When her brother cried, "Shame!
You are greatly to blame,
For over the water they bring 'em.

"No matter how poor be the texture,
Or how much the tariff has taxed yer,
'Tis the duty of all,
Both the great and the small,
To 'encourage the home manufacture.'"

So this loyal young woman in gingham
Proceeded to take off her thingums;
And never more bought
Except what she ought,
Viz., goods made at, or near to, the Hinghams.



SUNDAY NIGHT TEA
(For menu see back of frontispiece)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sitting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Lobster Soup

PUT the body bones of two lobsters and one pound of fresh fish bones in a saucepan; add half a carrot, cut in slices, a small onion in which three cloves have been pressed; two or three branches of parsley, two stalks of celery or a teaspoonful of celery seed, and three quarts of water over the fire. Let simmer two hours, then strain through a sieve and afterwards through a cheese cloth. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour,

half a teaspoonful of paprika, and one teaspoonful of salt; add a little of the broth (cooled to lukewarm), and stir until boiling; add the rest of the broth and let simmer ten minutes. Finish with the yolks of three eggs, beaten and diluted with half a cup, each, of milk and cream. Stir constantly, but without boiling, till the egg is set.

Crab Flakes, Newburg Style

Melt a level tablespoonful of butter, add a level tablespoonful of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and

paprika and cook until frothy; then add a cup of thin cream and stir until boiling; add two cups of crab flakes, mix thoroughly, cover and let stand over hot water until very hot. In the meantime beat the yolks of two eggs, add one-fourth a cup of sherry and stir into the mixture. Serve as soon as the egg is set. Chicken, veal, sweetbreads, lobster, halibut, salmon and finnan haddie, cooked and separated into small pieces, may be used in the same way. Canned crab flakes may be purchased in those sections of the country in which the fresh article is not obtainable.

Broiled Halibut Fillets with Duchess Potato Balls

Have slices of halibut cut below the opening in the body of the fish. From these remove the skin and bone, thus securing four fillets from each slice. Set these in a hot and well-oiled broiler and let cook over hot coals until browned a little on each side. Turn every ten seconds. From six to ten minutes, according to the thickness of the fillets, will be required for cooking. After the first two minutes draw the fish farther from the coals. Set the fillets on a hot platter, and dispose the

balls around them; serve sauce tartare in a bowl.

Duchess Potato Balls

Boil some pared potatoes and press them through a ricer. To a generous pint of the potato add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper, the beaten yolk of an egg, and a few tablespoonfuls of hot milk, if needed. Beat all together very thoroughly. Roll in the hands into balls an inch and a half in diameter. Beat the white of the egg, add two tablespoonfuls of milk or water and beat again. Have ready about half a cup of soft bread crumbs, pressed through a very fine sieve. Roll the balls in the egg, drain and roll in the crumbs very lightly. Fry in deep fat to an amber color. Drain and serve.

Sauce Tartare

To mayonnaise dressing, made with one cup of olive oil, add one or two tablespoonfuls, each, of chopped olives, capers, gherkins and parsley, and a few drops of onion juice. The articles should be chopped exceedingly fine.



LOBSTER CROQUETTES (TRIANGLE SHAPE) ON BREAD CROUTON

Lobster Croquettes

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; add half a cup of flour, half a tea-

triangular shape. Roll in fine bread crumbs, then in an egg, beaten and diluted with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and again in fine crumbs. Fry,



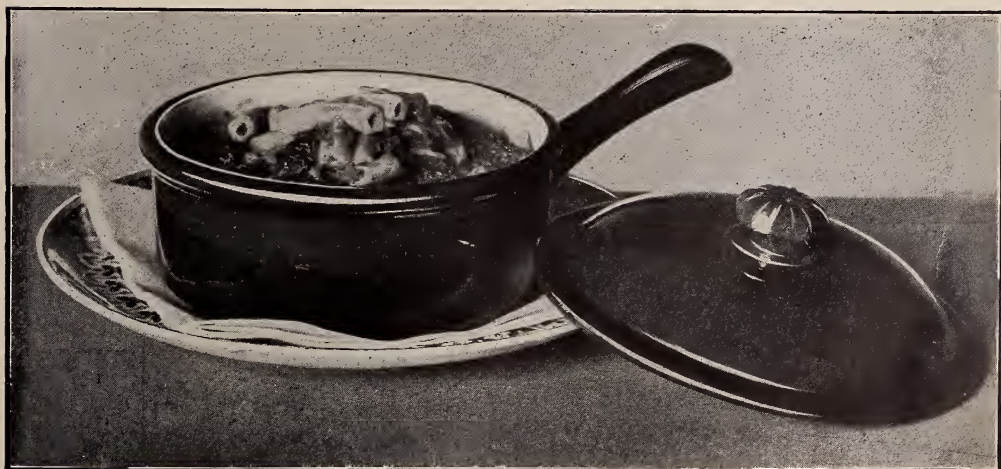
BROILED HALIBUT FILLETS, DUCHESS POTATO BALLS

spoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, stir and cook until frothy, then add one cup of chicken, lobster or fish broth, or milk, and stir until boiling; add one-third a cup of cream, and when again boiling, one egg, beaten light, and one cup and a half of lobster meat, cut in three-eighths an inch cubes. Mix thoroughly and spread in a dish to become

four at a time, in deep fat. Serve with sauce tartare or cucumber salad. Chicken, veal, sweetbreads, crab flakes or shrimps may be used in the same manner.

Cannelon of Veal with Macaroni

Chop fine two pounds of veal, three or four slices of fat bacon, two slices



CANNELON OF VEAL WITH MACARONI, INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

cold. Shape the mixture into balls of the same size; flatten and shape these, on a board, into cylinder or other shapes. In the illustration the balls were given a

of onion, two chilli peppers and four branches of parsley. Remove the crust from three slices of stale bread; soften the bread in cold water, then press out

all of the water by wringing the bread in a cloth. Add the bread to the chopped mixture with one egg, beaten light, a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix thoroughly and shape into a long roll. Put a slice of bacon or salt pork in a baking pan and set the meat upon it with a slice of bacon above. Let cook about two hours, basting frequently with the fat in the pan. When done remove the meat and bits of pork and pour off the fat, to leave three tablespoonfuls in the pan; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir and cook until frothy; add one cup and a half of tomato purée, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and stir until boiling; add half a cup of grated cheese and a cup of macaroni that has been cooked tender in salted water. Let stand to become very hot, then serve with the meat. This will be found an excellent dish for luncheon service at tea rooms. Serve in individual casseroles. Spread macaroni in the bottom of the hot casserole, lay in two slices of the cannelon and partly cover with macaroni. Put on the hot cover and let stand in the warming oven till ready to serve.

Leg of Lamb Roasted with Mirepoix

Sprinkle mirepoix preparation in a roasting pan. With a sharp pointed

knife make a deep incision in the meat next to the bone on the shank end of a leg of lamb, and in it press a bean of garlic. Trim off superfluous fat, rub over the outside of the meat with salt and flour, and set it upon the mirepoix. Set the meat into a hot oven, and in ten minutes baste with hot dripping or fat from the top of the soup kettle. Cook about one hour and a half (leg of about seven pounds), basting with the fat in the pan every ten or fifteen minutes. Turn the meat when it is half cooked.

Mirepoix

Cut in tiny cubes enough fat salt pork or bacon to measure one-fourth a cup, well pressed down; add one small new carrot, cut in slices, one onion, one bean of garlic, two chilli peppers and two branches of parsley, all chopped fine, and about half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme.

Brioche

The recipe makes two loaves, or a loaf and eight or ten small timbale or other shapes. Weigh out one pound of flour and ten ounces of butter. Soften a yeast cake in one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk. Then mix in flour from the pound taken to make a little ball of dough that may be



BRIOCHE

kneaded. Knead this until very smooth and elastic. Then drop it into a small saucepan of lukewarm water. At once put the rest of the flour into a mixing bowl. Add the butter, softened by the heat of the room (but not melted), half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and three eggs (unbeaten). Work the whole together with the hand, beating towards the body. When the mixture is very smooth add, one at a time, five more eggs, beating the mixture very smooth between the addition of each of the eggs. By this time the little ball of yeast and flour will be very light. Lift it with a skimmer (take no water with it) to the butter and egg mixture, and beat the two together, thoroughly, in the same manner as before. Turn

served as a pudding. For the latter use half or a whole cup of fruit; sultana raisins, citron, candied cherries, etc., are often added. The sauce should be



CAMEMBERT CHEESE PLATE OF CUT GLASS, CHEESE, ETC.

poured over the cake while both are hot. Raspberry jam or apricot marmalade is often eaten with the brioche.

Rum Sauce for Brioche

Boil two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water about six minutes, or to make a syrup of good consistency.



APRICOT TARTS

into buttered tins, cover and let stand until light, or until a little less than doubled in bulk. Bake about half an hour. This may be eaten fresh with coffee, or, saturated with wine sauce, be

Add half a cup of rum, and use at once. This is the sauce used on the Continent of Europe with this celebrated cake, but a rich (sweet) fruit syrup of any description may replace the rum sauce.

Apricot Tarts

Drain the syrup from a can of apricots; add half a cup of sugar and let cook to a thick syrup, then cool. Roll some flaky paste (plain pastry into which a little butter has been rolled) into a sheet about one-eighth an inch thick; cut the paste into rounds about three and a half inches in diameter; set these on a baking sheet; pipe choux-paste on the edge of each. Bake about twenty minutes. Set a canned apricot in the center of each and turn about a teaspoonful of the syrup over the apricot.

Chou Paste

To a cup of boiling water add half a cup of butter, and heat again to the boiling point; stir in one cup of pastry flour and continue stirring until the mixture separates from the saucepan, then turn into a bowl and beat in three eggs, one at a time. Beat in each egg thoroughly before the next is added. This will make enough paste to pipe upon twelve or fourteen rounds of paste.

Vanilla Ice Cream with Crushed Strawberries

Prepare the junket ice cream. Hull and wash a basket of choice straw-

berries, and pour over them a cup and a half or two cups of sugar; let stand fifteen minutes or longer, then crush with a pestle or press through a ricer. To serve, put two or three tablespoonfuls in each glass sherbet cup and add a rounding tablespoonful of the ice cream. Finish with a tablespoonful of strawberry above the cream.

Vanilla Ice Cream with Canned Grated Pineapple

Crush and dissolve a junket tablet in a tablespoonful of cold water. Heat a quart of milk, a cup of double cream, and a cup of sugar to about 90° F. Stir in one tablespoonful of vanilla extract and the dissolved tablet; let stand in a warm place until the mixture jellies, then let cool and freeze. Put a tablespoonful of canned grated or crushed pineapple in the bottom of a sherbet glass; above dispose a rounding tablespoonful of the ice cream, and finish with a tablespoonful of the pineapple above the cream. The canned pineapple is sweet enough for general use.

Raspberry Ice Cream

Press enough raspberries to make a pint of pulp through a sieve fine enough



VANILLA ICE CREAM WITH CRUSHED STRAWBERRIES

to keep back the seeds; add three-fourths a cup of sugar and mix thoroughly. Stir one quart of thin cream with one cup of sugar until the sugar is dissolved, then begin to freeze. When partly frozen add the raspberries and sugar and finish freezing.

Pineapple Bavarirose, Pompadour Style

The materials needed are a can of sliced pineapple, or half a can of sliced and half a can of grated pineapple, one-third a package of gelatine, one-third a cup of cold water, the juice of half a lemon, two-thirds a cup (scant) of sugar, two cups of double cream, one dozen pistachio nuts and two dozen candied or maraschino cherries.

Split the slices of pineapple, then cut each in halves and use to line the bottom and sides of a mold holding five cups. Soften the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in one cup of hot pineapple (either the grated or the sliced made fine and mixed with the syrup in the can); add the sugar and lemon juice and stir over ice water until beginning to set, then add half the cherries and nuts, chopped, and fold in one cup and a half of the cream, beaten solid. Turn into the lined mold. When cold and set, unmold and decorate with the rest of the cream, beaten solid, and sprinkle with the rest of the chopped cherries and nuts.

Blueberry Betty

Mix one solid pint of soft bread crumbs (center of a loaf that has been

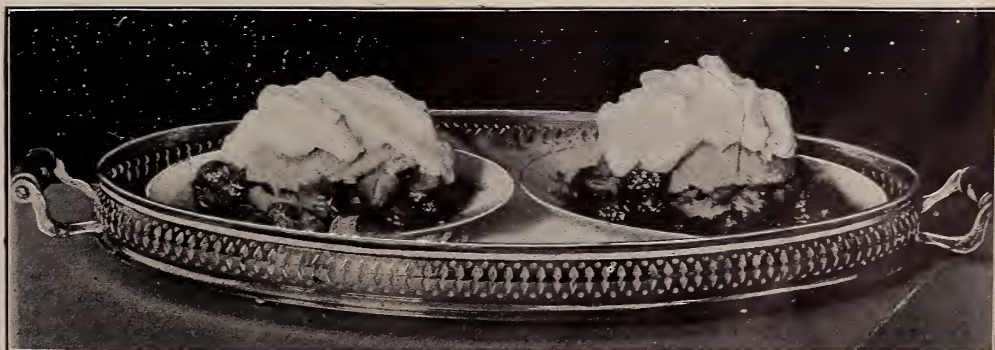


VANILLA ICE CREAM WITH GRATED PINEAPPLE

baked at least twenty-four hours) with one-third a cup of melted butter. Dispose in a buttered baking dish, in alternate layers, with a pint of blueberries. Sprinkle each layer of berries with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Cover and let bake fifteen minutes, then uncover, to brown the crumbs, which should comprise the last layer. Serve hot with cream.

Zabaione

Beat one whole egg and two yolks; add half a cup of sugar and beat again; set over hot water and stir constantly



INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES

while half a cup of sherry wine is gradually added; continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and



ZABAIONE

fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Continue the cooking and folding until the egg is set and the mixture is quite thick and fluffy. Serve, hot, in glasses. This is a favorite afternoon dish at some tea rooms.

Rhubarb Cooked with Sultana Raisins

Pick the stems from one-third a cup of sultana raisins. These raisins are

small, light-colored and seedless. Add a cup of boiling water and let cook until the water is reduced to two or three tablespoonfuls. Peel and cut into half-inch lengths enough rhubarb to make one pint; add to the raisins with one cup of sugar, cover and let cook very slowly until the rhubarb is tender. This makes a delicious sauce. For rhubarb charlotte russe use one cup of the sauce with the cream. The rest may be poured around the charlotte after it is unmolded.

Rhubarb Charlotte Russe

Soften one tablespoonful and a half of granulated gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the dish of gelatine in hot water, or add it to a cup of hot cooked rhubarb. The rhubarb should be well sweetened when cooked. If sultana raisins or candied orange peel be cooked with the rhubarb, it will be an improvement. Add also the juice of half a lemon and one-third a cup of sugar. The latter is to sweeten the cream. Stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream, beaten solid. Turn into a



RHUBARB CHARLOTTE RUSSE

mold lined with lady's fingers and set aside in a cool place until ready to serve.

Individual Strawberry Shortcakes

Sift together, three times, one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour, half a cup of cornstarch, a teaspoonful of salt and five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work in one-fourth a cup of shortening, then add, a little at a time, nearly one cup of milk, and mix to a dough. Turn onto a floured board, knead slightly, roll into a sheet and cut into rounds as for biscuits. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Have ready a basket of choice berries, hulled, washed and mixed with a cup or a cup and a half of sugar. Split the biscuits and butter the halves generously. Set the lower halves on individual plates, cover them with berries, set the upper halves in place and surround the whole with sugared berries. Put a spoonful of whipped cream above, or dredge the top of the biscuits with sugar and serve with a pitcher of unwhipped cream.

Maple-and-Walnut Bavarian Cream

Boil one cup of maple syrup; beat the yolks of three eggs until very thick, then gradually — a few drops at a time at first — beat the syrup into the yolks; return to the fire and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens; add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water (minute gelatine may be added without softening in cold water), and half to a whole cup of walnut meats, chopped or broken into pieces; stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream beaten firm.

Welsh-Rabbit Sandwich

Spread bread prepared for sandwiches — bread cut in slices three-eighths an inch thick and with crust

removed — with cold Welsh rabbit, lay on each a lettuce leaf, dipped in French dressing, and put together in pairs. For the rabbit stir half a pound of grated cheese in a double boiler until it is melted, then stir in the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of cream; add also one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, soda and paprika. When smooth and thick turn into a cup, cover and set aside until cold.

Tomato, Green Pepper-and-Onion Salad

Chill peeled tomatoes. Pour boiling water over a green pepper, rub off the outer layer of skin, cut out the stem, remove and discard the seeds, and then set the pepper in a cool place to become thoroughly chilled. Peel half a Spanish or other mild onion, then cut into exceedingly thin slices and separate these into rings; set these, also, to chill. When ready to serve set the tomatoes, cut into halves or slices, into a salad bowl and pour over them French dressing (one tablespoonful of oil to each two slices). Cut the pepper into narrow rings. Mix the pepper and onion with French dressing, turning the slices over and over and crushing them slightly in the dressing. Use enough dressing to moisten them thoroughly. Sprinkle the dressed onion and pepper over the slices of tomato and serve at once.

Caramel Frosting

Boil one cup of granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of heavy caramel syrup and one-third a cup of water to 236° F. Pour in a fine stream upon the beaten whites of two eggs, beating constantly meanwhile. Return to the saucepan, set this into a dish of boiling water and stir constantly while the frosting thickens. Beat until cold, then spread upon the cake. This frosting will hold its shape, crust over on the outside and keep soft within.

Menus for a Week in June

"It is well to remember that price is no guarantee whatever of real nutritive value."

—CHITTENDEN.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
 Strawberries
 Broiled Sweetbreads
 Maître d'Hôtel Butter
 Creamed Potatoes. Rye Meal Muffins
 Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Veal Cutlets en Casserole
 Lettuce Salad
 Vanilla Ice Cream
 with Crushed Strawberries
 Sponge Cake. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Welsh Rabbit Sandwiches
 Sugared Pineapple
 Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
 Stewed Prunes
 Barley Crystals, Cream
 Salt Codfish Creamed
 Baked Potatoes. Corn Meal Muffins
 Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
 Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
 Baking Powder Biscuit. Coffee
 Baked Indian Pudding, Whipped Cream

Dinner
 Prime Ribs of Beef, Roasted,
 Horseradish Sauce
 New Potatoes. New Beets, Buttered
 Rhubarb Charlotte Russe
 Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
 Boiled Rice, Cream
 Creamed Crab Flakes on Toast
 Glazed Currant Buns
 Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
 Onion Soup in Petite Marmites
 Deviled Rolls with Cheese
 Rhubarb Pie
 Coffee

Dinner
 Chicken Pot Pie (Baked Dumplings)
 Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
 Strawberries
 Cream Cheese. Crackers
 Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
 Strawberries
 Baking Powder Biscuit
 Toast
 Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
 Baked Beans, New York
 Style
 Tomato Catsup
 Prune Pie
 Tea

Dinner
 Hot Veal Loaf, Tomato
 Sauce
 Mashed Potatoes
 Spinach with Sliced Egg
 Zabaione. Lady's Fingers
 Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
 Minced Chicken on Toast
 Fried Rice, Maple Syrup
 Cocoa. Coffee

Luncheon
 Cream-of-Asparagus Soup
 Olive-and-Cream Cheese Sandwiches
 Strawberry Tarts
 Tea

Dinner
 Hungarian Goulash, Kornlet Fritters
 Lettuce-and-Peppergrass Salad
 Vanilla Ice Cream
 Crushed Pineapple
 Wafer Jumbles
 Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
 Broiled Bacon, Sweetbreads Sautéd
 White Hashed Potatoes
 Yeast Rolls (reheated)
 Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
 Consommé
 Strawberry Shortcake
 Coffee

Dinner
 Cannelon of Beef
 Macaroni with Tomato and Cheese
 Lettuce and Green Mustard Salad
 Cream Cakes
 with Sugared Strawberries
 Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
 Salt Codfish Balls, Cucumbers
 Spider Corn Cake
 Buttered Toast
 Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
 Lobster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
 Graham Bread. Lady's Finger Rolls
 Rhubarb or Pineapple Tart
 Half Cups of Coffee

Dinner
 Boiled Salmon, Lobster Sauce
 Green Peas. Boiled Potatoes
 Lettuce, French Dressing
 Rhubarb Sherbet
 Half Cups of Coffee

Menus for Week in July

A monotonous diet, even of good foods, does not keep up the vital processes well; it is necessary to change the food articles from day to day, and the best results are obtained by changing them from meal to meal.—H. A. YERGIN, M.D.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Slices of Canned Pineapple
Sweetbreads, Sautéd
Delmonico Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Broiled Spring Chickens, Kornlet Fritters
New Potatoes in Cream
Tomato, Green Pepper-and-Onion Salad
Frozen Apricots. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Creamed Asparagus on Toast
(Chafing Dish)
Olives. Red Raspberries
Wafer Jumbles. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast
Graham Muffins. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Fish Boiled, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
New Beets Stuffed with
Chopped Cucumbers, French Dressing
with Onion Juice
Blueberry Pie. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Macaroni with Tomato Sauce and Cheese
Dark Graham Bread and Butter
Raspberries
Nut Cake with Caramel Frosting
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Boiled Rice, Cream
Ragoût of Lamb Kidneys
Hot Buttered Toast
Orange Marmalade
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Canada Mutton Chops, Broiled
Scalloped Potatoes
Spinach with Hard Cooked Egg
Strawberry Jam Cake, Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cream-of-Asparagus Soup
Toasted Crackers, Buttered
Cold Boiled Tongue. New Potato Salad
Cookies. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Creamed Fresh Fish au Gratin
White Hashed Potatoes, Pickled Beets
Parker House Rolls
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Leg of Lamb, Roasted with
Mirepoix Preparation
Scalloped Potatoes and Onions
Summer Squash
Endive, French Dressing
Cottage Pudding, Raspberry Hard Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Asparagus on Toast, Poached Eggs
Rye Biscuit (yeast) Berries
Oatmeal Cookies. Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Fresh Fish, fried. Cucumbers
Creamed Potatoes
Yeast Rolls. Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Lobster Soup
Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce
Lettuce and Asparagus, French Dressing
Hot Raspberry Shortcake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Cold Boiled Tongue, made Hot in
Brown Sauce
Currant Jelly. Bread and Butter
Cookies. Tea. Cocoa

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Fried Fillets of Fish
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Creamed Potatoes. Parker House Rolls
Coffee

Dinner
Rechaufée of Lamb with Macaroni, etc.
Swiss Chard as Greens
Raspberry Ice Cream
Angel Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Fresh Fish Chowder
Cabbage Salad
Stewed Blueberries. Orange Cookies
Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Lamb, Potato-and-Pepper
Hash
Green Herb Omelet
Berries. Baking Powder
Biscuit
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Roast Veal, Bread Dressing
Franconia Potatoes
Midribs of Swiss Chard
Hollandaise Sauce. New
Currant Jelly
with Hot Rice Pudding
Raisins (Poor Man's),
Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Hot String Beans, Cream
Toast
Berries. Tea

Economical Menus for Week in July

"There seems to be justification for the opinion that the consumption of proteid food, as practised by the people of the present generation, is far in excess of the needs of the body."

—CHITTENDEN.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Boiled Rice Blueberries, Milk Yeast Rolls (reheated) Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Steamed Fore Quarter of Lamb, Caper or Pickle Sauce Boiled Potatoes Beet Greens Hot Cornstarch Pudding, Raspberry Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Crackers, Milk Cottage Cheese</p>	<p>Breakfast Haddock Fish Cakes Radishes Rye Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Macaroni with Tomato and Cheese Green Peas. Graham Bread Caramel Custard Cookies Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Hot Corn Cake Bread and Butter Berries Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY
	<p>Breakfast Wheat Cereal. Bananas. Milk Spider Corn Cake Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Hashed Lamb on Toast Baked Potatoes. Radishes Stringless Beans Blueberry Betty Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cold, Stringless Beans, French Dressing with Onion Juice Graham Bread and Butter. Berries Sour Cream Drop Cookies Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Bacon, Fried Bananas Baking Powder Biscuit Cold Bread Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Tomato Timbales, Cream Sauce Swiss Chard Entire Wheat Biscuit Raspberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cream-of-Green Pea Soup Berries Cookies or Cake Tea</p>	
MONDAY	<p>Breakfast Broiled Tomatoes Cream Toast of Boston Brown Bread Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Filletts of Haddock Fried in Deep Fat Mashed Potatoes Tomato-and-New-Onion Salad Stewed Blueberries. Cookies Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Rice Milanaise (Cooked with Tomatoes and Cheese) Lettuce, French Dressing Bread and Butter Rhubarb Cooked with Raisins. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Kornlet Fritters Glazed Currant Buns Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Filletts of Fish, Baked, Bread Dressing Drawn Butter Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cucumbers, French Dressing with Onion Blueberry Pie. Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin Potato Salad Currant Buns (reheated) Cocoa. Tea</p>	FRIDAY
	<p>Breakfast Scalloped Fish (left over) Mashed Potato Cakes, Fried (left over) Buttered Toast Cocoa. Coffee</p>	<p>Dinner Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin Green Peas Lettuce with Chopped Mustard Leaves, French Dressing Pineapple Tapioca, Boiled Custard Half Cups of Coffee</p>	

Menus for Formal Occasions in June

Luncheons for June

I

Strawberries, French Fashion
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Radishes. Olives
Halibut Mousse, Shrimp Sauce
Potato Balls, Parsley Butter
Cucumber Salad with Chives
Chicken Croquettes
Asparagus Cooked as Peas
Lady-Finger Rolls
Lobster Salad
Peaches, Melba Style
Coffee

II

Herring with Cream Cheese in
Paper Cases
Chicken Soup with Meringue
Crabflake Croquettes,
Sauce Tartare
Braised Sweetbreads with Macaroni
Tomato Sauce and Cheese
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Salad
Toasted Crackers
Vanilla Ice Cream with Crushed Strawberries
White and Pink Mints
Coffee

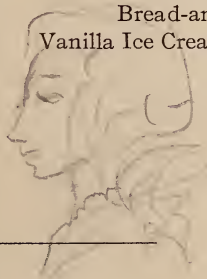
Wedding Breakfast, June

I

Strawberry Cocktail
Fish Timbales, Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Salad Rolls
Chicken-and-Sweetbread Croquettes
Asparagus Tips, Buttered
Cream Cheese Balls. Lettuce.
Toasted Crackers
Wedding Cake, cut by Bride
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce

II

Chicken Croquettes
Green Peas
Parker House Rolls
Lobster or Salmon Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream with Crushed Strawberries
Coffee



Wedding Receptions, June

Small Reception

Cold Chicken Mousse
Lettuce and French Dressing
Lobster Salad
Buttered Rolls. Lettuce Sandwiches
Macaroons. Layer Cake (diamond shapes)
Lady's Fingers. Wafer Jumbles
Tiny Cream Cakes,
Chocolate Dipped
Coffee. Fruit Punch
Vanilla Ice Cream with Crushed Strawberries

Large Reception

Bisque Ice Cream. Raspberry Ice Cream
Pineapple Sherbet
Mushroom Meringues. Sponge Drops
Sponge Jelly Roll
Diamonds of White Cake, Pistachio Frosting
Horseshoe Shapes of Almond Paste
Wedding Cake in Boxes
Fruit Punch

Referring to Recipes and Menus

By Janet M. Hill

"Domestic work in the kitchen may be much simplified and lightened, if proper utensils and appliances are employed."

THE coming of hot weather is not an occasion for the discontinuance of cooking or for the serving of broiled steaks or French fried potatoes in a lukewarm condition. Food intended to be served hot should be hot and that to be served cold should be cold, no matter what the temperature of the atmosphere may be. Vacations are now in order and they are quite necessary to the smooth running of the domestic machinery. But there are days between the vacations when work must be done. Still, even on these days, the time spent in the kitchen may be shortened and the heat, incident to cooking operations, be cut down or in large measure done away with. The fireless cooker, electric stove and chafing dish, as also the gas and kerosene stove, all are especial means to this end. Let us, each and all, supply ourselves with the appliances best suited to our circumstances.

Now, if ever, the daily supply of food should be carefully proportioned to the needs of the family. As far as possible let the quantity cooked be limited to the demands of the day. Meats, particularly chicken and veal, left over, should be carefully cooled before being covered, otherwise, in damp, "muggy" weather, they are apt to pass into a state that may cause ptomaine poisoning. At this season it is well to cut down the quantity of fish and meat. These, served once a day, will suffice. Asparagus, green peas, string beans, beets, lettuce, spinach, summer squash, cucumbers and Swiss chard are at their best. The common style of cooking these vegetables may be varied by the addition of cheese or beef extract, when the dish becomes suitable to

replace fish or meat. When the seeds of the cucumber become hard and the vegetable is not wholesome as a salad, cut the cucumbers in quarters, discard the seeds and skin, cook tender in water or broth, thicken the liquid with flour or egg yolks, one or both, and try a new and delicate dish. The berry season is now at its height and fresh berries, with fresh well-baked bread or rolls may be served at many a meal and prove an acceptable substitute for a dessert calling for more laborious effort. For the main dish at luncheon or early tea, hot fruit shortcakes, with a pitcher of cream, or hot asparagus shortcake, with drawn butter sauce, will suffice well for occasional use.

The element of surprise is an agreeable one in food, and savory dishes go far in making people contented and satisfied with their lot in life. Expensive materials are not essential, and oftentimes common, cheap food-stuffs, carefully handled, will give quite as large a return in nutritive value and satisfaction of appetite as the more expensive article of the same class. Beef from the round, or even from the vein, which is less expensive still than the round, carefully seasoned and properly cooked, will yield a juicy, savory dish not to be despised by any one. Such a dish is the Cannelon of Beef, or veal, for veal may be substituted, given in our recipes. The onion may be omitted from the dish, if it occasions flatulency, but the flavor of the onion ought not to prove objectionable to any one with a average digestive power. The warming effects of the aromatic parsley—a few sprigs of which are so often used in conjunction

with onions — will do much to obviate any tendency in this direction.

Bread is particularly one of the standard food articles in summer. It appears at every meal, and it certainly will be eaten with greater relish if it be varied in kind. Then, too, a change in the size, shape and general appearance of the loaf, even though the ingredients be not changed, has an effect upon the appetite. A cup of rye meal or Graham flour, used in place of an equal measure of entire wheat or plain white flour, made ready for two loaves of bread, changes the appearance and taste of the ordinary loaf. Graham bread, sweetened with molasses and made without kneading, furnishes a most palatable bread for occasional use, and it is, also, desirable with salads.

Though fish is less expensive than meat, it is not lacking in nutritive value. Often it is not sent to the table in an attractive form, though this is less the case now than formerly. With all unedible portions removed, danger from fine bones is obviated and, if care be taken to accommodate the heat to the tender delicacy of the tissues, a succulent dish may be insured, one also that will not unduly tax the digestive powers of either the young or the old. The serving of food in individual portions, which is the prevailing custom of the times, has helped, in no small measure, to bring about a niceness in food preparation, and also has perceptibly cut down the cost of living.

Just enough of each dish to go around and no more is the maxim of the trained housekeeper of today. Perfectly cooked, every morsel served is eaten, and there is no waste.

Menus for Weddings

Numerous requests for menus suitable for wedding receptions have been received. On these occasions in the matter of dishes to be served each

may be a law unto herself. Cake and fruit punch or ices may be the only dishes offered at a morning wedding, as well as at one that takes place later in the day. Still if labor or expense need not be considered, more hearty dishes would be preferable at a wedding that takes place before one o'clock. At this hour a wedding breakfast is first choice. A small wedding party may be seated at one large table and the number of courses be few or many according to circumstances. Fruit (strawberries at this season), croquettes or chops with peas or fried or creamed chicken, rolls, coffee, and the wedding cake, cut by the bride, may be easily served and furnish a substantial repast. Eggs in some form, asparagus, a salad and ices may be added at convenience. At a large wedding the breakfast may be served to the guests seated at small tables, or, without trying to seat all, it may be served from a large table set as for a reception. Hot coffee and one or more choice dishes, particularly appropriate to a breakfast, give the distinctive touch to the menu.

For a wedding after one o'clock the refreshments are usually served from a prettily laid table as at any afternoon or evening reception. Cake and ices, with fruit punch at a small table, are sufficient. Croquettes, salads, rolls and sandwiches are to be added at pleasure. Wedding cake, cut in slices and disposed in boxes, is often piled on the table in the hall. A friend of the bride presides at this table and sees that each guest, on departing, receives this souvenir of the happy occasion. Macaroons, lady's fingers and angel or other sponge cake are given place on the large table. Butter cakes are too rich for service with ice cream. Exception might be made in favor of one or two white cakes; these, covered with boiled icing sprinkled with chopped pistachio nuts, and cut in small diamond-shaped pieces, make a pretty appearance in baskets with other cake.

Home Made Marshmallows

Our attention has been called, by a manufacturer of gelatine, to the fact that home-made marshmallows can be successfully made with gelatine. These marshmallows are very similar to the Turkish pastes made with gelatine. The recipe, which possesses the merit of simplicity, is as follows: Pour ten tablespoonfuls of cold water over one-fourth a package of gelatine. To a pint (two cups) of granulated sugar add ten tablespoonfuls of cold water. Set over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then let boil two or three minutes; add the softened gelatine, stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then let cool; add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one-fourth a teaspoonful of almond extract and, when the mixture begins to set, beat with an egg beater. Continue the beating until the mixture is quite firm, but will settle to a smooth level. Turn into a pan, generously sprinkled with sifted powdered sugar. When cold and firm cut in squares and roll in sifted sugar.

Through the courtesy of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, of this city, we show in our illustrations two pieces

of cut glass of late shape and new style of cutting. These are the dish for camembert cheese with crackers and the glass holding daisies and sprengeri. The latter dish is supplied with a silver netting, which holds each individual blossom in place and allows the full beauty of each to be enjoyed.

In the May number of the magazine, in answer to Query 1465, in regard to cutting down the proportion of "water glass" to water in preserving eggs, a mistake was made. The proportions were just reversed. We give here the correct formula.

Preserving Eggs

(United States Agricultural Department)

Fill an earthen or water-tight wooden vessel with the eggs. To one part of water glass, also known as soluble glass and silicate of soda, add ten parts of tepid water, stirring the water thoroughly and slowly into the water glass. When the resultant mixture is cold, pour it gently over the eggs, using sufficient to immerse them. Three pints of water glass and thirty pints, or fifteen quarts of water will generally cover fifty dozen eggs. Keep the vessel covered and in a cool place.

The Dishpan

By Margaret L. Sears

Three times within the day
Do we sing a roundelay,
As we take from off the brink
Of the jolly kitchen sink
The dishpan.

There are work-savers galore.
You can have them by the score;
But all the things you get
Have not "improved," as yet,
The dishpan.

From the days when early man
Went to housekeep with his pan,
It has kept its pristine charm
Most persistently and calm,
The dishpan.

We would like a good machine
To wash the dishes clean;
But such wreckage would begin,
It wouldn't do at all in
The dishpan.

So we wash the glass with care,
And of grandma's cups beware;
Care and thought we all must bring
To this prehistoric thing,
The dishpan.

Sing we then our happy lay,
For it's with us e'er to stay.
And we love it — yes, we do! —
When it hangs upon its screw,
The dishpan.

The Origin of Macaroni—A Legend

By Mathilde Serao

Translated for *Current Literature* by Helen E. Meyer, from "Legends of Naples"

IN the year 1220, in the time of King Frederick of Suabia, in the little alley of the Cortellari, there stood a tall and very narrow house whose leaded window panes were gray with the grime of ages. The doorway of the house was low and dark, the stairs were steep and dirty, the windows were always closed. People hurried by the accursed place casting back looks of fear or muttering prayers or maledictions.

The house was tenanted by people of ill-repute. A usurer dwelt on the fourth floor; a handsome girl watched by the police lived on the second floor; on the third floor lived and wrangled two "ugly mugs" — man and wife — who plied some illegitimate trade in the daytime, and returned to their room at night to beat one another as flails beat flax.

But worse, in the public regard, than the forbidding gleam in the squinting eyes of the usurer, and worse than the glances of the handsome girl, even worse than the cries of the woman beaten by her husband, was Cicho, the devil's tool, the sorcerer, who lived in rooms opening on a balcony at the top of the house. Believers crossed themselves as they hurried by. Skeptics grimaced, and, holding their fingers to their foreheads to represent horns, knocked their knees together and murmured the incantation against the evil eye.

Cicho seldom went into the street. His windows seldom opened. But no one questioned his magic, and all trembled at the thought of his mysterious power.

No one knew whence he came. No one had crossed his threshold. But by spying and by exchanging imaginary

knowledge the gossips had given him a character. He had been watched as he studied great parchment tomes with silver clasps. He had been seen at dead of night bending over his crucibles, and the fires of his furnace never died.

By creeping close to his window, Jovanella, the woman whose windows opened on his balcony, had seen his tools of magic, — retorts, filters and small gleaming instruments, supposedly intended for deadly work.

Rumor had it that Cicho passed his time hovering over boiling pots in which infernal herbs danced in witches' broth. Cicho's servant catered for the sorcerer, and they who spied upon him knew that he bought nothing but the herbs habitually used by cooks, — tomatoes, parsley, onions, garlic, fine herbs, and other harmless objects of vegetable origin. But that Cicho brewed drafts powerful to spread death and ruin, the whole world knew; because sorcerers go to the fields on the eve of the witches' Sabbath, to cull accursed growths and to invoke the moon and the devil. Cicho knew what the people said, and, to avert gossip, he clung to his laboratory and did his best to keep out of sight.

In his day he had been very handsome and very rich. He had been loved. He had owned palaces, fine horses and splendid gems. He had hung his rooms with draperies of spun gold and with equal pleasure he had received the smiles of women, the sword thrusts of men, and the generous wines of royal banquets. Then he lost his fortune and his friends shunned him. But, though despised and forsaken, Cicho was not cast down. He was a savant. He loved learning. He had drunk deep from the wells of

ancient wisdom. Cast out by the world, he arose from his ruins with a mind clear to the real meaning of life. "Men are brothers," he said firmly. "Man's duty is to help his fellow-man. I must find means of giving happiness to all mankind before I die."

He had loved to eat. He could think of no better gift than a delicious dish concocted to suit all tastes. His aim was to give, not fleeting joy, but something stable, something to nourish and satisfy the whole human family. With mind fixed on that high ideal he searched his ancient tomes and studied and experimented day and night. For a long time ill-luck pursued him, and all that he tried to do failed. But his confidence in himself was not shaken. He felt that his object was exalted, and consciousness of unselfish brotherly love so acted upon his brain that his sleep brought visions of encouragement and joy, and day by day he arose from his bed strengthened for his work. After years of painful and unceasing effort, his heart cried out as Archimedes had cried out before him; and, satisfied with his discovery, he seated himself to rest and to perfect details. His invention lacked nothing but the charm of form. So day and night he toiled in his close rooms, sustained by thought of the hour when, presenting his perfected gift to his brothers, he could say: "Take it as freely as I give it. I deliver it into your hands, finished, perfect, savory, fair to look upon, redolent in its combination of the animal and the vegetable!"

Jovanella's di Canzio window opened on the balcony close to Cicho's room, and the sharp, shrewd, inquisitive gossip stole from the side of her sleeping husband to peer through the closed blinds of Cicho's window. In the deep blue dusk of the Italian night, barefoot, in her one clinging night garment, the treacherous woman watched the work of the old magician.

Jovanella's husband, Giacomo, was the cook's helper in the palace of the king.

At first, uncertain of her ground, Jovanella caught nothing of the meaning of Cicho's movements, and in her spite she raged, lashed her neighbors with her tongue, and drove her husband to the verge of madness. But one night her zealous watch bore fruit, and her heart leaped for joy. Close to the window, standing with bare toes curled upward, she saw the magician put his spoon into the boiling pot, draw it out, blow upon it with his breath, then, with eyes beaming, scent, then taste the brew.

It was something to eat!

Jovanella watched Cicho an hour longer. Then she crept back to the side of her sleeping husband and drew the bed covers over her ears. "Ah!" thought the guilty wretch, "what woman longs for with all her might, that she wins!"

When Jovanella awoke, Giacomo, the cook's helper, was on foot, combing his hair before his little mirror. "Listen, husband," said the wife: "go straight to the king's cook and tell him that I can cook a dish so luscious that it deserves to appear before the king!"

"Woman," answered the husband, "you are daft! you make nothing of the kind!"

"May my tongue, my most precious possession, drop from my mouth if what I tell you is not true!"

Jovanella's accents were so convincing that Giacomo gave the message to the cook. The cook repeated the message to the king's body servant. When the valet insinuated the message to his noble master, the bodyguard listened, questioned, and then, breathless, ran to the king.

The king ordered his minions to summon Jovanella to the palace, give her materials, and see what she could do.

Jovanella was placed in position

before a furnace, pots, and such materials as she demanded, and with sleeves tucked up and with skirts covered by an apron, she began to work.

First she made a dough by mixing flour, salt and eggs with water and kneading it long and fast to make it tender and as smooth as linen. Then she rolled the dough thin, cut it in strips, rolled each strip in a tube, and hung the tubes in the sun to dry.

Then she put fat fresh pork and fine-cut, peppered and salted onions into a frying pan, and having fried the pork and the onions a golden brown, she added to the mixture a large piece of meat, cooked the meat to a pretty yellow, and, rubbing ripe tomatoes through a sieve, poured the rich red juice over the meat and set the pan to simmer over a slow fire.

At dinner time she threw the paste tubes into salted boiling water, grated a large quantity of the Lodi cheese (called Parmesan), boiled the paste until tender, and drained off the water.

Having put the boiled paste into a porcelain basin, she poured over it first a spoonful of sauce, then a spoonful of grated cheese. When all the sauce and all the cheese had been added to the boiled paste, the king, seated in state, received and tasted it.

When he recovered from his surprise and delight, he sent for Jovanella and asked her how she had come to think of the possibility of so harmonious a marriage of animal and vegetable materials. The wicked woman answered that the possibility of the combination had been revealed to her in a dream, by an angel.

The replete monarch begged for the recipe and presented it to his cook with his own hands. He gave Jovanella one hundred pieces of gold, because, as he said, she who had so successfully worked for the good of man deserved all that her sovereign could do for her.

But Jovanella's good fortune did not

end there. Every noble and every high official in the kingdom begged for her recipe, and the cooks of all the palaces of Naples flocked to the rooms of the king's cook's helper to learn the lesson given to Jovanella by the angel.

After the nobles came the opulent commoners; and after the commoners came the merchants and the working classes, and last of all came the masses — men and women in rags. So one after another, swarming like homing bees, all the people of Naples climbed the steep and grimy stairs of the devil's house, and, wide awake, learned the lesson imparted to Jovanella in a dream.

The king called the dish Macaroni, from the word macarus, the divine dish.

Jovanella was rich, sought after by her superiors, and respected.

Meanwhile Cicho, the sorcerer, locked in his laboratory, worked to perfect his discovery, reveling as he toiled in anticipation of the time when he should bestow his gift on man. In his sleep he dreamed of the gratitude of his fellow-creatures and of peace and appreciation in his last years.

"For," said he to himself, "is not the discovery of a succulent and delicious kind of nourishment as valuable as the discovery of a philosophical theorem, the discovery of a comet, — a thing of no practical value, — or the discovery of a possibly pernicious insect? It is, of a truth. Therefore, lauded by grateful man shall I be. And at last, after all my sorrow, I shall rest!"

One day, when the details were perfect, when the inventor was ready to make known the invention, Cicho the sorcerer went out into the street to breathe the air and to let the wind blow through the long curls of his silver hair. As he reached the gate of the first walled house, it seemed to him that the soft winds wafted to his nostrils a familiar odor. Fear assailed his heart, but he tried to believe that his senses had deceived him. As he

passed on, the odors of his secret invention beset him from all sides. Struck by appalling dread, he pushed in the door of the first house. A woman in a short skirt, with black hair, half covered by the square headshawl of the Contadina, stood before a little charcoal stove pouring, alternately, tomato juice and grated cheese on tubes of boiled flour paste.

"What are you doing?" asked the sorcerer, in a dying voice.

"I am cooking macaroni, Old One," answered the woman.

"Who taught you?"

"Jovanella, wife of Giacomo, servitor of the king's house."

"Ah! And who taught her?"

"An angel taught her in a dream. The king was the first to taste her brew. He named it. After the king the court, and after the court all Naples ate of it. And now, go where you may, Old One, you will see some one cooking the food given by the angel in a dream. Will you taste my dish? It is good."

"Adieu. I thank you. No!" With head bowed upon his breast he turned away. Dragging his weary body from street to street, Cicho convinced himself of the treachery of Jovanella. Even the king's gardener repeated the

story of the woman taught to cook the divine dish by an angel.

In disgust and despair, Cicho returned to his laboratory, broke his retorts, burned his books, destroyed his instruments and his furnaces, and went out of the accursed house, never to return or to be seen of men. His neighbors declared that the devil carried him away.

Jovanella flourished as the wicked flourish; but when she lay dying upon her bed, the agony of death forced her to confess. So, at last, justice was done to the memory of the magician.

But in the little street of the Corbellari, in the rooms where Cicho labored for the good of man, on the eve of the witches' Sabbath, strange sounds are heard. And there, so the soothsayers believe, the old man cuts and rolls his paste. Jovanella, lashed by demons, stirs red sauce with a cooking spoon, while Satan grates Lodi cheese with one hand and pokes the fire with the other.

Whether the tale be true or false, whether the wizard's gift be of angels or of devils, the so-called divine dish, macarus, has worked for centuries for the nourishment of the people, and there is no reason for thinking that it will not continue so to work through all the time to come.

Midsummer

By Charles Elmer Jenny

The bobolink is swinging
Upon a lacey cyme,
His mellow notes a-flinging
In ecstasy sublime.

The oriole is swaying
Up in the tree-top green;
The daisy-folk are saying
Such days were never seen.

Light breezes come a-straying
Like troubadours, I ween,
Their fancies sprightly, playing,
Through reeds and boughs between.

All nature is a-ringing,
And sweetly keeping rhyme.
My heart is softly singing,
For 'tis the summer time.

Her Last Appearance

By Alix Thorn

PRISCILLA slipped hurriedly into her seat and with infinite caution drew up her chair for fear the sharp scrape of the heavy legs on the bare floor would thus unpleasantly announce her coming. She was really late. Who would have supposed it could take so long to examine that nut tree in the upland pasture! It wasn't any good either, only a few nuts clinging tantalizingly to the very topmost branches, so all the long tramp was for nothing. If only her father wouldn't introduce her to the guest of honor until after dinner, yet an awful premonition warned her that he would do so. She dropped demure gray eyes to her plate, and waited nervously for the inevitable. It came. "Mr. Deyo," said Professor Burton in his big voice, trained to classroom spaces, "my daughter, Priscilla;" and for an instant the Consul's merry, prominent eyes, were fixed on the girl's face. He smiled, nodded indulgently, then went on with his picturesque description of a reception given at the consulate, three months before, telling in detail of his home at the little German port, whose American interests were protected by him. Priscilla ventured to take occasional sly peeps at the great man. His hair fell in sparse gray ringlets to his coat collar, and a sweeping gray moustache partially concealed his mouth. Said moustache had a fascinating habit of rising and falling as his lips moved. The attentive listener could hardly refrain from pursing up her own mobile lips in like fashion, and she inwardly resolved to attempt it, directly the meal was over.

A bell struck sharply, there came a clattering of feet, and out flocked the long line of boys, members of Professor Burton's "Home School for Boys." Priscilla lingered, eating in abstracted

fashion, her custard pudding, her thoughts soaring far above such mundane things. Still she heard the Consul's sonorous voice, observed his expressive gestures, but her mind's eye saw a remote schoolroom, lighted not over-brilliantly, a select audience composed of attached friends, one and all, occupying the hard seats, while she and her chosen company presented certain thrilling tableaux and dialogues, which she was wont to call "scenes." These scenes had been one of her chief joys, her great outlet, when she was able to give free rein to her fertile imagination, and revel in wild freaks of fancy. A month ago she had celebrated a birthday, a horrid anniversary. Till that momentous Wednesday she had been a care-free, little girl of eleven, but when she was declared twelve, "almost in her teens," as big sister expressed it, responsibilities had come thronging thick and fast. She was urged — oh, helpless outlook — to put away childish things, even, hardest of all, to discontinue the loved scenes. But today, inspired by the detailed accounts of the consulate and its social life, she fairly tingled to present to her small public a realistic copy of it all.

Lessons must be hurried through, and her not always enthusiastic assistants looked up. A young brother, two student boys of her own age, and the school baby, a lad of eight, whose angelic face and large, appealing eyes made him an ideal little girl, comprised the cast. She must make a house-to-house canvass through the village, and summon the guests, honest country boys and girls, who did not need to be *compelled* to come in. All this would take time, she realized, since the audience were widely scattered.

To Mrs. Burton's private parlor that

evening flocked the teachers and older students, who had been invited to meet her husband's college classmate, the Consul. Silence reigned in the study hall, the lights had been turned low, giving only a shadowy glimpse of the lines of empty desks. But from under the door of the East Recitation Room shone a cheerful ray, a beckoning ray. Smothered laughter broke out at intervals, and hearty rounds of applause, followed by impressive silences. At the present moment the audience, very evidently in hearty sympathy with the actors, were viewing a reception at a consulate as presented on the diminutive stage. Far removed though they might be from a foreign land and the ways of consulates, it was distinctly gratifying to have set before them the pomp and pageant of which one heard. Was ever consul more grand and awe-inspiring than the one before them, who wore his gray ulster with such an air, evidently too much attached to it to remove it, even at the reception, the fur collar of which was a brown boa belonging to Mrs. Burton. Several of the audience had that day seen an elaborate fur-trimmed overcoat reposing on a chair in the hall, had instantly decided that it was the property of the guest, and had given delighted dabs at it on their way to the dining hall. Tonight the view of the young consul's comfortable outside garment drew forth a hearty round of applause. Snowy locks had this consul, flour having powdered his black hair until it was, indeed, a crown of glory, while his generous moustache swept his round cheeks. Affable, too, was the consul, feeling no undue pride in his position, he received his guests as if they were dear and attached friends, while on his arm leaned his gracious lady not altogether unconscious of her mother's pale blue muslin that billowed around her feet. Her curly, yellow locks were gathered on the very top of her head, at a rather uncertain angle, and she

slowly waved a large feather fan, as she dispensed frequent smiles. Claspings her mother's free hand, also in the receiving line, stood, evidently, the little daughter of the consulate, clad simply yet becomingly in a white embroidered frock. Partially concealed behind a rubber plant and a revolving globe, the orchestra, consisting of a boy and a mouth organ, furnished more or less intermittent music.

It was in the midst of an especially heartrending burst of melody that the door suddenly opened to admit unexpected and certainly undesired guests.

One of the big boys had been detailed to show Mr. Deyo the house, and in their wake came Professor and Mrs. Burton. Priscilla's cheeks flamed a deeper crimson as her shamed eyes met the horrified gaze of her father and mother, who knew, only too well, what the animated group on the stage represented. Not so, however, their distinguished visitor; he smiled blandly, toyed with his fob, and said as he turned away, "Most interesting youngsters you have here, Professor, very interesting, very!"

The door closed behind them, and the performance came abruptly to an end; as if by magic the audience melted away. Yes, it *was* all over. It seemed to Priscilla just enough that she should thus be discovered, reveling in proscribed joys. For the first time she felt far too old for it, all this child's play. She was losing out a hairpin; however, *did* real young ladies keep such arrangements on the top of their heads! Her trailing gown was sadly in the way, too, strange that grown-ups didn't oftener get hopelessly tangled! She drew a long, long sigh, and suddenly the quick tears blinded her. Yet, perhaps, after all, it wasn't so bad, this growing up! She had surprised a new look on the face of the big boy as he stood hesitating at the door, a look that had not offended, an unconscious

tribute to her young lady garb. It had spoken comfort to her wounded feelings. The school baby was grunting angrily to himself as he struggled to get out of his confining woman's garment, and Priscilla's cold, nervous fingers came to his assistance.

Then she summoned her sadly disrupted cast: "It's all over, fellows," she said; and the weary stage manager's voice trembled, "Just help me get this room into shape, and then fold up these things, will you? We won't need 'em again."

An Inheritance Never Squandered

By Lee McCrae

A SMALL boy was recently taken during the night from the most squalid of city tenements into the country, and in the early morning came his first vision of nature. After standing spellbound and speechless for a few moments, he suddenly exclaimed in awe-stricken tones, "I'll bet this is where God lives!"

Circumscribed and woeful as his life must have been, that child was rich in two things,—a fine idea of God and eyes that *saw*. How he came by them we, of course, must guess, but this I know, the poorest parent may leave a child this legacy, a seeing eye and an intense love for the beautiful.

And the gift is so easily bestowed! Take the little stranger as soon as it can toddle out upon the grass plot and teach the wee hands to caress some bright flower, handling it as though it were a rare and precious thing. (All values are learned from the estimate we set before them.) As soon as the baby interprets words, tell it nature stories; and when it begins to gather knowledge, let it

ponder first of all the wonders God hath wrought from the dust of the earth. Then as the mind broadens to receive, the heart deepens to enfold the beauty of it all, and the child, growing into a man or a woman, can say:

"Whatever comes into my life, whatever goes from it, I shall have the hills, the trees, the sky, and over all the God who said, 'Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, shall not fail.' Daybreak, dusk and starlight, curling smoke, blue haze, mist, softened, waving shadows and rainbow lights will be mine; miracles will be wrought in my window-box and in the weed patches, and glory will be spread over the grasses *for me*—for me because my eyes *see*. I cannot be lonely because these things talk to me; I cannot be poor, however I may toil for bread; I cannot be long unhappy, for love and cheer flutter from every leaf. So, as long as my eyes see and my heart throbs I shall murmur, 'This is where God lives.'"

Reality

Denis A. McCarthy

I, too, have been a dreamer,—I have
knelt
To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads,
The rapture of the poet I have felt
And all his keen desire for noble deeds.

And, though my money-minded neighbor
deems
Of little worth the things that I have done,
Far dearer to the dreamer are his dreams
Than all the wealth by worldly wisdom won.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

I USED to mend small holes in wire netting by laboriously sewing on a new piece, through and through. My carpenter, who can do anything, showed me an easy way. Cut a piece of netting an inch larger all around than the hole; pull out two or three of the wires; then bend the "raw edges" at right angles, all around, and stick these little spikes through the holes in the screen so that the piece will cover the hole; finally, press the spikes down flat and there you are!

I have used "pea" coal in my kitchen range for several summers and found it much more economical than "nut" or "stove" size. It costs less (\$5.50 a ton) and goes much further, there being more in *quantity* for the same weight. But I did not believe I could use it in winter, thinking it would not give enough heat. This winter I have tried it and it works to a charm. With more coal and more draft, it gives just as good results as in summer, while on warm days the fire can be kept much lower than with the larger sizes of coal. I keep my fire over night (with all drafts closed in moderate weather) and it is most unusual for it to go out during the whole winter. I have a neighbor who uses pea coal on his furnace, throwing it on after the furnace coal is on. It fills in the interstices and the fire keeps all day.

I experimented with my bread mixer several times before I got the proportions exactly to suit us; for we find

the prescribed rule of three times as much flour as wetting makes the bread dry too quickly. I use now one quart of liquid (including dripping, yeast and water), placing this first in the mixer with a little salt and sugar. Then I add one scant quart of flour, another scant quart of flour, and three-quarters of a quart of flour, and proceed to turn the handle. SERENA.

* * *

An Original Dessert

SELECT good-flavored apples, a little under medium size, pare and core, leaving a large cavity. Cook until tender in equal parts of sugar and water and set aside to cool. When ready to serve, whip some double cream, allowing about one-half cup to four apples. Into half the quantity fold one-half glass of quince marmalade and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Into the other half a few chopped candied cherries and blanched almonds and some sugar. Place the chilled apples on the service dishes, fill the cores with the first mixture, cover the tops with the second, and decorate with a candied cherry.

Recently I have been molding all left-over mush in empty chipped-beef glasses. When sliced and fried the rounds are far more attractive than irregular pieces.

Let the cook, who uses a gas stove, try placing her pie on a grating directly on the floor of the oven. When the under crust begins to brown on the

edges, raise the pie to the upper shelf, to cook the upper crust. Thus the baking is accomplished before the liquid filling soaks into the paste.

I HAVE some open shelves in the kitchen for pans, etc., on which I am using white oilcloth or "Sanitas" tacked on along the front edge with brass-headed tacks. They are so easily cleaned and, to my mind, look better than fancy paper. c. g.

* * *

Peach or Apricot Brandy

PEACH or apricot brandy, served as a liqueur, is much nicer when the glass is only three-quarters filled, and very delicately filled up with good unwhipped cream. The trick is to slide the cream in and not mix it with the brandy. The glasses, which should be very small, look like miniature glasses of lager beer.

Coffee Pots

IF you have two coffee pots and use them on alternate mornings, boil the one you use with plenty of washing soda and hang it in the open air, where the sun can shine into it, and the coffee will taste much better and the horrors of the coffee pot will disappear.

Iced Tea

ICED tea should be brewed in the morning, let cool naturally and then put on ice. Otherwise it will be cloudy. The ice should be crushed in a canvas bag with a wooden mallet, a dash of claret adds greatly and destroys the flat taste of the tea.

Butter in Rolls

IN some parts of Germany butter is bought in huge rolls like water-melons, wrapped in cabbage leaves. These rolls are put in kettles and slowly brought to boil, when skim-

ming begins, and is kept up until all impurities are got out, then it is strained and poured into earthen crocks and tightly covered until needed. It is used in cooking. Cheesy butter can be made good in this way; the boiling must not be violent. Renovated butter is put through some such process as this.

Ice on the Table

A NEATLY cut block of ice on the dining table in a glass or china bowl, will keep flies at a distance, and on a hot day will make the diners feel cooler. The rough edges can be rounded by hot water or standing in the air. A charming addition is to hollow out a trough in the ice and fill this with water and put ferns or pond lilies or flowers of some sort in it. The trough can be made by very carefully chiseling the ice with chisel and mallet or by taking an old flatiron, heating and setting it on the ice and melting out a hole; this is longer and not as exact, but easier for most women.

Clips

IN taking meals out of doors the cloth is often blown up and is a bother. Nice little clips can now be bought to snap over the edge of the table. These are also nice for the ironing sheets. These clips, in some form are universally used in all open-air eating places in Europe.

Candle Ends

SAVE all candle ends, boil them down in an old saucepan, strain the wicks out and pour into small round cake tins, which have been previously put on ice or in cold water. These little wax cakes will be found invaluable in the laundry, useful to make drawers slide, when they stick, and again melted will cover preserves in canning time.

J. D.

AN excellent way to protect clean clothes as they are brought back from the laundress' house is to have them put into an envelope-shaped bag, made of stork sheeting or rubber cloth.

The bag must be made larger than the basket, to allow plenty of room and not to crush the clothes. The flap, also, must be made fairly large, so that it can be well pinned over after the clothes are in. M. H. P.

* * *

Pepper Cement for Mouse Holes

A GOOD cement to fill in mouse holes is made of one-half dirt, one-third ashes and enough cayenne pepper to taste spicy to Mr. Mouse, when he nibbles at it, wet or dry. Mix in enough water to form a stiff dough. Fill in mouse hole immediately. E. C.

* * *

THE following recipe for dry-cleaning light colored plumes and feathers I have used with perfect success for several years and saved dollars by so doing. Put into a paper sack, with one feather at a time, unless small, one cup of corn meal (yellow is best), half a cup of flour and one large tablespoonful of powdered borax. Shake gently until all dirt is removed from the feathers, then out of doors remove them and shake out all meal and flour remaining in them. Fine laces can be cleaned by the same success.

* * *

The Lunch Basket of the California Cowboy

IN picnic time we delight in generous lunch baskets, filled with daintily cooked meats, salads, sandwiches, cakes, fruits, jellies, jams, etc., and work up our appetites for the same by a long ride or drive to the grounds, or by rollicking about after we reach there,

so that, unconsciously, our great desire is to see what a big hole we can make in that store of good things.

Not so with the "vaqueros" or California cowboys, who are detailed to go, two or three together, into the foothills or ranges along the edge of the desert, with some two or three hundred head of cattle, and remain there several days, until the cattle become accustomed to the range and the watering places.

Their lunch baskets consist of two wooden kerosene cases, fitted with baling wire, to hang to the pack saddle on each side of a burro, and are called, in the language of the cowboy, "kyaks."

Into these lunch baskets, or "kyaks," the packer stows, not viands delicate and appetizing, but food of the strongest kind, carefully calculated to keep body and soul together until they get back.

As they do not go for pleasure, so they do not eat pleasant things.

A side of bacon, a quarter of a sack of flour, a can of baking powder, twenty or thirty pounds of potatoes, and a few onions are taken. Sugar, coffee and salt are put into small muslin sacks, made long enough so the tops can be tied in a knot. Then there is no danger of spilling. The jolting trot of the burro would break cardboard boxes, and, besides, the sacks occupy the least space. Two or three cans of tomatoes, the same of peaches, a three-pound can of lard and some dried prunes go next, while sometimes dried apples or raisins are put in by way of luxury.

For utensils only a small frying pan, a coffee pot, and a butcher's knife are taken; though a tin plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon for each are put in for sake of convenience.

As the cowboy's saddle horse is of great importance, he often cuts down his own food supply to make room for rolled barley and nosebags.

No little skill is called for in packing

the "kyaks" so they will hang evenly balanced, and when they are satisfactorily filled and boosted into place, quilts and blankets for beds are folded in four and laid on top. Then a canvas covers everything but the head, feet and tail of the burro, and the ropes tie all solid with the diamond hitch.

Finally, with his baskets of edibles and meager household furnishings, the joggled burro is "shooed" off into the moving bunch of cattle, where he patters along until caught at camping time to deliver his baskets at the "picnic" grounds. I. D.

Source of Our Foodstuffs

The Government has published a book entitled "Sources of the Agricultural Imports of the United States," which tells how the entire world is drawn on for foodstuffs. Its pages present some surprises. As an example: Most of the imported beeswax comes from the island the United States has just turned over to its people — Cuba. The second largest supply comes from Santo Domingo, while the Republic of Haiti also supplies a large quantity.

A large quantity of the onions we use comes from Egypt, but England sends us the most. We call also for this vegetable on Bermuda, Spain, Cuba, the British Isles in the West Indies, Italy, Canada, Mexico and France. A few years ago we imported many thousands of bushels of onions from Switzerland, and we have imported them from China.

Cheese comes from 21 countries. Some of them are the very last ones thought of in connection with the shipment of this product. We have been known to get a ton at a time from Turkey, and shipments have also been made from Egypt.

Not all the eggs consumed on the breakfast table are laid by the hens of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of eggs come from China. Eighty thousand dozens in a year is

now considered a small shipment from China, while the shipments from Canada, Mexico and Japan reach large proportions.

Throughout the entire world sheep herders have to watch their flocks to supply citizens of the United States with lamb and mutton. They include men in rude shanties in Australia and New Zealand, half-breeds on the wide plains of Argentina, little boys in Belgium, Germany and France. Mongolian rovers in China and Tartar herders on the Russian steppes are among the number. There are also Peruvians and Uruguayans, all of whom attend to sheep whose flesh or fleece finally reaches this country.

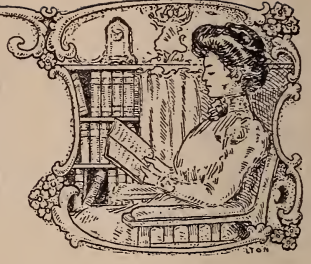
The book shows large importations of pepper. The United States imported more than eight tons of it last year. All of Uncle Sam's pepper did not come from the East Indies. One-half ton came from the West Indies. Egypt and China sent some, too.

Egypt is sending many products. We get tobacco, tea, sugar, opium, olive oil, raisins, figs, dates, cotton, hides and skins and butter from the ancient land.

Uncle Sam buys something everywhere, even in the most unlikely places. His book shows that he bought horses in Sweden and Norway; bones, hoofs and horns in all sorts of places from Venezuela, in South America, to Japan; milk in Denmark and Mexico; feathers in Aden, on the Red Sea, and China; grease as far away as Australia, and cider in Cuba and Spain. He sent to the islands of Malta, to Servia, to Spanish Africa, to the Canary Islands and to the mouth of the Amazon River for goatskins. He bought sausages in Hong Kong; painted Fiji Islanders sold his traders sausage casings. The free men of Liberia, the African republic, sold him coffee, as did the Samoans, the negroes from the Congo, and the Central Americans.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1473. — "Menus for a five-course Banquet for high school graduates. The class colors are lavender and white. Also a recipe for Creamed Chicken."

Banquet Menu for High School Graduates

I

Pineapple in Glass Cups.
White Cherry above
Chicken, Creamed or Bechamel
Rolls. Olives
Cold Pickled Tongue, Sliced Thin
French Fried or Saratoga Potatoes
Salmon, Shrimp or Lobster Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream with Crushed candied
violets
Green-and-White Mints
Fruit Punch

II

Pineapple in Glass Cups
Candied Violet above
Creamed Halibut. Rolls. Olives
(Sprinkle the halibut with fine-chopped
parsley)
Chicken, Sweetbread, Green Pea-and-
New Cucumber Salad
Rolls
Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers
White Bar-le-duc Currants
Grape Juice, Bombe Glacé or
Grape Juice Sherbet in Cups
Whipped Cream Decoration, or
Vanilla Ice Cream with
Grape Juice Syrup or Sauce
Assorted Cake
Salted Almonds

Creamed Chicken

Melt half a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of paprika and a teaspoonful of salt; add one quart of rich milk (preferably

part cream) and stir continually until the sauce is smooth and boiling, then add five cups of cooked chicken, cut in half-inch cubes. A plump four-pound chicken will furnish the required quantity. This recipe will serve eight or ten individuals. Chicken Bechamel is considered better than creamed chicken; in this use chicken broth as half or three-fourths of the liquid and cream as the rest.

QUERY 1474. — "Menus for Picnic Luncheons for two or four people, with recipes for the dishes."

Menus for Picnic Luncheons

Cold Boiled Ham, Tongue or Corned Beef
Sliced Thin
Potato Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Strawberry Tarts
Lemonade
Hot Coffee

II

Cold Boiled Ham
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
(Put together when ready to eat)
Hot Coffee
Peanut Cookies
Grape Juice

III

Cold Veal Loaf, sliced Thin
String Bean Salad, Olives
White Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Boston Brown-Bread Sandwiches
Cheese-and-Nut Filling
Hot Tea

IV

Cold Broiled Lamb Chops
 (Paper Frills on bones)
 Cold Peas, French Dressing
 Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
 Bacon Sandwiches. Gherkins
 Hot Coffee

V

Potato-and-Sardine Salad
 Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
 Deviled Ham Sandwiches
 Currant Jelly Tarts
 Hot Coffee

Potato Salad

To two cups of cold boiled potatoes, cut in half-inch cubes add the chopped white and the sifted yolk of a "hard cooked" egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, two level tablespoonfuls of mustard pickle (or piccalilli) chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of capers, four olives, four branches of fresh parsley, two thin slices of onion and two chilli peppers, all chopped fine. Pour on four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and mix the ingredients together thoroughly, turning them over and over with a silver fork and spoon. Add, if the mixture looks dry, one or two tablespoonfuls of oil and mix again. A dozen sardines, picked in bits, may be added at discretion. Cover closely and keep in a cool place until time of serving.

Strawberry Tarts

Prepare as apricot tarts (a recipe for which is given among the Seasonable Recipes), substituting preserved strawberries for the apricots.

Egg-Salad Sandwiches

A recipe for these sandwiches was given, on page 430, in the April number of this magazine. Pack the cooked eggs, unshelled, the mayonnaise in a bowl, closely covered, and the lettuce (washed carefully) in a small tin pail.

Cheese-and-nut Sandwich Filling

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream. Beat in half a cup of grated

cheese, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika and half a cup of pecan nut meats or walnut meats, sliced very fine.

Veal Loaf

Chop fine two pounds of veal steak, two ounces of fat salt pork or bacon, one slice of onion and one or two chilli peppers, or half a green pepper. Add four common crackers, rolled fine, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, half a teaspoonful of powdered thyme, two well-beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of tomato purée and a grating of lemon rind with one tablespoonful of juice. Mix all together very thoroughly. Shape into a compact roll. Put a piece of pork into a baking pan, with the veal mixture upon it. Bake about two hours, basting each ten minutes with hot fat.

Peanut Cookies

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in half a cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and one cup of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Add, at the last, three-fourths a cup of peanuts, pounded fine in a mortar. Drop, by the teaspoonful, upon a buttered tin, put half a nut meat on each. Bake in a moderate oven.

QUERY 1475. — "Recipe for a dessert called Raspberry Jam Cake. It is served with whipped cream and eaten with a fork."

Raspberry Jam Cake

This dessert is intended to be eaten the day on which it is made. Any sponge or plain butter cake may be used. The cake may be baked in one tin and split, or it may be baked in layers. The layers are put together with jam and powdered sugar sifted over the top layer.

We give two recipes for the cake mixture.

Plain Butter Cake

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Sift together one cup and a half of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda and one and three-fourths level teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; add the flour mixture to the first mixture, alternately, with half a cup of milk. Lastly add the beaten whites of two eggs.

Quick Sponge Cake

Beat three eggs without separating the whites and yolks; beat in one cup and a half of sugar and half a cup of milk, alternately, with two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

QUERY 1476. — "Recipe for Raspberry Sauce to serve with Vanilla Ice Cream, Peaches Melba, etc."

Raspberry Sauce from Jam

Mix half a cup, each, of raspberry jam and boiling water; add two rounding tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and let boil two or three minutes; strain to remove the seeds and when cold add a teaspoonful of kirschwasser.

Raspberry Sauce from Fresh Berries

Mash fresh picked berries, and let stand twenty-four hours; strain through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds. For each quart of pulp add a pint of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then let boil rapidly twelve minutes. Store in fruit jars as canned fruit.

QUERY 1477. — "Kindly tell just how to use the Piping Bag, also the kind and size."

Pastry Bag and Piping Tubes

Piping tubes are from an inch and a half to two or three inches in length. The size and shape of the opening at

the small end determine the size and shape of the mixture that is pressed through them. Short copper tubes with small opening are used for frosting. Longer tubes, with small end about half an inch in diameter, are used for mashed potato, pea and Lima bean purée, or for whipped cream. The bags may be bought or made at home. To make at home, fold a ten or twelve inch square of light-weight duck, bedticking or rubber cloth, diagonally, through the center; cut off the point at one end, and make a seam opposite the diagonal fold. Hem the raw edges and the bag is ready. Through the wide end drop and press the tube into the small end of the bag. Half fill the bag with the mixture to be used, twist the end tight to force the mixture into the tube. Guide the tube with the left hand and press the bag with the right hand. To form a star, hold the bag in vertical position, press out a little of the mixture, then separate the tube from the material by pressing the tube downward slightly and raising it quickly. For other designs hold the bag in a horizontal position, or at an angle between the vertical and horizontal. Lard or butter, creamed to make them run smoothly, may be used for experimenting.

QUERY 1478. — "Kindly publish at what Temperature F. biscuits, pie, angel cake, layer cake, cookies and custard should be baked and beef roasted. What temperatures are meant by slow oven, moderate oven and hot oven?"

Temperature for Baking and Roasting

Our experience in baking is limited to the use of "heat indicators," and the temperatures given below are taken from various sources. The wide variation in the degrees suggested by different cooking teachers and experts would seem to leave the matter in rather indefinite shape. Still one who is interested in the matter, with

the following figures as a guide and a reliable oven thermometer, can settle the matter quite definitely without many experiments. For Biscuits and Pastry the temperature is about 360° F. For Muffins, Cookies, Puff Pastry, 450° F. For Angel Cake, 230° F. increased in 30 minutes to 360° F. For Sponge Cake, 300°, increase, then lower, or, keep the whole time at 350° F. For Baked Custard 350° F., higher if baked in water. For Roast Beef, 400° F., for half an hour, then reduce to 260° F. (*Royer*), or 480° F., reduce to 375° F. (*Bevier*). A slow oven has a temperature of about 350° F., a moderate oven, 400° F., and a hot oven, about 480° F.

QUERY 1479. — "Mint Jelly to serve with roast lamb."

Mint Jelly

Let one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine stand for some time in cold water to cover. Boil one cup of granulated sugar and one cup of vinegar five or six minutes. Add the softened gelatine and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Then add three-fourths a cup of mint leaves, chopped fine, and enough green vegetable color (liquid) to tint as desired. Set the dish into ice and water, and stir occasionally until the mixture begins to thicken. Then turn into small molds or wineglasses, and set aside to become firm. When turned from the molds, garnish with tips from two or three stalks of mint.

QUERY 1480. — "How is Pulled Bread prepared?"

Pulled Bread

As soon as the loaf is baked and can be handled, remove the crust on all sides. Cut through the firm exterior at the ends and with the tips of the fingers pull or tear the loaf into halves. In the same way cut through the firm exterior and pull the

halves into quarters, pull the quarters into smaller pieces and these pieces into others until the whole loaf is in pieces less than an inch thick and of a convenient length to store. Place on a rack in a pan and dry out the moisture in a slow oven, then increase the heat and let the bread assume an amber color. Eat at once or reheat before serving.

QUERY 1481. — "How can strained wild honey that has become a solid mass be brought again to a liquid condition?"

To Liquefy Honey

Possibly, by adding water to the honey and then heating it, the mass might be reduced to a liquid state.

QUERY 1482. — "Kindly repeat the recipe for Lady Baltimore Cake."

Lady Baltimore Cake

For the cake take one cup of butter, two cups of granulated sugar, three and one-half cups of sifted flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of rose water and the whites of six eggs. For the frosting take three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of boiling water, the whites of three eggs, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of chopped nut meats and five figs, cut into bits. Mix the cake in the usual manner; the ingredients are enumerated in order. For the frosting, cook the sugar and water until when tested the syrup will spin a thread two inches long; pour in a fine stream onto the whites of the eggs beaten dry; add the fruit and use when cold as filling and frosting.

QUERY 1483. — "A few good recipes for using sour cream, sour milk and buttermilk."

Sour Cream Biscuit

We are always glad to have sour cream for biscuit, shortcakes, etc. To each cup of thick, sour cream, milk or buttermilk beat in half a level tea-

spoonful of soda, then use as sweet milk, scanting, however, the quantity of baking powder a little. With cream use but little shortening, one to three tablespoonfuls, according to the richness of the cream.

Spider Corn Cake

Stir half a teaspoonful of soda into half a cup of thick, sour milk. Sift together three-fourths a cup of corn meal, one-fourth a cup of white flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg; add half a cup of sweet milk and the sour milk and soda and stir the whole into the dry ingredients. In a small frying pan, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; shake and turn the pan, to spread the butter over the surface even. Turn in the flour mixture, then pour on half a cup of sweet milk, but do not stir it in. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Cut in triangles for serving.

Bread Crumb Griddlecakes

Soak two cups of bread crumbs in cold water, turn into a cloth and wring out the water; add two cups of thick, sour milk and one cup of flour. Let stand overnight, then add one egg, beaten very light, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one or two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly. A little more flour may be needed.

Rochester Gingerbread

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of thick, sour milk and three cups of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful and a half of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in two brick-loaf pans.

Drop Cookies with Sour Cream

Use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, beaten light, half a cup of sour cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda, two cups and one-half of flour and three and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix in the usual manner, stirring the soda into the cream. Mix the whole together very thoroughly; the mixture will be quite stiff. Drop from a spoon upon buttered tins, shaping each portion into a smooth round. Dredge with granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

QUERY 1484. — "Recipes for Fish Timbales and other Entrées."

Fish Timbales

Chop fine or pound one pound of halibut or other firm fish; add one whole egg and pound until smooth, then press through a sieve; add one generous teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of paprika, or a chilli pepper, chopped very fine, and mix thoroughly, then fold in one-third a cup of double cream, beaten firm. Turn into buttered timbale molds, set on many folds of paper in a dish, surround with boiling water, and let cook until the mixture is firm in the center. Do not let the water around the molds boil during the cooking. Serve with Hollandaise or drawn butter sauce.

Fish Mousse (Timbales)

About half a pound of fish will be needed. Remove skin and bone; to these add a slice of onion with two cloves pressed into it, four slices of carrot, a branch of parsley and cold water to cover the whole. Let simmer an hour, then strain off the liquid. To the broth add milk, as needed, to make one cup and a half in all. Use this liquid with three tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and

Veranda Suppers

(Simplex Electric Chafing Dish)

I

Curry of Chicken. Tomato Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Sliced Peaches. Sponge Drops
Iced Tea

II

Eggs Scrambled with Sardines
Olives
Celery-and-Pineapple Salad
Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Peach Sherbet. Wafer Jumbles
Lemonade

Picnic Dinners

I

Pressed Corned Beef (cooked in Fireless Cooker)
Cold String Beans, French Dressing
Tiny Pickled Gherkins
Boston Brown Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Buttered Parker House Rolls
Peaches. Grapes
Hot Coffee

II

Sardines Freed of Oil. Lemon Quarters
Cheese-and-Olive Sandwiches
Joints and Slices of Cold Roast Chicken
New Rye Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Pickled Beets. Celery
Hot Coffee. Apple Turnovers



AFTER THE PICNIC DINNER, JUST CHATTING

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER

No. 2

Summer Camps for Girls

By Mary H. Northend

MANY are the recreation camps for girls that have sprung into existence in various parts of the country within the last few years. These, like the vacation camps so popular among the boys, have been established by broad-minded, progressive men and women, realizing the great benefits, both physical and mental, to be derived from a free, happy, out-of-door life. The objects sought in founding girls' camps have been to provide delightful and, at the same time, healthful summer homes for girls from ten to twenty years of age, and to help develop in them a sense of responsibility, independence, resourcefulness, kindness and, above all, true womanliness. With such worthy aims as these it is small wonder that the camps have won the confidence and approval of parents and have prospered accordingly.

While vacation camps for girls are conducted on very much the same lines as those for boys, and are quite possibly, for the most part, merely another adaptation of the same idea that prompted the establishment of the latter, still it is interesting to know that, in a few instances at least, they have been

simply the outgrowth of family life at a summer camp. In one case a girl, whose brothers had grown up and entered upon business careers, found life so lonely at the family cottage that she persuaded her mother to open their summer home to a dozen of her girl friends. The first season spent in this way proved so entirely satisfactory to all concerned that the venture has been repeated, until the cottage is now the headquarters of one of the most flourishing girls' camps in New England.

In such a home as this there is, naturally, a certain lack of restraint and formality, and a greater feeling of friendliness and congeniality among the members of the camp than might be possible, or even desirable, in another place. But, fortunately, other camps, too, have achieved the same results and are looked upon by their patrons not merely as boarding places, but as vacation homes. Here they meet to spend two happy months as one large family, sharing alike the work and pleasures and learning lessons of mutual helpfulness, patience and consideration for others not taught in any text-books.

Although these summer camps are

scattered across the country, from the lakes in Maine to the Rocky Mountains, they are most plentiful in the East, particularly in the New England States. Here the healthful climate, the many beautiful lakes affording opportunities for boating, fishing and bathing, and the grandeur of mountain scenery, seem to have combined in making an ideal location for vacation homes. To the girl who lives ten months of the year amid the bustle and rush of a large city, and who too often neglects to take sufficient outdoor exercise, these recreation camps are, indeed, a blessing. The long, happy days, spent out of doors, the daily tramps, the hours passed on the water or in some grove of fragrant pines overlooking distant mountain peaks, the healthful sports, the wholesome country food, and the restful quiet and remoteness from disturbing elements do far more towards soothing tired nerves and renewing wasted strength and vitality than any amount of medicine.

In addition to this, the girls at these vacation camps have the advantage of being under the supervision of wise

and sympathetic women, who watch over them with the greatest care. These "councilors," as they are sometimes called, appreciating the advisability of giving the girls some light employment for a few hours each day, have made provision, at many of the vacation camps, to have instruction given in cooking, raffia weaving, basketry, brasswork, wood carving and similar branches of handicraft. Special arrangements may also be made for tutoring in such studies as a girl may desire to take up during the summer months, so that no one industriously inclined may feel that her summer has been idled away foolishly.

It is quite usual for a camp to have its own individual color and costume, which distinguish it from others of its kind. The costume generally comprises a short serge skirt, very full bloomers of the same material, a loose blouse and a sweater. In some camps regulation sailor blouses of white duck take the place of flannel ones, or simple white shirt waists are worn. Camp monograms are displayed on the sweaters at a number of these camps, and in



OUTDOOR FRESH-AIR QUARTERS



POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

some places they are awarded to those girls who have excelled in some particular form of sport, such as swimming, tennis or golf. In addition to the costume, each girl is required to bring with her one or two thin dresses for Sunday wear, a supply of plain underwear, a bathing suit, towels, blankets, shoes for tennis, walking, and mountain climbing, rubbers or rubber boots, an umbrella, a rubber blanket and a heavy coat. Few other articles are brought to camp except games, musical instruments, writing materials, cameras, pillows and books or fancy work. The rates for the season of two months vary from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred dollars. This fee generally includes all expenses, except those of travel to and from the camp and on certain special excursions, which are conducted at an additional cost.

Sunday at camp is observed in various ways, but it is always a quiet, restful day. Girls from some of the camps, situated within easy walking distance of a small village, attend morning service at church on pleasant Sundays. In other cases, where the

distance is greater, church attendance is limited to one or two Sundays during the summer, while for the rest of the time simple camp services are held in its stead. The afternoon is devoted to reading, letter writing, walking, and rowing on the lake, if there be one close by. An informal talk on some topic of common interest, reading aloud from a favorite book, or music fills up the evening pleasantly. Games and athletic sports are not indulged in on Sunday and, on that day, the camp costume gives way to dainty, but simple summer frocks.

Of all the New England States, New Hampshire is, perhaps, the most popular for recreation camps. There among the hills and lakes are situated a number of summer homes for girls, each in a seemingly ideal location. A typical girls' camp at Holderness has the advantage of being perched on a breezy hill-top, commanding an extensive mountain view, and high enough to avoid the dampness from Squam Lake, which lies just below it. The camp leaders, a practising physician and a gymnasium director of some years' experience in a large school, are

the constant comrades and playmates of the girls who come to them for two months each summer, but at the same time they study the needs of each individual camper and guard her health and happiness most zealously. Lessons in swimming, rowing, paddling, horse-back riding, and in athletic sports, such as tennis and basket-ball, together with daily gymnastic drills, constitute a feature of camp life which is beneficial as well as decidedly enjoyable. Care is taken that no girl shall take more strenuous exercise than is good for her, however, so there is no danger of over-doing on the part of frail girls.

Outdoor life is strongly emphasized at this particular camp. In pleasant weather every moment, except those spent in eating and sleeping, is passed in the open air. Waterproof tents, provided with board floors, constitute the sleeping apartments. Each tent contains eight cot beds, and here the girls sleep in all weathers. Besides the sleeping-tents, there are several wardrobe tents, each of which is divided into eight compartments and fitted up for a dressing-room. Even the simple,

wholesome meals are served on bare tables in a large dining-tent, but there are no complaints from the healthy girls who come to the table with big, hearty appetites three times a day. They are camping, "roughing it," as their brothers say, and the less conventionality there is, the better it pleases them.

Although much the same routine is followed out from day to day, the girls never seem to tire of it or find the life growing monotonous. Each morning at a quarter before seven they are up and dressing for an appetizing breakfast of cereal and cream, fresh eggs and muffins, and milk or coffee as each one prefers. Next on the program comes the march of the "pail brigade." Each girl starts off for the well, armed with a shining tin pail, and returns with fresh water for the "housework" that is to follow. The tents are then swept and set to rights, the beds made, and each girl's personal belongings taken care of. This over, the work of the day is done, and the girls are free to enjoy themselves as they choose.

Later in the morning comes the



TENNIS AT CAMP



BIRDING

walk to the lake, about half a mile from camp, and then the swim. Rowing is also in order at this time, and for those who wish to try crew work there are two barges, similar to those in use at Wellesley College, with Wellesley coaches to superintend the practice. Paddling, as well as rowing, is taught, but for this purpose light-weight boats are used instead of canoes, as the camp leaders do not wish to run any risk of accident.

Directly after dinner an hour is taken for rest. Rest does not mean, however, that the girls all lie down for a nap. Occasionally one or two may indulge in this; but as a rule the time is spent in reading, writing or sewing, while one of the party tells stories or reads from some interesting book. This hour is followed, sometimes, by a spirited game of tennis or basket-ball, sometimes by a canter on horseback, and again by a walk through the woods or along a country road. During the course of these tramps many of the girls learn to know the haunts

and habits of birds, altogether strange and new to them, to classify flowers and ferns, or to distinguish different trees by the bark or leaves. Amateur photographers, too, improve the opportunity to snap bits of nature and favorite spots, pictures that will serve to stir many happy memories in days to come.

Evening is always a pleasant time at the camp, for there the doings of the day are talked over, games are played, or, occasionally, amateur theatricals are given. Sometimes on moonlight nights supper is eaten, picnic

fashion, under the pines, and then a row on the lake is enjoyed till nine o'clock brings bedtime. It is only on rainy days or very cool evenings that the girls take refuge around the big open fireplace in the large living-room of the little cottage, which stands near the tents. On such occasions music is often in order, unless the girls chance to be too deeply engrossed in their basketry or fancy work.



TAKING A RIDE

Perhaps once a week the routine of camp life is broken by a picnic or an excursion in the boats to some island or especially attractive spot along the shore. Often, too, a party of the girls, with one of the leaders, take a mountain trip, carrying with them their camp paraphernalia and sleeping in the woods over night. A feature of such expeditions, which appeals to the girls strongly, is the cooking of their own meals over a camp fire of sticks.

Such is the simple, outdoor life led at this typical girls' summer camp, and, indeed, such, in general, is the life at practically all vacation homes of this description. To be sure, each camp has, as a rule, some distinctive point in which it differs from others, some particular branch of sport or study which it emphasizes. For instance, located in Maine, on the shores of the Alford Lakes and near the Camden hills, is a "farm camp" for girls. Here girls, ranging from twelve-year-olds to college seniors, are received. The camp is situated on a farm of over one hundred acres, affording an excellent opportunity for flower and vegetable gardening. The unique feature of this camp consists of the daily lessons in housekeeping, cooking or gardening, given with the idea of better fitting the girls who spend their summers there for home-making when

the right time and "the right man" shall come.

At a Vermont camp near beautiful Morey Lake particular attention is paid to handicrafts and nature study. A portion of each morning is set apart in which the girls are expected to busy themselves with their work in wood-carving, embossed leather, basketry or some other form of handicraft. Here, too, a specialty is made of folk and classic dancing as a part of the physical training. The usual athletic sports are also popular, and fishing trips and coaching parties are among the more favored pastimes.

Manual training has its place among the occupations taken up at a girls' summer camp in Canaan, New Hampshire. Archery has found favor as a sport at this resort, and especially fine tennis courts have been provided. Here, as at the Vermont camp, just mentioned, sleeping accommodations are found in the bungalow, with the exception of a few tents for those girls who particularly desire them. In the cottage each girl has her own bedroom, separated from the others by a partition seven feet high. Above the rooms is an air chamber, insuring good circulation of air, and the overhanging roof makes it possible for the windows to be kept open in all weathers.

Lessons in sailing are the special



WATER SPORTS

attraction at a recreation camp on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. To girls who are fond of the water this feature appeals very strongly, for, under the instruction of the competent skipper in charge of the boats, many of them learn before the summer is over to handle a sailboat in creditable fashion. Every precaution is taken to avoid accidents, however, for no girl is allowed to attempt sailing until she has demonstrated her ability as a swimmer to the satisfaction of the camp leaders. But land sports are by no means neglected, as the good-natured rivalry in golf, baseball, field-hockey, vaulting and basket-ball plainly shows. Various branches of handicraft are also taught, so that those who wish may devote a part of their time to stenciling, pottery, metal work or such other arts as may suit each one's individual taste.

One might go on through a long list of these vacation camps for girls and enumerate their various characteristic features, but after all they are in the

main very much alike. The same objects have prompted their establishment, they are often similarly situated, the camp equipment and management vary but little, and camp life itself is much the same everywhere. Even in the results they are bringing about the various camps show their likeness, for all are doing splendid work in benefiting, both physically and mentally, the girls whom they harbor each summer. From these vacation camps tired girls return to their homes rested; weak girls come back strong; and even those who left well and hearty appear browner and more muscular as the result of the months spent in the free, out-of-door life. As long as these things continue to be true, and as long as parents appreciate the advantages thereby afforded their daughters, these recreation camps will flourish and increase in numbers, until, at some time not far distant, they will be as numerous as the summer camps provided for the boys of our country.

Kingcups

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Dross of gold, in a glittering cup,
 Rife with dew that fairies may sup,
 Each raising a bright yellow torch, to vie
 With the silv'ry stars in yon purpling sky.

Shining like miniature suns by day,
 At twilight piercing the mists of gray;
 Then when the moonbeams softly gleam,
 Trembling upon your stems, you dream.

Kingcups, aye, but your goblets of gold
 Were fashioned not only for kings to hold,
 For, wheresoever your blossoms grow,
 No creed nor caste is it yours to know.

Ah, but yes, when the children pass,
 How quickly you rise from the tall lush grass;
 And surely God's angels have often smiled,
 When the dear little hands of an innocent child
 Gathered your blossoms from wood and wold,
 And you gave for their kisses your cups of gold.

A Bird Renegade

Mrs. Charles Norman

WHEN June gets into the blood and we listen to that "concord of sweet sounds" which comes from the wild birds, a poetic vagary fills our brains and our thoughts go heavenward as if they had wings. We are inclined to think of birds as care-free, bright creatures, with somewhat of beauty, intelligence, coquetry or devotion in each species. The fowls of the air, "they sow not, neither gather into barns!" Annoyance comes not to them. Every one is a blithe spirit, "that singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth."

Thus we idealize the whole race of birds and for one June morning, at least, we let our fancy roam. But while the bobolink "gurgles in ecstasy," while the thrush sings his sacred hymn, while the goldfinch dips and rises in rhythmic loveliness, and the cardinal showers attentions upon his lovely spouse, there are other birds busily occupied with selfish, cruel, thievish, knavish tricks; and there is one especially that has not a beautiful feather nor a sweet note to redeem it and whose failing is of such a kind as to appeal strongly to our human sense of injustice.

Such a character — begging the pardon of the sentimentalist — I am about to depict.

The scene of this little story was a small box, which the children had placed near the back door and upon which they spread crumbs, daily, for the birds. Many visitors had stopped timidly at this refreshment table and scurried off at the slightest alarm, but there was one tiny fellow whose confidence was perfect and who soon came to be known as "dear little chippy."

His nest was in the quince tree not far away, and while his mate was brood-

ing he was her gallant and brave lover, taking her many a bite from the children's table. He had come to be an old familiar friend to the family, when one day he came up escorting a larger bird, which, to the surprise of the beholders, he began feeding.

It was the old story, so familiar to all bird students, and the father explained that the big baby was a cowbird. The mother cowbird had, according to the invariable custom of her species, neglected to build a nest, but had crept stealthily into the home of another bird, smaller than herself, leaving her egg there to be hatched by the rightful owner of the nest.

The children had heard the story before, but that a cowbird should so impose upon "dear little chippy" was, a reality, all too dreadful for them. They never grew weary watching. If they awakened at 4.30 in the morning, they could hear the wheezy cry of that infant, and when they looked out, chippy was always busy trying to satisfy its clamorous appetite. The mother chippy took a share in the labor, but the baby could eat as fast as both adults could feed. Every day till 8.30 P.M. — that is, till dark — that young glutton tagged around after its foster parents. A larger amount of food was put out on the box, but it disappeared with embarrassing rapidity. No doubt the chippies were grateful for the helps the children gave and would have said, "thank you," if they had had a spare moment. The poor little things had no time to utter a single "chip" save when they thought their cherub was in peril; then their solicitude was expressed by a distressing series of "chips." Danger past, however, they continued to cram that yawning mouth.

All this care for a bird much larger

than they were, a bird able to fly nearly as well as they, and, after the second day, quite capable of feeding himself, when the little parents were gone, though, when they were near, Big Baby stood as if he could not pick up a bite, shook himself all over as if he were having a nervous chill and uttered incessantly his blatant bawl.

"Oh," said the little girl, who was just beginning to learn about bees, "he is a drone, isn't he? Why don't the chippies run away and never come back?"

But the stupid chippies continued the feeding — stuffing is a better word — for two weeks, after which time the fat and fussy cowbird, now grown almost to the size of a young robin, appeared no more with his tiny protectors. He had gone presumably to join his own kind, not necessarily to join his own parents. He would have been a wise cowbird to know them.

So ended the scenes at the doorstep; but the dainty home in the quince tree — what had become of that? Four tiny green eggs had been there in the early days of June, but the one big, white egg hatched first, — its term of incubation being shorter, — and by the time the other eggs were pipped, the cowbird had grown so lusty and strong that he simply tramped them down. Not one infant chippy survived!

This is a sad story, all the sadder that it is so often repeated in the bird world. Nearly all our smaller warblers and sparrows, as well as occasional

bluebirds, are victims of this silent, sneaking dastard, in the faded black gown. If the law of the survival of the fittest holds, then it is the cowbirds and not our dainty song birds that are the "darlings of fortune."

There are others of the feathered folk whose standards of ethics do not correspond with our own. The jay is a tease and the crow a thief, but we pardon that. We can even look with complaisance upon the behavior of the shrike, which gives him the name of "butcher," but who defends the cunning of the cowbird?

Every autumn when the cowbirds, congregated for their migration southward, and, being no longer in need of secrecy, have learned how to make a noise, we are shocked at the forces they are able to muster. There are flocks which blacken our fields, each individual standing as a representative of some loved songster. Nature seems indifferent, aye, arbitrary and relentless. She will have her way and asks no advice from us.

We are in the habit of drawing comparisons between bird life and human life, but, so far as I can see, the conduct of the cowbird is not exactly typical of anything in the history of man. We rear, with infinite patience, the world's outcast children, but they do not, with the same invariability, deprive our own of their rightful privileges and they do not, in all cases, revert to the habits of their progenitors.

The Pilgrimage

Edwin Markham

I made a pilgrimage to find the God:
I listened for his voice at holy tombs,
Searched for the print of his immortal feet
In dust of broken altars; yet turned back
With empty heart. But on the homeward
road

A great light came upon me, and I heard
The God's voice singing in a nestling lark,
Felt his sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
Received his blessing from a wayside well;
Looked on his beauty in a lover's face;
Saw his bright hand send signal from the sun.

The Development of Dorothea

By Alix Thorn

JIMMIE KATIE, the maltese kitten, a blue ball of fluff, was curled up on the rug at the foot of the stairs, patiently waiting until Dorothea should appear, comforting himself with slumber. He had waited long, for Dorothea, seated on the broad window seat in the room above, aided and abetted by Great-grandmother Winslow, was laboriously hemming a napkin, said napkin being exceedingly shiny, and slipperly as well. A mingled odor of peppermint and rose geranium pervaded the long room. An earnest searcher might have traced the peppermint to a small paper bag in the stand drawer, while the rose geranium, brave in its brass jar, divided the window seat with Dorothea.

Heavy yellow curls drooped either side of the child's fair little cheeks, and from time to time she raised innocent blue eyes to Great-grandmother's wrinkled face. Dorothea felt vaguely depressed listening to tales oft repeated of little Great-aunt Prudence, who, before her short life had ended at seven years, had accomplished vast things. She had read the fat Peter Parley book quite through; the book might *still* be seen, slightly the worse for wear, in the secretary by the window; she was able to recite quickly and correctly the rivers of Europe, and, oh, greatest achievement of all, had worked so perfect a sampler that it was still the admiration of callers, as it reposed on a polished table in the living-room; shapely, even letters, traveling across its yellow canvas surface, assured the present generation, as it had the last, that

"Virtue is amiable, mild, serene
Without, all beauty and peace within."

"I'm six, Great-grandma," sighed Dorothea, pausing in her task to rest

her work on her stiff little linen lap, "and—and *I* can sew *some*, but I guess I can't *ever* sew like her."

"Perseverance is what *you* need, Dorothea," was the reply; "the keynote of Prudence's life was perseverance."

"She didn't live to be a great, *big* girl," remarked her small relation thoughtfully.

"No, child, no," answered the old lady, "she died the spring before she was seven, and they laid her out in sprigged muslin: you saw her grave last summer, didn't you, when you and your mother visited Cousin Caroline Pulver?"

"Yes," was the answer, "yes, Great-grandma." The child did remember the small, grassy mound, so sunken as to be almost on a level with the yellow, sun-dried sod, at its head a riotous white rose bush.

One couldn't be so very lonely in the sweet, wind-blown place, she had decided, with birds and butterflies for company, and the little family burying-ground was in sight of the farmhouse itself.

But long, long ago, little Great-aunt Prudence died, and now a beautiful, friendly, today world seemed calling Dorothea. The July breeze, she knew, was tossing the pink hollyhocks, and brown bees boomed above the garden beds. Everything seemed to invite her to explore the fragrant blossoming outside. "I guess, p'r'aps, I'll go, now, Great-grandma," she began, "I guess I will."

"Very well," smiled the lady, "go, child!"

The little maid slid down from her chair, shook out her rustling petticoats, carefully put her sewing away in its especial basket, and softly closed the

door behind her. On the rug she rejoiced to find the kitten, a welcome sight to a weary little seamstress. "Was you waiting for me, Jimmie Katie!" cries his small mistress ecstatically, gathering him up in motherly arms. "Was you? And I never knew it. I've been sewing, Jimmie Katie, just like ladies." And Jimmie Katie's sole answer was a series of deep-breathed purrs.

From the bay-window three pairs of adoring eyes watch Dorothea as she walked slowly down the front path.

"The sewing lesson is over," remarked the youngest aunt.

"Yes, whatever would Grandmother Winslow do without the darling?" said the oldest aunt.

"I'm sometimes half afraid, girls,"—this from Dorothea's mother,— "that being so much with an old person makes her sober and too thoughtful; you see, there's no child in the neighborhood, and she plays alone."

"Except for Jimmie Katie," added the youngest aunt, "there's always Jimmie Katie."

Another pair of eyes were at the same time watching Dorothea, and these were steady brown ones belonging to a boy in the next yard, who stood with steady legs far apart, while a diminutive cap was placed on the extreme back of his head.

"Hullo!" said the stranger in a big, bold voice, "hullo!" as Dorothea neared the hedge. Dorothea at once made haste to retreat to the shelter of the grapevine, hurrying Jimmie Katie, and Jimmie Katie's mistress as well, away from danger. From her safe retreat she peered curiously out at this stranger boy. He thrust large hands into his pockets, pursed up his lips, and emitted a long, shrill, ear-piercing note, brought out a knife from some mysterious hiding place, and began to attack a stick with what seemed to be a sort of fury. From the house sounded a silvery chime, the

Japanese gong; luncheon was ready, and Dorothea, with no undue haste, joined the others in the dining-room.

"There's a boy visiting the Parkers, next door," said Dorothea's mother, addressing the table. "Mrs. Parker tells me he's her nephew, Theodore, eight years old, and he's going to stay ten days. She says she should judge he was a very active boy." A quiet look passed between the aunts, a look of consternation: how *would* their gentle little niece accept a noisy young boy neighbor, with only a hedge between them!

"Dear me!" cried the oldest aunt, nervously, "I hope he don't break the hedge, it's in such good shape now."

The youngest aunt did not hear the remark, for she was delightedly watching her small niece transferring sundry attractive looking morsels from her own plate to a little white saucer that was placed near by,— Jimmie Katie's saucer—and very evidently the blue kitten was not on a proscribed diet.

"She always remembers the kitten, girls," said Dorothea's mother, as the child left the room, bearing her offering.

On the other side of the hedge the Parkers' guest was making valiant efforts to raise a box kite, and Dorothea, having set its saucer down before the kitten, was giving her whole attention to the proceeding. Evidently a favoring breeze was lacking, for no amount of wild dashes up and down the side yard would encourage the kite to rise higher than the hedge; after which half-hearted effort it was sure to trail on the grass ignominiously, as if to rest, and then take breath after its exertion.

"I see the hedge is still intact," began the oldest aunt, a week later, "and Dorothea looks unruffled. I take it the Parker nephew hasn't revolutionized this part of the town."

"No," replied Dorothea's mother, looking up from a small ruffled frock,

into which she was putting some last stitches; "she's as happy as ever, in fact, plays out of doors more than usual, and it's so good for her to be out; Grandma Winslow says the darling is neglecting her sewing lessons. Bridget reports — what ridiculous notions such creatures do get into their heads! — that she saw Dorothea trying to whistle yesterday, puckering up her mouth, and working hard to get the desired result.

"Fancy that baby whistling!" said the youngest aunt; "I should as soon think of Grandma Winslow attempting it."

It was four days later that at dinner time they missed Dorothea. Long, level rays of sunshine streamed into the dining-room and lingered on the little white saucer by the child's place, while the blue kitten rubbed ingratiatingly against a leg of his small mistress's chair, anxiously awaiting his evening meal.

"She never forgot him before," said Dorothea's mother in a voice that trembled visibly, "never before; something must have happened to make her neglect Jimmie Katie!"

Bridget recalled the fact that she had not seen the child since five, and it was now after six. "At that time she was playin' by the syringa bush, lookin' so sweet in her white dress, and so the lady, the darlin'."

"I'll just look around the neighborhood a bit," said Martha, the waitress; "now don't you be fussin', mem, me and Bridget will be findin' her in no time. Many's the day I've sought my own second cousin's boy, little Aloysius, — 'twas his mother's first remark when I'd go there of a Thursday, — 'and now would you give a look around the corner for the child?'"

But it was Bridget who, ten minutes later, mysteriously beckoned Dorothea's mother into the side yard, past the flower beds, beyond the clothes poles, until they came to a standstill before a blooming barricade of

peonies, that hung their heavy crimson heads as if weary of their weight, and it was Bridget who, with finger at her lips, enjoined silence. Just across the hedge was a rustic seat conveniently placed under a shapely maple tree, and in this sylvan retreat, far removed from a curious public, were seated Dorothea and the Parker nephew. One of her small hands rested on his khaki knee, and his dark head was bent protectingly over her blond one.

"You see, Dorothea," he was saying eagerly, "we could start most any day next week. It wouldn't take you so very long to pack up, would it? We could buy some blankets, and — and, well, other things, when we got way out West."

"Oh, I guess I could get ready pretty quick, Theodore," hopefully.

"Well," continued the boy, "I've been thinking for a long time that I'd like to hunt Indians and buffalo, and now I've found some one to go with me, why where's the use of waiting?"

"Could I hunt the Indians, too, Theodore?" inquired his small companion, meekly.

"No!" this with decision. "I'm pretty sure you'd get scared and tired, and want to go back to camp. Girls do get tired, and it don't take much to scare 'em either, I've noticed. You could stay near the tent and cook."

"Yes," evidently satisfied at the prospect of doing her woman's part. "I could cook, but sometimes I'd ride round and round on a big, tall horse, that jumped like that one in the picture, and whose tail swept the ground."

"You mean an Indian pony," correcting her quickly.

"Yes, Theodore," obediently, "that's the kind I mean." Dorothea's mother, speechless, looked at Bridget, and Bridget looked at Dorothea's mother, as they turned away, and chuckled low to herself. "She'll never be the same child again," said the poor lady at last, and tremulously.

"'Tis the little sport she is, and that's the truth," was Bridget's sole remark, addressing the range, as she reached the familiar confines of the kitchen.

Early next morning Dorothea was discovered standing before the window in the upper hall, her yellow locks falling over a blue kimona, immersed in woe, watching a cab that was waiting in front of the Parker house, and into which a bulky dress-suit case was being deposited. The Parker nephew speedily followed the case, and cab, boy and case disappeared down the street, evidently heading for the station. On the piazza stood Mrs. Parker waving what could only be described as an enthusiastic farewell. Like a maid of

old from her turret chamber Dorothea watched her chosen knight ride away, and with him all fond hopes of hunting Indians and buffalo, and her tears fell as maiden's tears are said to have fallen in the days of old. And must it be confessed that not a single backward glance did the Parker nephew vouchsafe to his sorrowing lady?

"I guess," said Dorothea, pensively, that day at lunch, looking up from her orange, poisoning her spoon in the air as she spoke,—"I guess, after all, mother, I'll go to a boys' school instead of a kindergarten. You see, I like boys, and if one of them had to go home, why, there would always be a good many others left."

A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush

By Polly Putnam Wolcott

There once lived a king of great renown,
The worst old miser that ever wore crown,
Who did nothing all day but count his gold,
And smile that his coffers no more would hold.
One day he learned from a traveling band
That another king in another land
Was richer by many times than he,
And this filled the king with anxiety.
So he called together his soldiers bold,
And told them he'd give them all of his gold,
If forward they'd go to this near-by land,
And bring back the gold to their native strand.
Forth marched the army in brilliant array—
And they never were heard of from that day.
Long waited the king of great renown,
Till hunger forced him to sell his crown;
And in after years he was heard to say
That the bird in the hand is the one that will pay.



Taking One's Self Seriously

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE difference between taking *things* seriously and regarding one's *self* seriously is as big as one's self is little. The latter is not the same as self-conceit, nor does even a moderate belief in human dignity, as a general proposition, produce that pernicious anæmia of the soul which is caused by an inordinate estimate of the responsibility of one's self.

Altruism, indeed, may be somewhat accountable for this responsible state of mind, though it antedates the phrase or concept of "social welfare," and yet as a state of feeling it does not resemble the self-absorption of that culinary saint, who, being seized with an ecstasy when frying fish, "neither dropped the gridiron nor burned the fish."

Perhaps, however, the most virulent cause of this present aspect of one's self before one's self is to be found in that democracy which always levels *down*, and yet in that assertion of mental freedom which made old Peter Stuyvesant tell the English governor that "all men own their own conscience." For by the holding of such great truths, still more when such beliefs do not interfere with the doing of small duties, have men and women, here and there, though often unawares, become cognizant of the importance of themselves to themselves.

That is just where the trouble lies. Their perceptions do not take themselves out of the range of immediate, personal, reflex action. Such an one is a nightmare to himself and a bore to everybody else. He may justify himself by saying that Faust is a symbol of the manner in which a man ought to be penetrated with the necessity of a sublime purpose in himself to take humanity seriously. But why need he be so sure of the sublimity of such

purpose? Why not sing gayly with Sidney Lanier, that "the great bird purpose bears him 'twixt her wings," while the sense of mystery in life becomes incarnated with a joyous reverence before it, as one works onward, progress in what is done, not in one's self, keeping one joyous?

If we do not lift the burden of our responsible selves into the atmosphere of religious trust, we become so infused with a sense of seriousness that we are just a dead weight on spontaneous joyousness. And we show it, if merely by our figure, in the way we throw ourselves forward so as to get easy with our weight of adipose tissue, as if we were bowed down with the importance of ourselves to even minor issues.

Whatever may be the manifold causes of this growing social aptitude in taking one's self seriously, the ludicrousness of it should prevent its universal adoption. After all it is but a specious assumption of heroics that in working for humanity considers first, last and all the time the responsibility of one's self, until some extremists in moral quibbles think one may be responsible for one's birth. Possibly a proposed law to punish parents for the truancy and minor offences of their children may lead some fathers and mothers to take themselves more seriously.

Of course, it is true, painfully and gloriously true, that we are all responsible for each other, but the perpetual consideration of one's own position in thought and act leads to all sorts of ills, nervous prostration and nervous exaltation, the quenching of intuitions and the announcement of opinions in the memorable manner of the Katy Did.

"Thou sayest such an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

Philanthropists and artists are more prone to this state of mind than are business or professional persons. The first are so altruistic and the latter are so skilled in the lingo of art for art's sake that they focus their words and deeds upon human dignity and would agree with the justice of the sentence against an advertiser, who appearing upon the streets of Paris in a grotesque costume, was fined five dollars for "cruelty against human dignity." These selfsame people are always for organizing personal experience, clinching it with legislative action, enforced by a penalty, lest there be a loophole of escape for the wrongdoer. They put a pragmatic value upon themselves, declaring in everyday phrase, We are valuable because our experience should count for something. Certainly one's profession, duty, vocation should have the seriousness of purpose, but the doers thereof have such a perpetual elevation of soul that one wants to knock them down.

The worst of it is that such people are genuine and are not posing before the world or themselves. They have merely lost the faculty of having a good time and of seeing the funny side of things. If they could see themselves as others see them! If they would substitute the idea of interest for that of duty, which merely "lives up to its agreement, while interest does its work generously." Just because life is hard and so many oughts are not translated by feeling into wants, does it seem needless and provoking to overshadow humanity and its needs by this preternatural seriousness, which is neither spirituality nor restrained enthusiasm. It is just overestimate of the need of one's self, when one's self does not begin to have much value until it forgets self. It is forlorn even to keep cleanly just out of self-respect. It is unappetizing to eat just out of respect for one's body, and it is fatiguing to behave one's self just out of regard for the future.

The self-important people who view their seriousness as essential for the progress of the world take literally the sentiment in an old hymn by Watts for "Sick Bed Devotions":

"Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command."

A joyous, positive faith rejects seriousness as a customary state of mind, yet, finding trouble in the world, sets to work to make things happier by being jolly, even when one isn't! Phillips Brooks said, "Men are not jealous of privilege, if privilege is only worthy of its privileges." It is the same with happiness. No one grudges another his joy, if it is a worthy job, but one does rebel against an overdraft on seriousness to be honored, willy-nilly. This self-seriousness does not even know how to play. It is related that Professor Tait said to Sir Oliver Lodge, the great scientist, "You don't play golf with your muscles, you play with your morals." And that Sir Oliver answered, "I hope no one will consider my morals as bad as my golf." In the same way these self-serious people occasionally try to appear unconcerned by playing with their morals in a semi-jocose manner, when they have not the mental energy to let themselves play naturally. They need to have in mind the old adage, "do not put your wishbone where your backbone ought to be," for their responsible intentions and good wishes are far greater than their deeds. They never "let themselves go." If they smile, it is for a purpose; if they tell a story, it is for its moral value.

Another indictment against this seriousness of self is its lack of sympathy and of adaptation to others. Concerned with its own righteousness, it never catches on to other points of view than its own. Unconsciously satisfied with itself, it is irritated, if contradicted, and appears to be right, when you know it isn't. And it has

not one whit more of prestige and helpfulness, of sincerity and truth, of deep purpose and ready deed in its selfness, than has the merry tenderness and gentle humor of those helpers of humanity who think of it and not of their own attitudes.

Just because the official and "social welfare" side of today's life has a

tendency to develop this over-valuation of the importance of a serious attitude towards the problems of life, is it all the dearer to remember that

"Nothing counts you, nothing helps you,
When you leave the sun,
But the love that you have given,
And the love you've won."

Home-Hungry Hearts

By Lalia Mitchell

Home-Hungry Hearts, oh, wheresoe'er they wander,
God look on them in pitying tenderness.
The darkest page of Sorrow's book they ponder,
And theirs the deepest depths of loneliness.
Within their ears, the sound of waters, dancing
By some old mill-wheel, that of old they knew;
Before their eyes, a glimpse of aisles entrancing —
The dear old wood-lot where the beechnuts grew.

Home-Hungry Hearts, oh, wheresoe'er they wander,
May some soft angel voice, in cadence sweet,
Whisper of Home, a Home, awaiting yonder,
The weary hand, the travel-bruised feet.
With all the vistas loved, and still, unchanging,
Through stress and tumult, under alien skies,
Till from its earth-life wearied, onward ranging
The Soul seeks out its chosen Paradise.

Eileen

By Helen Coale Crew

The dancing flames o' sunshine
Gladden the break o' day.
They falter not, nor hover,
But speed the meadows over,
And from the dewy clover
They wipe the tears away.
The dancing flames o' sunshine
Gladden the break o' day.

The silvery feet o' moonshine
Ripple upon the lake.
The nightingale is dreaming,
Through misty light, down-streaming,
Thickly the dewdrops gleaming
Upon the feathery brake.
The silvery feet o' moonlight
Ripple upon the lake.

The happy light o' laughter
Gleams in thy darling face.
And night has lost its sorrow,
And joy comes with the morrow,
And heavy hearts aye borrow
Hope from thy sunny grace.
The happy light o' laughter
Gleams in thy darling face.

The Vase of Clay—A Story

(Translated for "Current Literature" from the French)

By Edward Tuckerman Mason

I

JEAN had inherited from his father a little field close beside the sea. Round this field the branches of the pine trees murmured a response to the plashing of the waves. Beneath the pines the soil was red, and the crimson shade of the earth mingling with the blue waves of the bay gave them a pensive violet hue, most of all in the quiet evening hours dear to reveries and dreams.

In this field grew roses and raspberries. The pretty girls of the neighborhood came to Jean's home to buy these fruits and flowers, so like their own lips and cheeks. The roses, the lips and the berries had all the same youth, had all the same beauty.

Jean lived happily beside the sea, at the foot of the hills, beneath an olive tree planted near his door, which in all seasons threw a lace-like blue shadow upon his white wall.

Near the olive tree was a well, the water of which was so cold and pure that the girls of the region, with their cheeks like roses and their lips like raspberries, came thither night and morning with their jugs. Upon their heads, covered with pads, they carried their jugs, round and slender as themselves, supporting them with their beautiful bare arms, raised aloft like living handles.

Jean observed all these things, and admired them, and blessed his life. As he was only twenty years old he fondly loved one of the charming girls who drew water from his well, who ate his raspberries and breathed the fragrance of his roses. He told this young girl that she was as pure and fresh as the water, as delicious as the raspberries

and as sweet as the roses. Then the young girl smiled.

He told it her again, and she made a face at him. He sang her the same song, and she married a sailor who carried her far away beyond the sea.

Jean wept bitterly, but he still admired beautiful things, and still blessed his life. Sometimes he thought that the frailty of what is beautiful and the brevity of what is good add value to the beauty and goodness of all things.

II

One day he learned by chance that the red earth of his field was an excellent clay. He took a little of it in his hand, moistened it with water from his well, and fashioned a simple vase, while he thought of those beautiful girls who are like the ancient Greek jars, at once round and slender.

The earth in his field was, indeed, excellent clay.

He built himself a potter's wheel. With his own hands, and with his clay, he built a furnace against the wall of his house, and he set himself to making little pots to hold raspberries. He became skillful at this work, and all the gardeners round about came to him to provide themselves with these light, porous pots, of a beautiful red hue, round and slender, wherein the raspberries could be heaped without crushing them, and where they slept under the shelter of a green leaf.

The leaf, the pot, the raspberries, these enchanted everybody by their form and color; and the buyers in the city market would have no berries save those which were sold in Jean's, the potter's, round and slender pots.

Now more than ever the beautiful

girls visited Jean's field. Now they brought baskets of woven reeds in which they piled the empty pots, red and fresh. But now Jean observed them without desire. His heart was forevermore far away beyond the sea.

Still, as he deepened and broadened the ditch in his field, from which he took the clay, he saw that his pots to hold the raspberries were variously colored, tinted sometimes with rose sometimes with blue or violet, sometimes with black or green. And these shades of the clay reminded him of the loveliest things which had gladdened his eyes: plants, flowers, ocean, sky. Then he set himself to choose, in making his vases, shades of clay, which he mingled delicately. And these colors, produced by centuries of alternating lights and shadows, obeyed his will, changed in a moment according to his desire.

Each day he modeled hundreds of these raspberry pots, molding them upon the wheel which turned like a sun beneath the pressure of his agile foot. The mass of shapeless clay, turning on the center of the disk, under the touch of his finger, suddenly raised itself like the petals of a lily, lengthened, broadened, swelled or shrank, submissive to his will. The creative potter loved the clay.

III

As he still dreamed of the things which he had most admired, his thought, his remembrance, his will, descended into his fingers, where — without his knowing how — they communicated to the clay that mysterious principle of life which the wisest man is unable to define. The humble works of Jean, the potter, had marvelous graces. In such a curve, in such a tint, he put some memory of youth, or of an opening blossom, or the very color of the weather, and of joy or sorrow.

In his hours of repose he walked

with his eyes fixed upon the ground, studying the variations in the color of the soil on the cliffs, on the plains, on the sides of the hills.

And the wish came to him to model a unique vase, a marvelous vase, in which should live through all eternity something of all the fragile beauties which his eyes had gazed upon; something even of all the brief joys which his heart had known, and even a little of his divine sorrows of hope, regret and love.

He was then in the full strength and vigor of manhood; and yet, that he might the better meditate upon his desire, he forsook the well-paid work, which, it is true, had allowed him to lay aside a little hoard. No longer, as of old, his wheel turned from morning until night. He permitted other potters to manufacture raspberry pots by the thousand. The merchants forgot the way to Jean's field. The young girls still came there for pleasure, because of the cold water, the roses and the raspberries; but the ill-cultivated raspberries perished, the rose-vines ran wild, climbed to the tops of the high walls, and offered their dusty blossoms to the travelers on the road. The water in the well alone remained the same, cold and plenteous, and that sufficed to draw about Jean eternal youth and eternal gayety.

Only youth had grown mocking for Jean. For him gayety had now become scoffing.

"Ah, Master Jean! Does not your furnace burn any more? Your wheel, Master Jean, does it scarcely ever turn? When shall we see your amazing pot which will be as beautiful as everything which is beautiful, blooming like the rose, beaded like the raspberry, and speaking — if we must believe what you say about it — like our lips?"

Now Jean is aging; Jean is old. He sits upon his stone seat beside the well, under the lace-like shade of the olive tree, in front of his empty field, all the

soil of which is good clay, but which no longer produces either raspberries or roses.

Jean said formerly: "There are three things: roses, raspberries, lips." All the three have forsaken him. The lips of the young girls and even those of the children have become scoffing.

"Ah, Father Jean! Do you live like the grasshoppers? Nobody ever sees you eat, Father Jean! Father Jean lives on cold water. The man who grows old becomes a child again! What will you put into your beautiful vase, if you ever make it, silly old fellow? It will not hold even a drop of water from your well. Go and paint the hen-coops and make water-jugs!"

Jean silently shakes his head, and only replies to all these railleries by a kindly smile. He is good to animals, and he shares his dry bread with the poor. It is true that he eats scarcely anything, but he does not suffer in consequence. He is very thin, but his flesh is all the more sound and wholesome. Under the arch of his eyebrows his old eyes, heedful of the world, continue to sparkle with the clearness of the spring which reflects the light.

IV

One bright morning, upon his wheel, which turns to the rhythmic motion of his foot, Jean sets himself to model a vase, the vase which he has long seen with his mind's eye. The horizontal wheel turns like a sun to the rhythmic beating of his foot. The wheel turns. The clay vase rises, falls, swells, becomes crushed into a shapeless mass, to be born again under Jean's hand. At last, with one single burst, it springs forth like an unlooked-for flower from an invisible stem. It blooms triumphantly, and the old man bears it in his trembling hands to the carefully pre-

pared furnace where fire must add to its beauty of form the illusive, decisive beauty of color.

All through the night Jean has kept up and carefully regulated the furnace fire, that artisan of delicate gradations of color. At dawn the work must be finished.

And the potter, old and dying, in his deserted field, raises toward the light of the rising sun the dainty form, born of himself, in which he longs to find, in perfect harmony, the dream of his long life. In the form and the tint of the frail little vase he has wished to fix for all time the ephemeral forms and colors of all the most beautiful things.

Oh, god of day! The miracle is accomplished. The sun lights the round and slender curves, the colorations infinitely refined, which blend harmoniously, and bring back to the soul of the aged man, by the pathway of his eyes, the sweetest joys of his youth, the skies of daybreak and the mournful violet waves of the sea beneath the setting sun.

Oh, miracle of art, in which life is thus epitomized to make joy eternal!

The humble artist raises toward the sun his fragile masterpiece, the flower of his simple heart; he raises it in his trembling hands as though to offer it to the unknown divinities who created primeval beauty.

But his hands, too weak and trembling, let it escape from them suddenly, even as his tottering body lets his soul escape — and the potter's dream, fallen with him to the ground, breaks and scatters into fragments.

Where is it now, the form of that vase brought to the light for an instant, and seen only by the sun and the humble artist? Surely it must be somewhere, that pure and happy form of the divine dream, made real for an instant!



THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

“When your wife and your affinity are the same person, society has no mortgage on your soul.”

No people enjoy the eating of vegetables and fruit so much as those who have good gardens and confine themselves to the order of nature, eating only what is in season in the home gardens.

The conscience-call to the individual is again the call of the simple life, — the life of plain food; of beautiful, and on that account necessarily plain, dress; of forceful, and on that account loving, disinterested work; of lasting, and on that account coöperative, life. Only as we work together can we enlarge the individual life. — *Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DR. HALE was the last of a generation that included Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Holmes.

In the preface of his works published in 1898, Dr. Hale said of himself: “In these years I have tried to do the work of a Christian minister. This means that I have been intimate with all sorts and conditions of men and women. It also means that I have seen all conditions of life. It means again that I have not known on any morning to which these fifty years have waked me what I was to see, or do, or be, as the next fifteen hours passed by. Such are the conditions of my profession. Any friend who will bear them in mind will understand what I mean when I say so often that my daily life is one wild romance. He will then, perhaps, find a certain connection between a poor sonnet, an essay on decentralization, the exaggerations of a short story, and some stories of history.”

Of his daily routine of life he said: “Good sleep is the first necessity for health and labor. If for any cause you lose sleep, be sure to make it up. Maintain the average. As to diet, find out what agrees with you and what doesn't. I take a cup of milk made brown with coffee an hour before breakfast. I drink another cup at eleven. Lunch comes at one o'clock. If the meal at seven is light, I recommend a bowl of soup at bedtime. But don't drink coffee or tea after two o'clock in the afternoon, and don't engage in hard brain work after four. Live in this way, going out of doors every day, rain or shine, and you will sleep, and sleep is the beginning of sound health and good work. Three hours' dictation is enough for any man engaged in literary labor. It should begin at nine-thirty o'clock in the morning, behind a locked door, with a secretary who

knows more than you do and can spell. At half-past twelve, as I once said, you may open your door and let the wildcats, or the tame rush in. Attend to the business of your callers in the afternoon, and get out into the open. In the evening play cards in your family, read, but not too much, go to see your friends, let them come to see you, or there may be a good play at the theater."

Perhaps the most notable tribute ever paid to Dr. Hale was contributed at his seventieth birthday anniversary banquet by Oliver Wendell Holmes, under the title:

THE LIVING DYNAMO

Night after night the incandescent arc
Has fought its dazzling battle with the dark,
Our doubtful paths with purest ray illumed,
Untired, undimmed, unswerving, uncon-
sumed.

A slender wire the living light conveys
That startles midnight with its noonday
blaze.

Through that same channel streams the giant
force

That whirls the wheels along their clanking
course

When, like a mail-clad monster, o'er the
plain,

With clash and clamor sweeps the broom-
stick train.

Whence gains the wondrous wire its two-fold
dower?

Its double heritage of light and power?
Ask of the motorman — he ought to know —
And he will tell you, "From the dynamo."
And what, again, the dynamo inspires?
"A mighty engine, urged by quickening
fires."

When I behold that large untiring brain
Which seventy winters have assailed in vain,
Toiling, still toiling at its endless task,
With patience such as Sisyphus might ask,
To flood the paths of ignorance with light,
To speed the progress of the struggling right,
Its burning pulses borrowed from a heart
That claims in every grief a brother's part,
My lips repeat with reverence, "Even so —
This is in truth a living dynamo."

Be ours to heed its lessons while we may,
Look up for light to guide our devious way —
Look forward bravely, look not weakly back,
The past is done with, mind the coming
track,

Look in with searching eye and courage stout,
But when temptation comes, look out! look
out!

Heaven grant all blessings time and earth
can give
To him whose life has taught us how to live.
Till on the golden dial of the spheres,
The twentieth century counts its gathering
years,
While many a birthday tells its cheerful tale,
And the round hundredth shouts, All hail!
All hail!

THE CALL OF THE EMPTY BINS

SANG Will Carleton along in the
'70's:

"God bade man till the soil, but it
would seem

He's shirked it off on horses, steam and
steel."

"And the other fellow!" we must
add in these 1909 days.

By all means let us have all the
"horses, steam and steel" we can
have; for this American family is such
a large, growing, clamorous one that
it requires more than man-labor and a
little garden patch to supply Uncle
Sam's table. No machinery is too
ingenious, too good, or too powerful
for our use and our needs. Indeed, if
some one would only invent food that
could grow in the night we would be
that much better pleased.

For with all our mechanical inven-
tions, our schemes for saving time and
labor, and our devices for bringing
supplies and consumers close together,
the crops, enormous as they are, do
not meet the demand. Prices continue
to soar.

Of course market manipulators are
responsible, in a great measure, for
these distressing conditions, but there
is a more fundamental reason; Amer-
ica needs more garden room and more
gardeners.

No extravagance in our land equals,
in its disastrous results, our extrava-
gant waste of soil and sunshine. Leav-
ing wholly out of the calculation all
the great unirrigated plains, the un-
drained swamps, and the government
reservations yet to be reclaimed, there
are simply millions of acres lying fal-
low every year that ought to be pro-

ducing food. Aside from a few densely populated cities, all about us is land going to waste, vacant city lots by the hundreds, whole commons in villages, and unturned acres on every farm, not to mention fence corners and roadsides, never tilled. In the West and South, under the most alluring climatic conditions, this extravagance is simply appalling. What is the matter with us? Why should we keep on paying twenty cents a quart for strawberries and let swamp grass grow in our back yards?

Oh, but we are professional people! — brain workers! It is the other fellow's business to harness up the "horses, steam and steel" and "till the ground."

One day, in a western city, a fine-looking, middle-aged lawyer sat in his office, waiting for business. He was a man of unusual prominence in the community, a leader in politics, and comfortably off in this world's goods. But for the whole morning he sat there, waiting, as even the best of lawyers must wait, for clients to seek him.

Suddenly his cigar went out of the window, his feet came down from the sill with a bang, and he rushed wildly across the hall of the big office building to the rooms of a real-estate firm.

"Boys, I want to buy a farm! What you got?" he cried without any preamble.

His neighbors, for once struck speechless, gazed at him with wide eyes as he raved on:

"We're nothing but a gang of vultures in this building! I've just been counting up; forty-seven office men under one roof, two-thirds of us supporting expensive homes. Now where does the money come from? From the poor devils that climb those stairs. Not one of us is doing a hand's turn to produce one thing, to add an article of any description to the world's supply or comfort. The doctors and dentists get their livings out of people's afflictions — Oh, yes, they earn their

fees — you fellows rake in fat commissions for being good talkers — boomers — the brokers, middle-men of all kinds, and us lawyers — Oh, we are the worst gang of all, for we don't even give pills with our good advice! I tell you this building is just one big spider's web, and God pity the poor flies that give us our nice incomes! I'm sick of it! I'm going to pull out, get me a farm, and add something to the world's supply of food, if it's nothing but turnips!"

He got the farm, some twenty-five acres on the edge of the town, and there he spent his mornings, advertising office hours wholly in the afternoons. His lawyer friends guyed him, of course, but he stuck to it, putting as much interest and energy into his onion and strawberry beds as he had ever put into politics or legal wrangling. And the result was — well — onions and strawberries, some dollars, and a mighty clear conscience.

"I'm worth something more to the world than good advice, and that is more than you fellows can say," he would retort to their jokes. "Why, you don't even make good scenery with your bleached, celery-colored skins! You aren't so all-consuming intellectual as you are downright lazy! and it isn't books you hanker after so much as soft snaps, jobs where you can keep your feet on the carpet. Get to doing things, men, if it's nothing but turning out clothespins or popcorn! When God made man He told him to till the ground, and He's never rescinded the order." L. M. C.

* * *

Without a message to deliver words are idle. At this time we have no special message for our readers, save that of the beneficial influence of a change in scene, occupation and thought. Respite, however brief, from routine, days spent in outdoor recreation, observation and study of nature are sure means of lasting good.



MAKING READY FOR FRUIT PUNCH

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Anchovy Croutons, French Style

CUT kite shapes from stale slices of bread, spread with butter, and let brown in the oven. When cold, cover with anchovy purée, garnish the purée, along the edge, with hard-cooked white of egg, chopped fine, and the sifted yolk. Set a pitted olive or a pim-ola in the center of each and serve as an appetizer at the beginning of luncheon or dinner. For the purée (for eight croutons) take eight anchovies — those put up in oil are the best — wipe on a soft cloth, to free them from oil, or let soak over night in milk, to free them from salt,

if they have been preserved in salt; add the sifted yolks of three hard-cooked eggs, one-third a cup of butter and half a teaspoonful of paprika; pound all together to a smooth paste, press through a sieve and it is ready to use.

Anchovy-and-Tomato Hors d'Œuvre

Select an anchovy for each service; free them from oil, season with a few drops of onion juice, salt, paprika, lemon juice and choice olive oil. Have ready small peeled tomatoes, cut in slices three-eighths of an inch thick; season these in the same manner as the anchovies, set the slices on individual

plates, cover them with sifted, hard-cooked yolk of egg, coil an anchovy in the center of each and add a few capers here and there. These are to be eaten with a fork. Pulled bread or toasted crackers are served at the same time.

Bisque of Tomato, Chantilly

Cook a slice of onion in one-third a cup of butter until the onion is softened but not browned; add one-fourth a cup of flour and let the whole cook two or three minutes; add one quart of milk and stir continually until the sauce boils. In the meanwhile cook one pint of sliced tomatoes, a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a red or green pepper pod until the tomato is well softened; press the tomato through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds, reheat the purée and, when ready to serve, stir it into the hot milk preparation; add more salt and pepper, if needed, and turn into bouillon cups. Dispose a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of the soup in each cup and serve at once.

Jellied Consommé

Prepare two quarts of consommé after the usual recipe; add a two-ounce box of gelatine, softened in one cup of

cold water, the thin yellow rind of half a lemon, salt and pepper, if needed, and the crushed shells and slightly beaten whites of three eggs. Stir constantly until boiling; let boil five minutes, then draw to a cooler place "to settle"; skim and strain through a piece of linen wrung out of boiling water. Let cool and "set" in shallow dishes. Cut into half-inch cubes. Serve in bouillon cups.

Fried Fillets of Fish

Any fish from which strips free from bones may be taken is used for this dish. Halibut, flounder and bass are particularly good, cooked in this way. Rub the fillets with the cut side of an onion, dip in French dressing, or, let the fillets stand in the dressing for an hour or more. Drain the fish, roll it in flour, then cover with an egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of water, and roll in fine bread crumbs that have been passed through a fine sieve. Fry about six minutes in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Serve with tomato sauce, sauce tartare or cucumber salad.

Sea Bass, Buena Vista Style

Have a bass weighing about four pounds; scale thoroughly, wash and



FRIED FILLETS OF FISH WITH MASHED POTATO

wipe dry. Cut a deep, lengthwise incision from head to tail on each side, and set on a buttered fish-sheet in a

parsley and serve. Fine-chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of lemon juice may be added to the sauce.



CUP-SHAPED CROQUETTES WITH GREEN PEAS

baking pan; add a chopped onion, several branches of parsley, two cups of strained tomato and half a green pepper pod, cut in bits; season with salt and pepper and add a cup of port wine; put bits of butter on top. Heat to the boiling point, then let cook in a moderate oven forty minutes. Baste four or five times during the cooking. Thicken the liquid with butter and flour, cooked together, and strain into a bowl. Remove the skin and hard portion around the stem ends of six or eight tomatoes and season with salt and pepper; put bits of butter above each and bake till tender. Slide the fish upon a serving dish and dispose the tomatoes on top. Surround with

Cup-Shaped Croquettes with Green Peas

Prepare a croquette mixture, using fish, lamb, veal or chicken, by the formula given for lobster croquettes, page 27, June and July number, or by the formula given in the "Chat on Croquettes" in this number of the magazine. When the mixture is cold shape it into balls, make a depression in each ball, thus forming cup shapes. Roll these in sifted crumbs, then brush with beaten egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper; fill the open spaces with hot green peas seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter.



FISH A LA VIRGINIA

Fish à la Virginia (S. J. E.)

Press enough stale bread, freed from crust, through a colander to half fill a cup. Put the bread and half a cup of cream over the fire and stir until hot; remove from the fire and beat in one well-beaten egg, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper. Return to the fire and stir constantly until the egg is set. Do not let the mixture boil. Add one cup of cooked fish, shredded fine, and when well mixed turn into a pan, to make a sheet not over an inch thick. Let stand in a cool place several hours or over night. Cut into rounds, roll these in an egg, beaten and diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, then in sifted bread crumbs. Have ready as many halves of tomato as rounds of fish. Season the tomato with salt and pepper and boil until softened through-out. Set the halves of tomato on rounds of buttered toast and put a bit of butter on each piece of tomato, also a sprinkling of pepper and salt. In the meantime fry the rounds of fish in deep fat and set one above each half of tomato. Pour a cup and a half of rich white sauce over the whole, or serve the sauce in a dish apart.

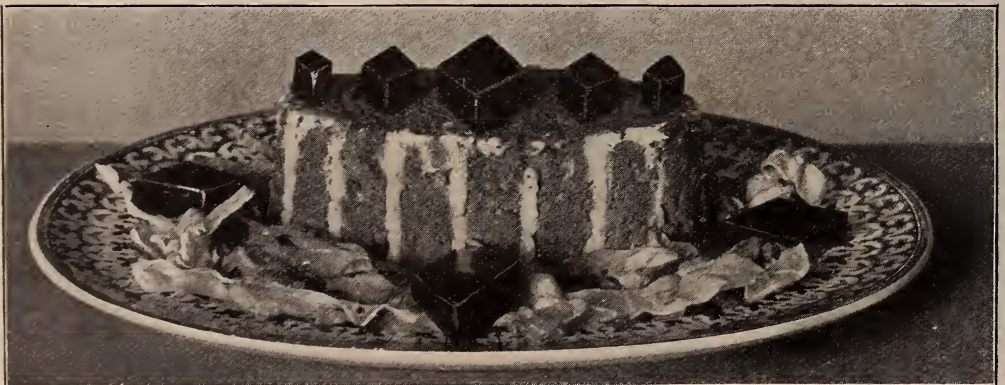
Pain de Foie de Volaille

Clean and wash a pint of chicken livers (part calf's liver may be used).

Cut two slices of bacon or fat salt pork (two ounces) into bits; put this into a saucepan with two chopped shallots, or a slice of onion, a sprig of thyme, a branch of parsley and one-fourth a cup of sherry wine or white stock, cover and let simmer very slowly one hour. Let cool, then pound in a mortar; add one-fourth a cup (two ounces) of butter, four ounces of bread pamada (crumb of stale bread cooked in milk, stock, cream or water to a paste), and the beaten yolks of three eggs; season with salt, pepper and one-fourth a teaspoonful of mace and press the mixture through a fine sieve. Line a charlotte mold with thin slices of bacon; put in the mixture, adding a slice of truffle, here and there, and cover with bacon and a buttered paper. Set in a dish of boiling water and let cook in the oven two hours. Do not let the water boil during the cooking. Press the mixture closely into the mold and let cool. When turned from the mold garnish with aspic jelly, cut in diamonds or chopped fine, and ribbons of lettuce. Serve with lettuce, cress or endive salad.

Hashed Lamb, Provencale

Trim the fat and unedible portions from a leg of cold roast lamb, then chop the meat fine. Chop an onion; put it over the fire in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and stir and cook



PAIN DE FOIE DE VOLAILLE

until yellowed and softened. If at hand cook with the onion a cup or more of chopped fresh mushrooms. Add salt and pepper to season, and

cream or chicken broth (made from bones and trimmings). Season as needed with pepper and salt and add one-fourth a cup of almonds, chopped



HASHED LAMB, PROVENCE

one-fourth a cup of flour; stir until blended, then add half a cup of tomato purée and three-fourths a cup of rich, well-seasoned broth, and stir until boiling; then add the lamb and turn upon a hot serving dish. Surround with broiled tomatoes and serve at once.

Chicken Soufflé

Chop fine enough cold roast chicken to make one pint; put this into a frying pan with one-fourth a cup of fine-chopped, cooked ham and one-fourth a cup of butter and stir until the butter is absorbed. Make a cup of rich white sauce, using two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour and one cup of

exceedingly fine. Pound the meat in a mortar, adding meanwhile the sauce. When smooth press through a sieve and fold in the yolks of four eggs, beaten light, and the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a buttered dish until firm in the center. Serve with or without a sauce. Bechamel mushroom or tomato sauce may be used.

Onions on Toast

Peel some mild onions; let boil rapidly an hour, drain, add fresh water and a little salt and let cook until tender, another hour or longer. Have a round of toast for each onion. Set the onions on the toast, pour over each



ONIONS ON TOAST, CREAM, CHOPPED PARSLEY

a little hot cream or cream sauce, sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley and serve at once. Serve as a vegetable entrée at dinner or as the main dish at luncheon.

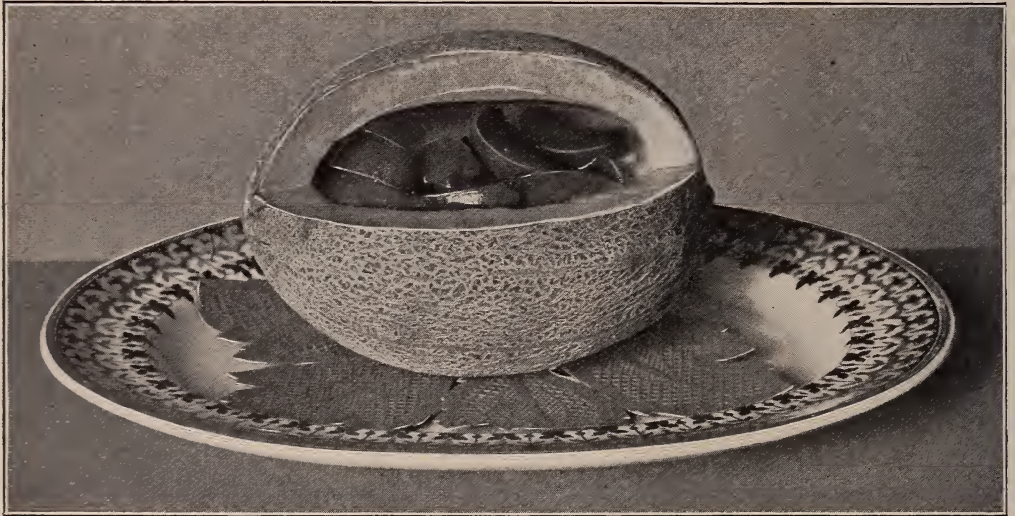
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style

Boil a cup of brown or maple sugar and half a cup of water until it forms a heavy thread. Have ready half a dozen sweet potatoes, baked until nearly tender; peel the potatoes, cut in halves, lengthwise, and dispose these, round side down, in an au gratin dish; pour on part of the syrup, set a few bits of butter on the potatoes and sprinkle lightly with salt; put another layer of

bars of the broiler with a strip of bacon or fat pork, set the potatoes, dipped in melted butter, on the broiler, cook, turning often, to avoid burning, until hot throughout and slightly browned. Serve on a hot dish.

Scalloped Potatoes and Onions

Pare potatoes and cut them in thin slices; cover with boiling water and let boil five or six minutes; drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Butter a baking dish suitable to send to the table; put in this a layer of the sliced potatoes, and grate over them a little onion, or add a few fine rings of onion; season with salt and pepper.



MUSKMELON WITH SLICED PEACHES

potatoes in the dish, pour on the rest of the syrup, add butter and salt and let bake until slightly browned. Baste with the syrup two or three times while cooking. Serve from the baking dish.

Grilled Sweet Potatoes

Left-over baked or boiled sweet potatoes may be used for this dish, or sweet potatoes may be cooked for the purpose. The potatoes should be cut in lengthwise halves. Rub over the

Continue the layers, seasoning in the same manner, until all the ingredients are used. Pour in milk to cover the potato. Let bake between two and three hours, adding milk as needed. When baked there should not be an over-supply of liquid in the dish, but the potatoes should not be dry. This dish may be prepared with cold, cooked potatoes, and the time of cooking cut down to less than an hour. Serve in the dish.

Spinach au Gratin

Chop fine a peck of well-washed and cooked spinach. Prepare a cup of white or cream sauce. Butter a baking dish; in it spread a layer of the spinach, sprinkle with salt and pepper, over this spread a layer of sauce and sprinkle the sauce with grated cheese; continue the layers until the spinach is used, having the last layer of sauce and cheese. Cover with two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with one-third a cup of melted butter. Set the dish into the oven, to become very hot and brown the crumbs. Serve from the baking dish, with hot boiled ham or leg of lamb, at dinner, or as the main dish of the meal at luncheon.

Delicate Muffins

Sift together one cup and a half of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, according to taste, and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg; add three-fourths a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in a buttered muffin-pan about twenty-five minutes. An iron muffin-pan is best and it should be hot when the mixture is put into it.

Muskmelons with Sliced Peaches

Cut chilled muskmelons of small size into basket shape; fill with slices of pared peaches, sprinkle the peaches with powdered sugar and serve at once.



COUPE MELBA

Coupe Melba

Line a cup or long-stemmed glass with sliced peaches; fill the cup with vanilla ice cream and pour raspberry sauce over the whole.

Muskmelons with Peach Ice Cream

Cut chilled muskmelons in halves, remove the seeds and stringy portion, fill with peach ice cream and serve at once. To make the peach cream, press pared peaches through a ricer. To a pint of pulp add a pint of sugar and a quart of thin cream; mix thoroughly and freeze as usual.



HALF MUSKMELON FILLED WITH PEACH ICE CREAM

Ingredients for a Cheap Sponge Cake

Three eggs, beaten without separating, one cup and a half of granulated



Café Parfait

sugar, grating of lemon rind, half a cup of milk or water, one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Café Parfait

Have ready one pint of vanilla ice cream, one-fourth a cup of sugar syrup, one-half a cup of clear, black coffee or a tablespoonful of coffee extract and one cup of whipped cream. Add the coffee and the syrup to the ice cream

and mix thoroughly. Use the dasher, if convenient. Remove the dasher and fold in the whipped cream. Cover and let stand packed in equal measures of salt and crushed ice an hour or more. Serve in tall glasses with a cherry, bits of angelica and chopped pistachio nuts above. To make the syrup, cook a cup of sugar and half a cup of water about six minutes, then let cool and use such quantity as is needed.

Sponge Croutons with Apricots or Peaches

Cut stale sponge cake in slices and these in rounds or squares. Pare as many halves of apricots or peaches as are required. Make a syrup of a cup of sugar and half a cup of water for eight whole fruits; in this cook the prepared fruit till tender. The juice of half a lemon may be added for the peaches. Use the fruit and syrup hot or cold as desired. Set two halves of the fruit on each piece of cake, put a blanched almond in the center of each and pour the syrup over the whole.

Coupe Bartholdi

Put a little vanilla ice cream in a glass cup; on this dispose two macaroons, broken in bits; on the macaroons set half a preserved or brandied peach and fill the space left by the peach



SPONGE CROUTONS WITH APRICOTS

stone with red bar-le-duc currants. Fill the space between the peach and the sides of the cup with ice cream and serve.

Muscovite of Pears

Pare and core soft ripe pears of fine flavor and press the pulp through a sieve. There should be one cup and a half of purée. Stir into the purée the juice of half a lemon and two-thirds a cup of sugar. Add one tablespoonful, or one-fourth a package, of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolved by standing in a dish of boiling water. Stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in about one cup and a half of whipped cream (measure the cream after whipping) and turn the mixture into a mold, cover with paper and then with the cover of the mold. Bury the mold in equal measures of rock salt and crushed ice and let stand about two hours.

Marquise Pudding

Pare and core a dozen Bartlett or other choice pears. Have ready a syrup made of one cup and a half of sugar and three-fourths a cup of water; cook the pears in the syrup till scalded throughout, then press through a very fine sieve. When cold pack in the can of a freezer and turn the crank until the mixture begins to freeze. In the meantime cook two cups of sugar and one cup of water until the syrup threads; pour half the syrup over a can of grated pineapple, and the other half on the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Beat the meringue, occasionally, until cold. Add the pineapple, the meringue and half a cup of maraschino cherries, cut in slices, to the partly frozen mixture and finish freezing. This may be served from the can or it may be packed in molds and set aside in salt and crushed ice for an hour or longer. The recipe will make about three quarts.

Spanish Cake

(Revised from recipe in October, 1907)

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of sugar, then the beaten yolks of four eggs, and, alternately, one cup of milk and three cups and one-half of sifted flour, through which five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one teaspoonful, each, of cloves and mace have been sifted. Lastly, add the whites of four eggs beaten dry. Bake in layers and put together with boiled icing; or, turn the mixture into a small dripping pan lined with buttered paper, sprinkle the top with currants or chopped nuts, dredge with granulated sugar and bake about forty-five minutes. The fruit or nuts will sink into the cake, and the sugar will give a crusty exterior, which answers for an icing.

Fruit Punch

Grate a pineapple, add a quart of water and let simmer twenty minutes; strain through a bag, pressing out all the juice; add three cups of sugar and let boil six minutes; add a cup of fresh made tea and let cool; add the juice from a quart of raspberries, a dozen lemons, six or eight oranges and other fruit juice at hand. Turn into fruit jars and set on ice to cool; add water as needed. Fruit punch should not be too sweet.

Nut Cake, Caramel Frosting

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream, and gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar. Sift together two cups of pastry flour and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add half a cup of milk and the flour mixture, alternately, to the butter and sugar; beat in the whites of three large eggs or four small ones, beaten dry, and one cup of nut meats, broken in pieces. Bake in a thick sheet about forty minutes. When cold spread with the frosting.

Menus for a Week in August

FOR CHILDREN FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF AGE

"Never offer beef tea or broth with the smallest particle of fat or grease on it, nor milk that is sour. . . nor vegetables that are underdone."—DR. NAPHEYS.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Hominy, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon Whole Wheat Bread, Butter Milk</p> <p>Dinner Chicken Broth with Rice Broiled Beef Tenderloin, cut fine Baked Potato with Salt Stewed Celery, Hot Cream Baked Apple Glass of Water</p> <p>Supper Bread and Butter Baked Apple Cup of Milk</p>	WEDNESDAY	<p>Breakfast Barley Jelly, Thin Cream Huntley and Palmer's Breakfast Biscuits Soft Cooked Egg Cup of Milk</p> <p>Dinner Half Cup of Beef Broth Bit of Boiled Chicken, cut fine Boiled Rice, Cream and Salt Cup of Junket or Plain Ice Cream</p> <p>Supper Zwieback, Unsweetened, Butter Cup of Milk</p>		
	MONDAY		THURSDAY	<p>Breakfast Wheat Cereal, Thin Cream Egg Poached in Salted Water on Well-made Slice of Toast Cup of Milk</p> <p>Dinner Chicken Broth with Tapioca Beef Pulp (top of round) Broiled Macaroni, Hot Cream Sliced Peach (carefully selected)</p> <p>Supper Hot Milk poured over Two Slices of Well-made Toast Four Stewed Prunes Bread and Butter if desired</p>	<p>Breakfast Farina, Salt, Thin Cream Slice Broiled Bacon. Baked Potato, Salt Corn Meal Muffin, Toasted Glass Milk</p> <p>Dinner Chicken Broth with Rice Broiled Lamb Chop Late or Canned Peas, Sifted Bread and Butter Baked or Stewed Apple Cocoa made with Water</p> <p>Supper Bread and Butter Bit of Honey Milk</p>
				TUESDAY	FRIDAY
SATURDAY					

Menus for a Week in September

"There's nothing like a hot griddle for bringing out the true flavor of good meat."

— LUCULLUS.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Sliced Peaches. Cereal, Thin Cream
Fried Oysters. Yeast Rolls
Coffee

Dinner
Cream-of-Corn Soup
Broiled Chicken
Grilled Sweet Potatoes
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes
Peach Sherbet. Macaroons
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Omelet with Creamed Peas
Bread and Butter
Berries
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Berries
Eggs in the Shell
Green Corn Griddlecakes
Toast. Coffee

Luncheon
Clam or Green Corn Chowder
New Pickles
Blackberry Pie
Coffee

Dinner
Fried Fillets of Fresh Fish,
Tartar or Tomato Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Buttered Beets
Croutons of Sponge Cake with Peaches
Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cereal
Broiled Tomatoes. Cream Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Corn Custard
Baking Powder Biscuit
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
Tea

Dinner
Cream-of-String Bean Soup
Broiled Fresh Fish
Scalloped Potatoes and Onions
Endive Salad
Cup Custard
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream. Salt Codfish Cakes
Slices of Salt Pork, Flowered and Fried
Sliced Tomatoes. Delicate Muffins
Coffee

Luncheon
Stewed Lima or Shell Beans
Baking Powder Biscuit
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce
Tea

Dinner
Cream-of-Corn Soup
Broiled Lamb Chops
Scalloped Tomatoes
French Fried Potatoes. Celery Hearts
Apple Pie. Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Melons
Broiled Bacon
Baked Potatoes
Cinnamon Buns
Cocoa

Luncheon
Blackberry Shortcake
Crackers. Cheese
Coffee

Dinner
Broiled Sirloin Steak
Grilled Sweet Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes
Peach Pie, Cream
Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Thin Cream
Hamburg Steak
Potatoes Hashed in Milk
Sweet Apples, Baked. Buttered Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Creamed Celery au Gratin
Pop-Overs
Grapes

Dinner
Sea Bass, Baked
Stuffed Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes
Apple-and-Celery Salad
Toasted Crackers
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Wheat Cereal
Sliced Bananas, Thin
Cream
Eggs Scrambled with
Chopped Ham
Baked Potatoes. French
Toast
Peach Butter. Coffee

Luncheon
Salad of Sea Bass,
Lettuce and Beets
Hot Parker House Rolls
Baked Pears. Tea

Dinner
Veal Balls with Macaroni
en Casserole
Lettuce and Celery,
French Dressing
Steamed Blackberry
Pudding,
Blackberry Hard Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Menus for One Week in the Country (September)

(FOR TWO OR THREE PEOPLE)

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream. Blackberries Eggs in the Shell Cinnamon Buns Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Fricassee of Chicken Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style Corn on the Cob. Sliced Tomatoes Blackberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cream Toast New Apple Sauce Cottage Cheese Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Muskmelon Cereal, Thin Cream French Omelet, Tomato Sauce Parker House Rolls (reheated) Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Salmon (left over) Soufflé, Pickle Sauce Late Peas. Summer Squash Sliced Peaches, Cream Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Scalloped Tomatoes New Rye Bread and Butter Berries Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY
	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Scrambled Eggs and Green Peppers Cinnamon Buns Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Hashed Chicken on Corn Fritters Mayonnaise of Tomatoes Apple Pie Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Stewed Lima Beans Bread and Butter Berries Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Codfish Cakes Fried Salt Pork, Apple Sauce Delicate Muffins. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Canned Chicken, Sliced Boiled Onions on Toast, Hot Cream or Cream Sauce Lettuce and Peppergrass, French Dressing Dutch Apple Cake, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cream-of-Celery Soup Dutch Apple Cake (reheated) Tea</p>	
MONDAY	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Tomatoes, Buttered Toast Rye Meal Muffins. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Corn Soup Canned Salmon, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes. String Beans Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing Apple Tapioca Pudding Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Dried Beef Cold String Beans, French Dressing Parker House Rolls, Berries Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Muskmelon Poached Eggs on Toast Delicate Muffins (left over), Toasted Coffee</p> <p>Dinner French Omelet with Chicken (left over) in Cream Sauce Baked Potatoes Baked Beets, Sliced and Buttered Sliced Peaches, Cream. Sponge Cake Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Hot Buttered Toast. Sliced Tomatoes Sponge Cake, Berries Tea</p>	FRIDAY
	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon Hot Baked Apples White Hashed Potatoes Popovers. Coffee</p>	<p>Dinner Succotash with Salt Pork Pickled Beets Bread and Butter Apple Dumpling Half Cups of Coffee</p>	

Referring to Menus and Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

WE give, on another page, menus for a child five or six years of age. The idea that the child who has gotten his first teeth can eat most anything that appears on the family table is quite general. But nothing can be more at variance with the facts in the case. If more convenient the child's meals can be served at the same time as those of the family, but it is no hardship to the child to withhold from him all food save that which has been specially prepared for him. A young child likes the simple food he is accustomed to eat, but if once given a taste of highly seasoned food, sweets, jellies, puddings, pastry and the like, he will soon lose appetite for the more simple food he has been wont to relish and enjoy.

When one considers that the health of the adult, man or woman, depends almost entirely upon the manner of feeding during the first six years of life, it is no exaggeration to say that, if necessary, the attention of the whole household should be focused upon this one thing. A lack of building elements in the food supplied during the period of growth can not be made up by an abundance of those elements in after years. The undeveloped jaw, too narrow for the second teeth, proclaims to the dentist more strongly than words the fact that bone-and muscle-making elements were not provided when they were needed. The warped and twisted mind of the degenerate testifies too late to the lack of nutritive elements during the period of brain and nerve development. The stomach is the seat of courage; to hold one's ground in life, to be equal to the demands of the age, strong digestive powers are needed to transform food into energy and

activity. Food easily digested and containing the right elements must be provided for the young child. He must be given food only of the best quality, and this should be prepared with fastidious care. Economize in other matters, but give the young child the best of milk and meat and the freshest of eggs. Proteids in their most digestible forms are demanded now, later on less expensive food may be given. Let a child be fed properly until he reaches the age of ten, and strong digestive powers are formed, and the chances are that, thereafter, he can forage in large measure for himself and digest almost anything that is edible.

With young children variety is not a necessity and is, therefore, rather harmful than the reverse. Provide a generous diet of simple, wholesome food and let this be carefully cooked. Look out for proper combinations; avoid fruit and milk at the same meal. Let the habit of digesting and assimilating the entire quantity that is presented be formed, by giving no taste of anything that may occasion even slight disturbance. Cultivate proper mastication and the sunny, cheerful disposition of the little ones thus fed will compensate for all the thought and effort put forth in this direction. By some, the menus given may be called extravagant, Tender meat, eggs and milk do cost money, but the period of infancy is not of long duration, after which a less expensive diet will suffice. For occasional use the pulp scraped from the nerves of round steak may be shaped into cakes and broiled, or, by removing all fat, lamb or mutton from the breast, cut into small pieces and covered with boiling water, may be gently cooked until perfectly tender; rice may be added,

also a stalk of celery. The celery will be quite as wholesome if, before serving, it be pressed through a sieve and then returned to the stew. Bits of macaroni may replace the rice. It should be needless to add that sauces, such as are

often made in the dripping-pan after meat has been roasted, are unsuitable for children; platter gravy, or the juice that follows the knife in carving, is the only sauce that should be allowed the young child.

Malarial Fever

As Seen at Close Range in the Deep Jungle of the Malay Peninsula and in the "Country of the Ghosts"

C. S. Braddock, Jr., believes that the malarial poison is not only inoculated by the bite of the mosquito, but that it originates in water and soil, is carried by the wind and water, and is taken into the system by unboiled drinking water. He bases his views on his experience with the disease in many parts of the world. He has noted that on a jungle trip the men on foot are first taken ill with malarial fever, then the men on horseback, and last of all and very seldom the men who travel on elephants. He attributes this exemption of the men traveling on elephant-back to the height they are from the ground. The higher you keep from the ground, whether traveling or sleeping, the more exempt you are from fever.

The same varieties of mosquitos exist in the locality where the ordinary malarial fever prevails, as well as where pernicious malarial fever prevails, and as you travel you can smell, without being told by your native guides, the miasma as it rises from the ground, and unless prophylactic doses of quinine are taken, you will have fever. Wherever you disturb the earth in the tropics you disturb this great fever giant. This is noticeable in the ruby mines, in the tin mines, and in the dig-

ging of embankments and canals, but if you cut off the jungle and let the sun in, you can do more good than all the mosquito curtains in the world. General rules for the preservation of health are these: Sleep in the open ground away from the deep jungle. Do not sleep on the ground or near the ground, but as high from it as possible. If wet from tropical rain or fording streams, change clothing as soon as possible. Always drink boiled water. Use a mosquito curtain. Give prophylactic doses of quinine when traveling through the bad districts. If a man will clear away the jungle and let the sun in over one dry season, he can dwell with impunity where before was a death trap. If we let the sun in, the fever will disappear. The author believes that while the mosquito transmits malarial fever, he acquires it first from the water and the soil. No other explanation can be given in those acquiring it from mosquitos who have landed on an utterly uninhabited coast where there were no human beings to primarily infect the mosquitos there, but who have been promptly taken down with malarial fever when they have disobeyed the laws of the jungle, while those who have obeyed these laws have escaped entirely.

A Chat About Croquettes

By S. J. English

THESE dainty, toothsome morsels are regarded by many as too tedious and difficult to prepare.

There could be no more mistaken idea; every woman should learn that there is no other way to use left-overs so daintily or deliciously.

Meat, fish, fowl, macaroni, potato, rice, hominy, cheese and many other articles make fine croquettes when used with a thick, highly seasoned white sauce as a binder. Stock may be used in the meat croquettes in place of milk. The following recipe for croquettes is very satisfactory: one pint of chopped meat makes about sixteen good-sized croquettes. The other ingredients are one rounding tablespoonful of butter, two of flour, one cup of fresh milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and a dash of cayenne. Let the butter heat, add the flour, cook these a minute, then add the milk, and cook until thick; add seasoning, lift from the fire and add the egg, slightly beaten. Return to the fire, to cook the egg, just a moment. Add the pint of fine-chopped meat, mix well, and turn out to get very cold; when very cold shape, roll in one egg, slightly beaten, with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. After egging carefully, so that every particle is covered, roll in sifted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat heated to about 365° F.

Drain on soft blotting paper, garnish and serve.

Some people like cutlets; if you fancy these, use the same mixture and shape like a chop, using macaroni (uncooked) for the bone. Serve with a paper frill on the bone.

Mold the croquettes as fancy dictates. If using dark fowl's meat a good way is to simulate a drumstick,

and use macaroni for the bone; then you have a good imitation of a chicken leg. Or, have round ones like a ball, or pyramidal, or nest shape, or depress one end of the round ones and insert a clove, put a small brown twig in the other end for a stem, and there you have an apple. At an Easter luncheon I saw baby chicken croquettes shaped by deft fingers. As to blends there is no end: chicken and sweetbreads are a happy combination; chicken and veal, or mushrooms, are another; fish and potato, cheese and potato, meat and rice, meat and macaroni, and so on *ad infinitum*. All croquettes are enhanced in flavor by serving with a good sauce.

A few combinations may not be amiss.

With veal croquettes, serve tomato sauce or a highly seasoned white sauce, to which has been added one raw egg yolk for each cup of sauce.

With fish croquettes, serve tartare or tomato sauce.

With chicken croquettes in a border of peas, serve brown or white sauce.

With hominy croquettes, serve cheese sauce, a white sauce to which grated cheese has been added.

Lamb croquettes are fine with parsley or caper sauce.

Beef and rice croquettes are good with tomato sauce poured over them.

Bread croquettes are good as a dessert with wine sauce.

Apple croquettes are good with roast duck and goose.

These last two varieties are not made with a foundation of sauce.

HINTS TO CROQUETTE MAKERS

If you wish to serve a large number with chicken croquettes, use half veal and half chicken, also use chicken

broth in making the foundation sauce. Chicken croquettes served in a pastry shell, baked on the outside of a deep pan, with a white or brown mushroom sauce, make a good *vol-au-vent*.

Potato-nest croquettes are pretty; fry four, hollow side down, drain and fill with minced meat.

If the fat is not hot enough, the croquettes will burst.

Fry only a few croquettes at a time and reheat the fat between each frying. Onion juice, celery salt, paprika, chopped parsley, and nutmeg are all nice for seasoning croquettes.

In working up left-overs always season by taste, as often the meat or material is already salted and peppered.

For the coating use bread crumbs instead of cracker crumbs. If they are not at hand, shredded wheat may be used.

If the mixture sticks to your hands in molding, dip the hands into cold water.

Do not fry in a draft, it makes croquettes burst.

Delicately browned croquettes are lovely surrounded by a purée of peas forced through a pastry bag and tube, with broiled tomatoes on parsley at each side of the dish. Serve with a Hollandaise sauce.

Salmon croquettes are quickly made by adding to left-over, creamed salmon enough mashed potato to make the mixture of a consistency to mold, then egg, crumb and fry.

I often mix these, on leaving the table, put away, then egg-and-crumb them the next day.

Ordinary salmon added to mashed potato, in these proportions, make nice croquettes: one-half as much salmon as potato; to every pint of this mixture add one egg.

Beat all *well together*, put in a pan with a little hot butter and brown in the oven, or drop from a spoon into hot, deep fat to brown. Drain and serve.

An oyster wrapped in chicken croquette mixture gives a nice surprise.

My Secret

Anonymous

I'm fat and forty and far from fair,
 All pretty women make friends with me,
 Yet sometimes I win a resentful glare,
 For many men woo me—watch and see.

What is my secret, sisters lone?
 Watch my smoke—take a leaf from my book,
 What grace can for ugliness atone?
 Sisters, my sisters, I can cook!

Chafing-dish dainties, rich and brown,
 That is the way I am known to fame,
 That's why my bids don't come back "turned down,"
 And it isn't all smoke, for there's lots of flame.

Sisters, so lonely, who long to be loved,
 Cease from your sighing—a vain pursuit.
 Many a time has this truth been proved,
 Don't ogle nor angle, but "*feed the brute.*"

What the Food Inspector thought about It

By Helen Campbell

"TAFT ought to have an easier time before the end of his — we'll say eight years is over than ever Roosevelt did," said the veteran Food Inspector, gray-haired, but clear-eyed, erect and with a fine color in his smooth-shaven face. "Healthy people are easier to govern than unhealthy, and if better and better food can do it, it's being done. There was never a day in which such care is taken as now. Croakers say that firms of food manufacturers and general handlers of raw products are bound to cheat. I say that they used to, here and there, but can't afford to now. In fact it's a matter of pride, pretty nearly without exception, to show a hygienically clean plant, decent workers and a product that will bear the test of rigid inspection. That's sure, but I can tell you one begins to question sometimes if we are sure of always getting enough to inspect. It takes your breath away to read the figures for 1908 and realize that each day calls for a bigger ration than the day before. Now, take eggs," but at this point the speaker paused suddenly. "Perhaps, you'd rather not take anything but the bay and the sky-scrapers?"

We were a little party on a pilot boat returning from Sandy Hook and last good-byes for an outward-bound steamer, and the cheery voice was welcome, no matter what it talked about; in fact, we were inclined to believe the Inspector himself needed the diversion of telling some of the things he knew. Naturally then, everybody said, "Oh, do go on," and he continued:

"Of course, you all know it's been a steady fight to suppress stale eggs, but it has come to the point where laws are

really enforced and penalties are pretty certain for evaders. The New York market handled one hundred and thirty-four million dozen eggs in 1908. Most of those confiscated were meant for this market, stale to be sure, but used in cheap bakeries and restaurants. You'd suppose that New York eggs would come from the State itself, and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but in these states they're all taken up by small centers outside of New York and Philadelphia. New York eggs come mostly from the middle West, Indiana and Ohio, and as far out as Kansas and Nebraska. One single firm made a profit of fifty thousand dollars in a week on a hundred carloads of eggs stored by them when prices were low. So this year most likely thousands of dozens will go into cold storage in the same way, and the eaters are helpless against such a combine.

"That's eggs, but butter, creamery butter at that, ranks next, and every year the consumption *per capita* increases. The new dietary studies, Chittenden's Report and a lot of things in the same line, have got it into the heads of most of the intelligent people that butter is not only easily digested but thoroughly assimilated, ninety-eight per cent of it being digestible and a source of energy. In a Government dietary study it was found that butter made one and nine-tenths per cent of the total food, and nineteen and seven-tenths per cent of the total fat of our daily food. So it's easy to see how we ate fifteen million pounds last year, pretty nearly double what was called for five years ago.

"Where does it come from? All that New York State can turn out, but that's only a beginning. It takes all it can get from Iowa, Minnesota, the

Dakotas, Michigan, Missouri and Wisconsin. You see the agricultural colleges make a specialty of fine dairy work, and creameries have revolutionized home processes.

"Cheese? We don't seem able to get enough of that by any hook or crook. West of Philadelphia the call is mostly for American-made cheese, which has improved as steadily as the butter, but all along the Atlantic coast, particularly in New York City, the demand is for foreign cheese. Italians eat the most cheese wherever they are, and they call for their own cheeses, Gorgonzola, Parmesan, Reggiano and Pomano. We call for Swiss cheese and Sap Sago from Switzerland; from France, Roquefort, Camembert and Brie; Stilton from England; and Edam, Gouda and Leyden from Holland. Here your dietetic studies come in again, and the papers have carried the news everywhere that cheese is good food, often better than meat, and can have many forms of preparation. Far as I can judge from my own daughters' performances with the chafing dish and their reports of what their own set are at, every girl now takes a course in Welsh rabbits, part of the regular college training, too, or they say so."

"One thing I do want to know, and I suppose you are just as up on that as on butter and eggs," said one of the party. "Can you make calf's-foot jelly out of gelatine? My cook declares it is just as good and it seems to taste about the same. The doctor ordered it when one of the family was convalescing from typhoid fever, and she used gelatine."

"Then she gave a product, madam,

that was utterly useless as nourishment save for the sugar in it. Gelatine is really nothing but carefully refined glue, every sort of scrap and paring treated with alkalies and mineral acids, so that all nutritious quality is destroyed. It's all right for use with milk in blancmanges and such things, but fresh calves' feet are the only thing for that which the doctor wants. I was in the best manufactory of that product only the other day; clean as a new whistle, spotless and kept so. Perfectly cleaned calves' feet were used, boiled for hours till every atom of nutritious substance was extracted. They strain it then through very fine sieves, return it to great kettles and boil it again with whites of eggs, to clarify it, and then it goes through specially constructed filters until it is an absolutely clear, amber-colored liquid. Then once more it is brought to boiling point, and the sugar, spices and wines or spirits, used as flavors, are added, and then it is put in glass jars, hermetically sealed. That, madam, is the genuine article and it can't be beat."

"I used to make it at home," said a white-haired member of the party, "and put it through all those processes, save the new order of filters, and it certainly was delicious; but what I buy at a first-class grocery seems to me almost, if not quite, as good. It's a comfort, though, to know how clean a process you say the manufactured one is. Here we are, though, and I wanted to ask you about the soups."

"Another day," said the Inspector, as we went over the gang plank. "You may be sure though that they, too, are clean. That is part of the Inspector's business."



Lunches for Travelers and School Children

By Charlotte A. Aikens

IN spite of the fact that the dining car has become a feature of most railways, it has by no means abolished the time-honored custom of providing lunches for travelers. Those who can afford from seventy-five cents to two dollars for a meal in a dining car are, after all, in the minority. On a long journey, at least, one hot meal each day should be taken, but for shorter trips the average individual can get along without patronizing the dining car.

What to provide that will be small in bulk, convenient to handle, appetizing and satisfying, is sometimes not an easy question to decide. The appetite and tastes of individuals have to be considered, and the season makes some difference. One cannot always procure the variety possible in a large city.

In preparing a lunch or planning it, one instinctively thinks of sandwiches; for it is true that to the majority of people tastefully arranged sandwiches appeal to both eye and appetite. If the journey is to be a long one, it is well to arrange the lunch-box in sections, so that the whole box need not be handled, in order to get the variety it affords for one meal. On long trips a carefully arranged lunch-basket will decrease the expense, and, besides, contribute to one's comfort. For such trips plenty of fruit should be provided, for fruit bought on trains or at wayside stations is far from being the best. Cold roast chicken should find a place in the lunch-basket. Another substantial that will be appreciated is beef loaf made of round steak which has been passed through a food-chopper. A pint sealer of cottage cheese will help to make bread, cookies and crackers more appetizing. Potato

salad is another article that keeps pretty well and tastes very good, at times, on a long trip. Cheese, pickles, fruit, cookies, rolls and bread, all should be given a place in the lunch-basket. On most tourist cars it is possible to secure boiling water for making tea, coffee, lemonade, or for boiling eggs, for which proper utensils should be provided. Evaporated cream helps to make several foods and beverages better worth eating.

For meat sandwiches almost any meat may be used from which good cuts may be obtained. Cold roast lamb, pot roast beef or boiled ham are excellent, and chicken is always a prime favorite. If the meat is in such shape that it cannot be cut in neat slices, it is better to put it through a food-chopper. Careful seasoning will add much to the relish of the sandwiches, but not more than carefully cut bread. The shape of some loaves of bread renders it next to impossible to make neat-looking sandwiches, and this point needs to be planned for. If one is buying bread, it is as easy to procure a sandwich loaf as to get the other kind. In cutting the bread be sure to have a knife that is sharp and cuts evenly.

The butter should be softened, so that it will spread smoothly; and the slices should be spread so that they will fit when laid together. If it be true that genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains, then to make the most attractive sandwiches possibly requires a certain amount of genius. Sandwich-making is an art in which comparatively few people excel.

A friend of mine, who was for years matron of a school for girls, became famous in her little world for the de-

lightly toothsome lunches she used to provide. No girl who was going on a journey went away without one of these famous lunches. It was often a marvel how she remembered the fondness of the girls for certain things, and how, somehow, some of that favorite article was always to be found in the lunch-box.

A supply of clean pasteboard boxes of convenient size was kept and also plenty of oiled paper. Any clean white paper will do, but oiled paper is preferable. If each sandwich be wrapped in oiled paper, it will keep fresh twenty-four hours, and will be as nice at the end of the journey as when it was prepared. Small triangular-shaped sandwiches are always attractive, though the square-shaped ones are more easily packed into small compass. If light sponge cake is to be carried, it should be wrapped in the same way.

Some of the lunches prepared by this friend were odd combinations, but they represented artistic skill, culinary deftness and personal thoughtfulness for the tastes and whims of girls away from home. The girl who was very fond of cottage cheese at school would be sure to find some cottage cheese sandwiches in her box. Another would find a sandwich or two from her favorite dish of baked beans with tomatoes. The beans were mashed to a butter and then spread; sometimes a dash of tomato catsup was added. Chopped-nut fillings were often used, and lettuce with a bit of French dressing, cheese, deviled egg and meat sandwiches of various kinds, all found their way into these lunch-boxes. Besides, she had a habit of stowing a half dozen or more luscious strawberries, in little paper cones, into the box, or an orange, with the skin turned back from one end, all ready to be quartered. Dates, figs and cracked nuts all ready to be removed from the shell, or a little box of salted

peanuts or home-made candy, had a habit of coming to light as the journey proceeded. Sometimes a tasty little cucumber pickle wrapped in oiled paper would add a relish to other foods. And there was always an old napkin or doily for soiled fingers.

Such a lunch was in itself an object lesson to every girl who ate it. It represented an art in which any woman can excel, if she gives a little thought and pains to it, and many a weary, hungry traveler will bless the woman who studies to excel in that direction.

For an automobile trip one of the basketwork suit cases answers admirably for a lunch-basket. It takes up little space, and yet there is plenty of room to arrange a lunch to advantage. Several boxes of convenient size will fit into it, and picnic plates and other necessary utensils can be added.

Lunches for School Children

The daily lunches of school children, who cannot go home at midday, are more or less of a perplexing problem to a great many mothers, as well as occasional aunts and grandmothers. The food of the growing child is always an important consideration, and the food for the midday lunch is no exception, in importance. In these days, when school children are put through the forcing process so many of them are, every meal should be scrutinized by mothers who are anxious to see their children develop and maintain strong bodies and healthy, active minds. A poorly nourished child will be a poor student.

Across the street from where this article is being written is a large high school, and not far from it a public school. Around the corner is a German bakery, and each day, at the recess periods, groups of children may be seen wending their way to the bakery for a lunch. They are well-dressed children from comfortable homes, for

the most part, but instead of providing her children with a suitable lunch, some of the mothers have given them a nickel or a dime and let them go to the bakery and choose for themselves. At this German bakery six doughnuts can be bought for five cents, or six cookies or ginger cakes. It is nothing unusual to see a child carry off four doughnuts, with perhaps a couple of ginger cookies, and make his midday meal entirely off that class of food. One doughnut is enough for the average stomach to take care of at one time. How long will a child keep up the habit of stuffing himself, day after day, with fried foods and sweet, dry cakes, before he will begin to realize that he has a stomach? How long before he will be a confirmed dyspeptic, and who will be to blame? A little of these foods, occasionally, is permissible, for the average healthy child, but a great deal of that class of edibles, day after day, is one of the best methods known of ruining a child's digestive organs and undermining his general health.

With school children a strong substantial lunch-box of convenient size is a necessity. Sandwiches of various kinds are relished by practically all children, and any of the sandwiches mentioned may be properly given a place in the child's lunch-box. When eggs are plentiful, a hard-cooked egg—cooked at least a half hour in water just below the boiling point, so that it will be mealy and digestible—can be given. If, sometimes, the yolks of the eggs are taken out and mashed to a paste, and seasoned with a dash of vinegar and salt and pepper, and then put back into the cavity, it will be an agreeable change from the plain cooked eggs.

On days when the family is to have baked beans a cupful may be set aside for the child. Rice, and tapioca pudding, or a cup custard can be prepared in the same way, and with a very

little forethought and pains a nourishing, appetizing lunch can be planned for each school day. Old teacups, with or without handles, make excellent lunch cups. Occasionally a baked apple, or a few dates or figs, or a bit of wholesome, home-made candy or taffy may go into the box. A bunch of raisins on the stem, a bunch of grapes, a few strawberries, plums, oranges, bananas or apples will help toward the variety that is needed to make an enjoyable lunch.

Once in a while a ribbon sandwich will be relished. This is made by cutting two thin slices, each, of Boston brown bread and plain white bread, buttering, and laying them together alternately. The sandwich is then cut in strips about an inch wide. If lettuce is available, a leaf of lettuce can be laid between each slice and the combination will tempt both the eye and appetite of the ordinary child. A bit of celery or a few radishes, with plain bread and butter, will add interest, if the child cares for those vegetables.

Peanuts are nourishing, but somewhat hard to digest. If the child is admonished and taught to chew such foods thoroughly, a few of these may go in occasionally as a special treat, or a few walnuts or other nuts, already cracked, can be given.

A certain amount of sweet food is regarded as necessary, but rich cake and pastry better be omitted from the child's lunch-box. A little turnover, made with biscuit crust, or a square of gingerbread with a layer of icing, is easily digested, and most children like it. A considerable variety can be had in plain cookies or cake that will keep. A dash of icing or a few caraway comfits or currants, sprinkled over the top, will attract the eye of the child, and stir up an appetite for the food, when without the top dressing the cake might be uneaten.

One mother occasionally slips in the

lunch-box a slice or two of cold sweet potato that has been browned in the oven and seasoned, wrapping it carefully in clean paper, and, occasionally, a little cone of potato, or celery, apple-and-nut salad goes in to be eaten with plain bread and butter.

In the average home, if only a little care be taken to plan ahead for the children's lunches, there will be little

difficulty in securing a wholesome variety of suitable food for the healthy child; few of such lunches will be uneaten or thrown away. The point to be emphasized is that the mother herself should supervise and plan the lunches, just as she does other meals, and not depend on sending the child to the store to choose for himself.

Cause and Cure

By Grace Stone Field

When Billy yearns for exercise,
 Instead of swinging dumb-bells
 Until the rafters ring again
 And ceiling plaster crumbles,
 He practises a better plan,
 Now Sol is fiercely glowing;
 Just takes his little jacket off,
 And tries his hand at mowing.

"That's healthy exercise," you say;
 Where tangled grass is twining,
 To swing, with measured stroke and slow,
 A scythe, all bright and shining.
 Not Billy! — Just to shave the lawn
 He spends his best endeavor;
 Perspiring, makes the mower whir,
 And clips the turf, quite clever.

And then, ere pale his torrid cheeks,
 With air of an exhorter,
 He says, "Say, dad, I mowed the lawn,
 I guess it's worth a quarter."
 "You should have made your bargain first,"
 Laughs dad; "but here's the money;
 I hope you'll put it in your bank,
 Or use it wisely, sonny."

From getting hot to getting cool,
 How easy, with a quarter!
 Now all of Billy's wealth goes up
 And down — in soda water.

How Jack Johnson Tried to Make Good

By Lee McCrae

"MAMMY, am daddy in heben?"

"Cose!"

"Well, mammy, in heben do a niggah hab what am deirs?"

"Ob cose! Whut you foolin' 'bout now, Jacksing Johnsing?" And his mother rested a moment on her washboard to scrutinize the anxious little black face upturned to hers.

"An' daddy he am daid 'cause ob eatin' greens?"

She gave a loud sniff, wiped her eyes unctiously on the hem of her red calico wrapper, and cried:

"Oh dem greens! Dey had pizen weeds in dem! Oh yo' po' paw! An' dyin' at a time when I hadn' a piece ob money in de house ter bury him, nuther!"

The mention of coin made a sudden pause in her mourning. In the next breath she exclaimed, "Jacksing Johnsing, you brung dat money frum town? you hid it in de blue pitchah ober de fiahplace?"

But the pickaninny was far out of hearing distance and she turned back to her tub with some misgivings.

Half an hour later Jackson was found on the cabin steps writhing in pain.

"Whut you done et, chile?" questioned the frightened mammy, shaking him remorselessly.

"Pizen weeds."

"Whuf fo' you et pizen weeds, you thrif'less niggah-boy?"

Between groans came the answer: "Caus'n — caus'n — I'se gwine — gwine ter heben — too."

"Done it a-purpose?" she gasped. "Whuf fo' a-purpose?"

But a torrent of questionings, threats and pleadings could not wring a reason from the self-tortured boy. His screams soon brought all the neighbors, young

and old, in eager but helpless curiosity. At last old Aunty Willetts waddled up, the only one who thought of doing something.

"Hab you gib him dat med'cine his daddy took ob?" she suggested.

The bottle was finally found up among the rafters, and a large dose administered. As the pain decreased, the questioning began again, but no confession could be extorted from him until Aunty Willetts shook the iron spoon in his face and threatened another dose. Then with much sobbing and many contortions, the child explained:

"Caus'n de money — Mistah Screws' \$2.80 watahmelon money, an' mammy's sebenty-five cents washin' money, an' mah thirty cents egg money — it ain' in de blue pitchah. Comin' ober de hill frum town a whi' man he grabbed me an' he say, 'Gib me all yo' money, you pickaninny niggah-boy! Niggahs ain' got no right ter hab money!' An' he took Mistah Screws' \$2.80, an' mammy's sebenty-five cents, an' mah thirty cents egg money, all ob it away frum me. Den he kick me an' say, 'G'long.' An' I wuz sca'd to tell — I daresent — I knows I git put in jail caus'n I ain' brung home all dat money. I is —"

"No, you won't, you brack angel chile!" cried Aunty Willetts, clasping him and the big iron spoon to her ample breast, while protestations, loud and strong, came from the little group.

In the midst of this excitement some negro men came over the hill at top speed, exclaiming hilariously as they drew near:

"Pinkie Massey done it! Jes' guess whut Pinkie Massey done! She jes' grab his coat tails an' hung on a-hollerin' till we alls cotched up an' grabbed

aholt ob him, too. We yanked him down to de perlice, an' now he's in jail in Bummingham — he sho is!"

"Whut?" "Who dat?" "Whut you mean?"

"Why a white man he hol's up Pinkie Massey comin' home an' tries to get her chicken money, but lawsy, no! Pinkie am too sma't fo' him, de ol' skunk thief! De sheruff he say ef any ob us Ishkooda folks can 'dentify him as de man whut been a-robbin' we alls so's to make mo' counts in cou't, den we gits a slice ob de reward money. Dey think he's de man whut's wanted fo' some wuss meannesses."

All this, told over and over with added details, and the appearance of Pinkie herself — wildly happy and somewhat damaged by the fray — made no end of excitement in the negro suburb. In the midst of it "Jacksing" was forgotten by all except the loyal Aunty Willetts, who alternately scolded and soothed him for his foolish attempt to leave this troublous earth.

"I wuz scaed — a losin' dat big lot ob money, an' I knowed dat eben a pickaninny niggah-boy gits to keep whut wuz his in heben. So I jes' wanted to go bad, all ob a sudden. Will I git well now?" he asked a bit anxiously.

"Huh! huh!" cried she in tones of great disgust. "So you gwine mek a bad mattah wusser! I heerd ob a whi' man doin' dat bery ting. 'Cause he's po' lil' boy wuz made a cripple, de man he kill hisse'f, an' leab dat po' lil' boy widout any daddy to take care ob him. Now whut you t'ink ob dat? But *you* gwine do de same t'ing. Yo' mammy she lose huh sebenty-five cents an' huh boy bofe.

"Now listen to me, Jacksing Johnsing! Dis yere worl' am bad enough an' hahd enough, honey, — 'specially fo' us niggahs, — we alls jes' *got* to do ouah bes'. You'se lil', so I scuse you dis time, but I ain' got no patience wid growed-up folks whut goes off 'nd dies when dey an' dey's folks is in trouble — jes' a-makin' mo' trouble, an' trouble whut doan' die an' neber go 'way.

"So, Jacksing Johnsing, looky heah! You lib an' grow up jes' as fas' as you kin, an' wuck an' wuck till you earn back all dat money an' a lot mo'. Den, by-an'-by, Crismus come! Mebbe you hab chicken an' poak chops, to eat! Mebbe you'se so rich you ha a tuckey!"

At this wonderful vision both rolled their eyes toward heaven and rocked back and forth in pure delight. Then the boy suddenly asked:

"An' whut is 'dentify'?"

She explained it so that he understood at last and nodding his woolly head solemnly, the pickaninny said:

"I'se gwine ter town ter 'dentify dat man. I knows him, 'cause when I wuz a-lookin' at him I *sees* him!"

Identify the man he surely did; and so well did he tell his story in court the next day that when he went back over the mountain he carried more than the watermelon money, the washing money and the egg money all put together. The policeman who handed it to him, on the side, declared it was all his to keep; nevertheless, "Mistah Screws" and his mammy got their shares before he climbed up on the rafters to hide the precious pieces in the old cigar box.

Best of all, Jackson Johnson is still "making good."

A Kindred Soul

Cora A. Matson Dolson

Something I loved, no matter what,
And prized it as a precious thing;
Though well I know that it is not
A theme on which most poets sing.

Now, in a book for long laid by,
Written by one long past life's end,
I find he loved the same as I —
Shake hands across the Gulf, My Friend.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Pastry Shells for Pies

HOW to get a well done, perfectly uniform lower crust for custard, lemon or berry pies has always been a problem with me until I hit upon the expedient of putting the crust between two pie plates of the same size and baking in a good oven. The shells are uniform and keep for days without becoming soggy.

A. S.

* * *

Has any one ever tried making a lobster broth with the lobster bones, which often seem such a task to extract the deliciously sweet meat from? After breaking off the claws and crushing the bones, I put them in the double boiler with the milk, and let them cook surely an hour. Then I take out the bones, and season the milk with a dash of cayenne, salt and a generous piece of butter. It can be thickened a bit, if one likes it better, and some of the bits of lobster meat, which then fall readily from the bones, are an addition.

After having a salad or Newburg at night, I always put the bones away for this lobster broth for the next day's luncheon, and I find every one likes it.

I use bones from three small lobsters for a pint of milk. A bit of paprika colors it prettily for serving. H. D. W.

* * *

For an Individual Mint Julep

See query 1460

The original mint julep was made with brandy. When good whiskey came

on the market, first Bourbon and afterwards Rye was used.

Never wine of any kind.

Take several small tender sprigs of mint, one or two lumps of cut sugar and bruise them together, then add the amount of whiskey desired and fill the glass with shaved ice. Drink through straw.

A. E. M. P.

* * *

Apple Sauce Cake

CREAM half a cup of butter and beat in one cup of sugar; add one cup of seeded raisins, chopped and slightly dredged with flour, one salt spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful and one-half of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Mix these ingredients. Dissolve one teaspoonful of baking soda in a little warm water and stir into a cupful of unsweetened apple sauce (evaporated or fresh apples); let it foam over into the other ingredients and beat all thoroughly; add two cups of flour and bake about three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven. In this there are no eggs, milk or baking powder.

* * *

Mother's Birthday

MY sister and I began to plan for it several weeks ahead. We found out the addresses of as many of mother's friends and relatives as we could without letting her suspect anything. Then we wrote and asked each

of them to send her a note that would arrive on her birthday, or if that was too much to do, at least to send her a picture post-card with greetings. We kept watch of the mails the day before and intercepted a couple of missives that otherwise would have arrived too soon.

When the day came, we served mother's breakfast to her in bed with all the birthday mail piled on the tray. We had four post-cards and eleven letters, some, just notes, others, lengthy epistles from friends whom she had not heard from for several years.

Four of her school friends lived in our own city or in adjoining towns, so that they could come to luncheon. We did not try to make a surprise of this, except that we girls cooked the meal ourselves and did not let mother know what it was to consist of. My sister dished things up in the kitchen, while I put on a black dress with white collar, cuffs and apron and a muslin bow in my hair and served the courses as much like a well-trained waitress as I could. We thought the place cards were quite original. In mother's old album we found pictures of herself and these four friends, when they were fifteen to eighteen years old, so each one found her plate marked by a photograph of herself as a young girl. Of course, this suggested all sorts of interesting reminiscences at once.

Mother's guests spent the afternoon with her and we served a cup of tea to them before they went. The expense of the luncheon, flowers and all, was no more than we should have spent, if we had bought our usual birthday gifts for mother, and as for the work, every one had such a good time that it wasn't work, but the very best sort of fun.

L. H.

* * *

Food Facts

DR. ABERNETHY, the English surgeon of a generation ago, remarked:

"One-fourth of what we eat *keeps us*; the other three-fourths *we keep* at our peril."

While somewhat exaggerative, yet it is well known by the best authorities in diet matters that most of us eat more than we actually need for the proper sustenance of our bodies.

It is computed that a healthy adult male will consume in one year one and a half tons of food material. This includes solids, liquids and oxygen.

Men are reputed to eat two-thirds of all the meat, and women one-third, while four-fifths of the alcoholic beverages are consumed by men to women's one-fifth; though when it comes to tea, women use more than men.

Over-taxation of the digestive organs by the "eating habit" is a bad form of dissipation, causing, it is said, more disease than alcoholic dissipation, the latter sometimes even being due to the former.

There is a physiological foundation for the statement, "laugh and grow fat," since it is a well-established fact that pleasurable emotions favor prompt and efficient digestion.

People of delicate digestion find much less digestive disturbance, if they take a half hour of complete relaxation and rest just preceding and just after a meal.

A mixed diet is probably best for man, though it is safe to conclude that as to meat there are more errors on the side of eating too much than too little.

Failure to take sufficient water is a common shortcoming, and many people, particularly those of constipated habit, would find health improved by simply increasing the water they drink, the morning, on rising, being a good time to do it.

Waste matter, which is poisonous matter when confined, is hastened out of the system by a free use of water.

The laws of heredity play a large part in man's dietary.

Primitive man could probably have

subsisted solely on a vegetable diet better than could modern man who labors under the effect of perversions persisted in for generations.

There are some people who can get along in good health without meat, but many seem better by a moderate allowance of meat in their diet.

A. P. REED, M.D.

* * *

My Experience with the Birds

THE former owners of our home kept cats, and when we moved here, ten years ago, we found but few birds.

We banished cats, and, by furnishing suitable nesting material and food during cold and stormy weather, have encouraged the birds to make their homes near us.

The first three years, currant worms, in spite of repeated doses of hellebore, stripped our bushes of foliage and so injured them that some of the bushes died.

Also green lice infested my house-plants when out of doors, and there were green lice on the grapevines.

For the past three years we have had several pairs of the little chippie birds, or chipping sparrow. There has been a nest in one currant bush each year.

During this time I have not seen a worm on the currant bushes, the foliage is green and luxuriant and the fruit undisturbed.

I have watched the chippies feeding their young, and the food was usually a small green or white worm.

At one time I saw a pair of chippies in the garden showing their four little ones the worms on some cabbages.

For several years we have not been troubled with green lice on either grapevines or flowers, although we have never sprayed the foliage.

The catbirds and song-sparrows, as well as the chippies, nest among the raspberry bushes.

This year I have heard complaints from other people of red raspberries being wormy, and I found many worms in some picked at a distance.

But in those from our little plot I hardly find two wormy berries in a quart, and the fruit is large and fair, although the bushes were set seven years ago and have had no care since, excepting to pinch off the tips of the young canes, and the attention our birds have given them. C. A. M. D.

* * *

In answer to Query 1472 I send my recipes for Baked Brown Bread.

I

Put one cup, each, of Graham flour and yellow corn meal in a bowl, add a level teaspoonful, each, of salt and soda, add half a cup of dark molasses and one cup of sour milk; mix thoroughly, then stir in one-third a cup, each, of seeded raisins and walnut meats lightly dredged with flour. Bake in a case or tin, with closed cover, one hour or more, then uncover and bake a few minutes.

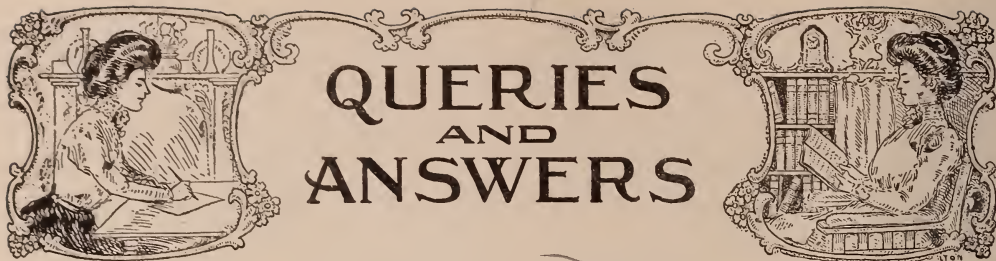
II

Sift together two cups of yellow corn meal, two cups of white flour, one level tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of soda, add one cup of molasses, one cup and a half of buttermilk and half a cup, each, of seeded raisins and walnut meats. Mix thoroughly and bake in a loaf tin, uncovered, about one hour and a half. The oven should be of moderate heat.

M. A. W.

* * *

Sticky stains of which sugar is the basis—as fruit juices—can be removed by using soft, warm water and soft chamois leather, with a touch of linseed oil afterwards.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1487. — "How are syrups and crushed fruit prepared for serving on ice cream?"

Crushed Strawberries for Ice Cream

Mash fresh-picked berries; over each quart of fruit sprinkle a pint of sugar, let stand an hour or longer and then let simmer about ten minutes. For quick use simply add the sugar to the fruit, let stand an hour, then mash and use, when the sugar is dissolved. Strain raspberries, to remove the hard seeds. Preserved strawberries, particularly those put up by the "Sunshine" process, are used for pouring over ice cream.

Chocolate Syrup for Caterers' Use

Put three and one-half pints of boiling water into a saucepan; add a pound of cocoa, let stand about five minutes to moisten the cocoa, and then stir thoroughly; now add three and one-half pints more of water and cook for one hour, stirring occasionally; add five pounds of granulated sugar and stir until dissolved, then cook about half an hour. Remove from the fire and when cold strain through double thickness of cheese cloth; add two ounces of vanilla extract and store in bottles. This may be poured over ice cream or used in making chocolate to be served as a beverage. For the latter use, take

one-eighth a cup to three-fourths a cup of hot milk.

QUERY 1488. — "Recipe for Maple Walnut Sundae."

Maple Walnut Sundae

Put two or three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup in the bottom of a sherbet cup; add a smooth well-rounded portion of vanilla ice cream (chocolate ice cream is also good served in this way), pour a tablespoonful of maple syrup above and sprinkle with a tablespoonful of chopped walnuts.

QUERY 1489. — "Recipe for French Flummery."

French Flummery

A flummery, in culinary lore, is a preparation, the principal constituent of which is some variety of flour or starch expanded in milk or fruit juice and sometimes mixed with whipped white of egg. Flummery is eaten cold, from glasses, or when more solid, turned from a mold. It is usually served with cream and sugar, a liquid sauce, as boiled custard, fruit juice or wine sauce. Thudichum says the dish is not mentioned in French cookery, but is popular in Northern Europe. Flour, grits, rice, tapioca, cornstarch, etc. may be used as the thickening agent.

Raspberry Flummery

Put one quart of red raspberries and a cup of water over the fire; when hot stir in half a cup of tapioca, cover and let cook until the tapioca is transparent; add half a cup of sugar and fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry.

Flummery with Cornstarch

Scald one pint of milk; stir into it one-fourth a cup of cornstarch, mixed with one-fourth a cup of cold milk, and stir until thickened; let cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally; add one-fourth a cup of sugar, a little salt and fold in the whites of two or three eggs, beaten dry. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Let cool, then serve in glasses with crushed strawberries or raspberry syrup. Serve also with sliced-and-sugared peaches.

QUERY 1490. — "Recipes for use of Rice Flour, for Cheese Cake, and Chocolate Frosting in which yolk of egg is used."

Flummery with Rice Flour

Use rice flour in place of cornstarch in the preceding recipe.

Rice Flour in Thickening Soup

When thickening soup made of meat broths, as mutton, beef or chicken broth, for each quart of broth stir two tablespoonfuls of rice flour with cold water, then stir into the hot soup; let boil ten minutes, then skim and the broth is ready to serve. Small bits of vegetables, of uniform size and shape, may be added to the broth.

Rice Jelly

Mix one-fourth a cup of rice flour and one-fourth a cup of cold water to a smooth paste; add half a tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth a cup of sugar and one cup and a half of boiling water; stir and cook until the mixture thickens, then cook over hot water fifteen minutes. Turn into a mold. Serve

cold with cream and sugar or boiled custard. For flavor cook with the rice flour in the double boiler a piece of stick cinnamon or a few shreds of the yellow peel of a lemon or an orange. Remove before molding. For a more delicate jelly increase the measure of water.

Cheese Cakes

Press enough Neufehatel or cream cheese through a ricer to make one cup and a half; add one-third a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of melted butter, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, three eggs, beaten light, one-fourth a cup of sherry wine and, if desired, half a cup of dried currants and citron, in small bits. Line small tins with pastry, fill with the cheese mixture and bake about fifteen minutes. Serve when partly cooled.

Chocolate Frosting with Yolks of Eggs

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of water until it forms a thread when tried with a spoon. Pour in a fine stream, beating constantly, on to the beaten yolks of two eggs. Then pour this mixture on to a square of melted chocolate; add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and beat until cold enough to spread.

QUERY 1491. — "Reliable recipe for a Marble Cake, one in which the brown portion is obtained by the use of chocolate and *no spices*, and which does not require more than four eggs for the entire cake. Give cause of the falling of cake."

Marble Cake, without Spices

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then beat in, one after another, three whole eggs, and add, alternately, half a cup of milk and one cup and a half of sifted flour, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Divide the mixture and leave one half plain. To the other half add a teaspoonful of vanilla and one-fourth a cup of cocoa or grated chocolate. Put the two

mixtures into a cake pan, a little of one and then of the other, to get a marbled effect. Bake about forty-five minutes.

Cause of the Falling of Cake

Cake will fall if too small a proportion of flour or too large a proportion of butter or liquid be used. Cake will, also, fall if it be moved in the oven or otherwise jarred after it has reached its full height and before the cell walls are stiffened by heat.

QUERY 1492. — "Recipe for Vanilla Caramels."

Vanilla Caramels

Put in a saucepan two cups of granulated sugar, one cup and a half of glucose, one cup of cream and one cup of butter; stir and cook over a quick fire until the mixture boils vigorously, then gradually add a second cup of cream. Do not allow the mixture to stop boiling while the cream is being added. Cook to 250° Fahr., stirring gently meanwhile. Occasionally move the thermometer to stir beneath it. Remove from the fire and, after cooling a few moments, beat in two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract. Turn into a biscuit pan, nicely oiled, to make a sheet three-fourths an inch thick. When nearly cold cut in cubes.

QUERY 1493. — "Use of Sour Cream in Desserts. Recipes for Yeast, and Bran Cookies. How to cook Puff-Paste Croutons that they may not absorb oil as when fried."

Sour Cream Pie

Peel, core and chop enough apples to fill a cup; chop a cup of stoned raisins; add a cup of sugar, half a cup of sour cream, half a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, and mix all together thoroughly. Bake with two crusts.

Graham Cookies

To one cup of sour cream add two

tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of granulated sugar, one egg, beaten light, and a teaspoonful of lemon extract or the grated rind of one lemon. Beat all together thoroughly, then add two cups and one-half of Graham flour, into which a level teaspoonful of soda has been sifted; add also a grating of nutmeg. Drop from a teaspoon upon buttered tins, dredge with granulated sugar and put a raisin in the center of each cake.

Yeast

Pare four large potatoes and grate a potato into a saucepan; pour on two quarts of boiling water and stir until the whole boils vigorously, then continue grating the potatoes; add the grated potato, little by little, that it may not discolor by standing, to the hot mixture, stirring each time till the whole is again at the boiling point; add one-fourth a cup of salt, three-fourths a cup of sugar and when cooled to a lukewarm temperature stir in one pint of yeast that has been previously made in the same manner, or, failing this, add a cake of compressed or dry yeast, softened in a cup of cold water. Mix thoroughly and let stand overnight. The next day beat thoroughly and turn into fruit jars; close securely and use as needed. It is well to put just enough for one baking in a jar. While the yeast is rising, before storing it, beat it down thoroughly several times.

Bran Cookies

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the beaten white of one egg, and, alternately, half a cup of water and half a cup of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda and one level teaspoonful and a half of cream-of-tartar; lastly, add bran to make a mixture that may be kneaded. Roll into a thin sheet, cut in squares with

a sharp knife and prick with a fork. Bake until crisp but of delicate color.

Cooking Puff-Paste Croutons

Bake the croutons or brush over with beaten egg before frying in deep fat. Baking is preferable.

QUERY 1494. — "Recipe for Cucumber Catsup."

Cucumber Catsup

Pare ripe cucumbers; cut them in halves, discard the seeds and grate the pulp. Drain off the liquid and to each pint of solid pulp add half a pint of strong, cold, cider vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of cayenne or a generous half teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of salt and two level tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish. Seal tight either in fruit jars or bottles.

QUERY 1495. — "What may be substituted for Sherry Wine, occasionally mentioned in the recipes?"

Substitutes for Sherry Wine

Grape or other fruit juice may almost always be substituted for the sherry wine given in recipes for desserts. In recipes for meats simply omit the wine.

QUERY 1496. — "Recipe for Canning Peppers, red or green, to be used like Pimentos."

Canned Peppers

Cut a circle around the stem-end of each pepper, remove the piece and take out the seeds. Cover with boiling water, let stand three or four minutes, then rub off the thin outer skin. Cover with cold water, let stand until chilled, then drain and pack in fruit jars. Boil vinegar and sugar — a pint of sugar to each quart of vinegar — fifteen minutes; with this syrup fill the jars to

overflow, then cover, as in all canning, and store in a cool place. We think with longer cooking the peppers will keep by filling the jars with boiling water, as in canning all vegetables deficient in starch.

QUERY 1497. — "Recipe for Roast Crown of Lamb."

Roast Crown of Lamb

From the hind quarter of lamb cut off the ribs. Split this section down through the backbone, and cut off the flank ends. There are now two rib pieces just alike. Trim the meat from the rib bones down to the eye of tender meat, but do not detach it, at any point. Split the chops apart at the base, but only through the backbone. Sew the two pieces together, having the chop bones come on the outside. Roll the meat, trimmed from the bones, over and over, thus partially filling the center of the crown. Pin brown paper over the ends of the chop bones, to avoid browning them too much, and tie or truss, as needed, to keep the rib bones uniformly distant, one from the other. Baste with bacon or salt pork fat, and cook about one hour, moderating the heat after the first fifteen minutes. When cooked, fill the crown with Brussels sprouts, cleaned and steamed until tender. Dress the sprouts with salt, pepper and butter. Serve mint sauce in a bowl apart. French fried potatoes, peas, flageolet, etc., may take the place of the sprouts.

Mint Sauce

Pick the leaves from a well-cleaned bunch of mint. Chop very fine, and pour over them one-fourth a cup of boiling water. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, cover closely, and let stand in a cool place half an hour. Then add a dash of paprika, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

QUERY 1498. — "Recipe for Corn Fritters or Oysters."

Corn Fritters

These may be made of either cooked or uncooked corn. Using fresh corn, with a sharp knife cut off the tops of the kernels on one side of an ear, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp and continue until a cup of pulp is secured; add a beaten egg, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. Add a level teaspoonful of baking powder to half a cup of flour and stir what is needed of this into the corn mixture. Drop by the teaspoonful into a frying pan containing a little hot pork or bacon fat, fry until brown, then turn and brown the other side. Serve from the frying pan.

QUERY 1499. — "Recipe for Sugared Almonds."

Sugared Almonds (Miss Parloa)

Blanch one cup of almonds. Put half a cup of boiling water and half a cup of sugar over the fire in a saucepan, let boil fifteen minutes, then add the almonds and let boil about five minutes longer, stirring all of the time. When the sugar grains, turn the almonds upon a dish to cool.

QUERY 1500. — "Recipes for use in Chafing Dish."

Apricots in Chafing Dish

Make a can of apricots hot in the blazer; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and serve on slices of sponge cake.

Apricots and Tapioca, Chafing Dish Style

Turn the juice from a can of apricots into the blazer, adding to it enough boiling water to make a pint; add half a teaspoonful of salt and a scant half cup of fine tapioca and stir until the whole is boiling; set the hot water pan

in place, with boiling water in it, and over it cook the tapioca, covered, about twenty minutes; fold in the beaten whites of two eggs, add the apricots, cover and when hot serve with cream and sugar.

Curried Eggs

Put six eggs in a saucepan with boiling water to cover; cover the saucepan and let it stand on the back of the range, where the water will keep hot but not boil, twenty minutes. Remove the shells and when cold cut in quarters. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer; add a teaspoonful of grated onion, stir and cook a moment, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of curry powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; stir until frothy, then add one cup of milk, thin cream or broth and stir till boiling; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and the cooked eggs and when hot serve.

Beef Tongue, Poivrade Sauce

Some time before preparing the dish cut an ounce of fat salt pork or bacon, two slices of onion and a piece of carrot into tiny bits. Put these into a saucepan with one-fourth a bay leaf, a dozen peppercorns and a sprig of parsley. Let cook until lightly browned. Drain off the fat, add one-fourth a cup of vinegar and let stand until reduced one-half, then strain into a cup and a half of brown stock. Cook one-third a cup of sultana raisins until tender and the water is evaporated. In the blazer melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and let cook until browned but not blackened in the least; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, cook until browned, then add the stock and stir until boiling; add three tablespoonfuls, each, of currant jelly and Madeira wine, the raisins, carefully drained, and a pint of cold, cooked tongue, cut in tiny squares. Stir while the whole becomes very hot, then serve.

October Chafing Dish Suppers

I

Anchovy Croutons
Hot Chicken Salad
(Substitute cooked celery for peas. See Seasonable Recipes)
Hot Pineapple Soufflé, Cream, Sugar
Peanut Brittle

II

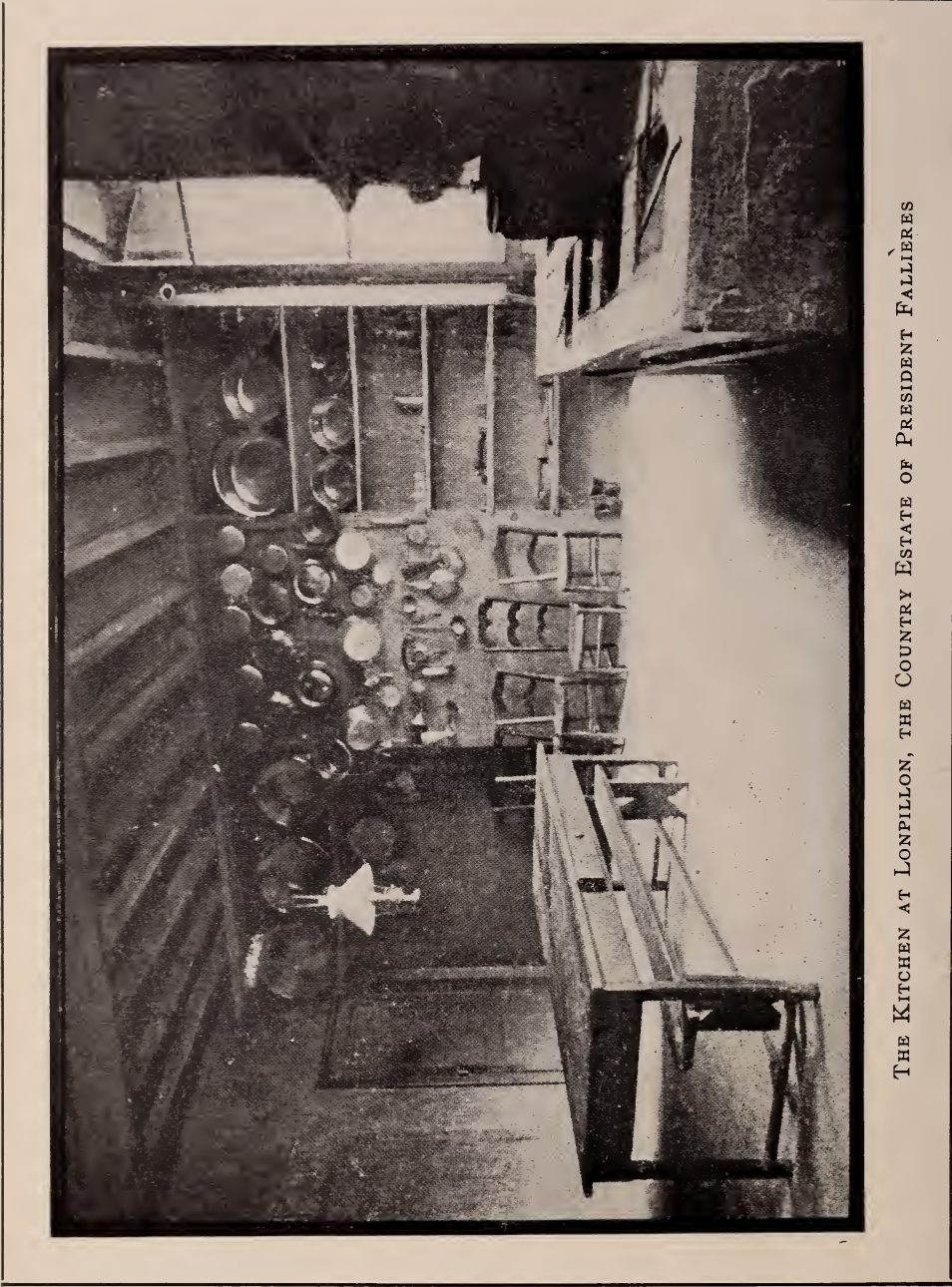
Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
Graham Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Creamed Oysters with Puff-Paste Fingers
Fruit Cup
Salted Pecan Nuts

III

Crab_Flakes with Tomato and Green Pepper
Celery. Olives
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuits
Apricots on Hot Sponge Cake Croutons
Tea

IV.

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Olives. Gherkins
Baba, Hot Sauce
Coffee



THE KITCHEN AT LONPILLON, THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF PRESIDENT FALLIERES

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 3



By Isabel Floyd Jones

“THE kitchen,” say the French, “is the soul of the house.” If this be true, and there seems no reason to deny it, how does it happen that even in many beautiful houses, as in more humble ones, the kitchen is a badly situated, badly lighted, inconvenient and uncomfortable apartment?

In most cases, considering the question from the American or English point of view, this state of affairs can be attributed to the architects and builders rather than the housewife. The kitchen in most cases, save that it is near the back door, seems to have been stowed away in some odd corner unsuitable for

what are commonly considered more aesthetic ideas.

The idea of putting the kitchen in the secondary rôle is rank heresy, and



THE KITCHEN OF A SMALL FRENCH
COUNTRY INN

the evil consequences which may arise from neglecting its better planning and appointments may sooner or later be expected to tell on those who draw their living therefrom.

Of course an architect cannot be expected to have the soul of a cook, and if he has not the soul of a cook how can he experience the emotions of a cook? He simply can't. The most he can do is to take counsel with a cook — if he is wise — and build accordingly.

The location of a kitchen in a modern flat, or house, is not a matter of such small importance as might be supposed. That one imperfection — the ill-placing of the kitchen — augments the difficulties of the work of the cook much more than might be supposed; perfect service from the kitchen to the table is impossible, and a badly lighted, ill-ventilated kitchen reflects its evil influences on the health of the workers.

The worst defect with which a kitchen may be endowed is for it to be situated below the street level; under such circumstances it is impossible for it to be well aired, is bound to be ill-lighted, and, from all points of view, is inconveniently disposed; more particularly is such a kitchen to be seen in old English and American houses,

seldom in France, though all the defects here mentioned existed in many a dwelling of the Paris *bourgeoisie* under the citizen king, the plush and horse-hair era.

The fact that a kitchen is humid and unwholesome, under these conditions, should be enough to condemn it, and in these days, where the doctrine of light and air is everywhere preached, condemnation proceedings against this genre of kitchen is agreed upon generally. And the result: cooks are no more the irascible individuals they were once accounted, for it was impossible to inoculate themselves against the germs of infirmities propagated by the underground kitchen.

The Frenchman's formula for the kitchen of today is that it should be spacious, without being too wide or long and thereby causing unnecessary steps, for the fatigue caused by chef's pantouffled jog-trot, kept up all day long, is seriously augmented with every additional yard, and he actually walks miles in the course of a day even in a sufficiently, though not too, ample kitchen. A kitchen of too great proportions is costly from two points of view, the space given to it — which, must be taken from that devoted to other necessary apartments — and by the large number of persons to be employed for its upkeep.

Whatever its proportions the French kitchen more nearly corresponds today to a *hygienique* apartment than any other of the modern dwelling, unless it be the *chambre à coucher*, which the French have lately carried to a remarkable degree of stern simplicity.

The well lighted and aired kitchen on the ground floor — accessible to the open, either front or back, and not giving on a courtyard — is by all odds the most convenient and the best, and the French more than the folk of any other nation practice as well as preach on these lines. The floor of the French kitchen is subject to especial thought

and care. The chef has his own ideas about this, and says that wood is less fatiguing than brick or tiles, but tiles are decidedly the best from a hygienic point of view, though it is conceivable that a well-waxed and cared for hardwood floor would meet all sanitary demands quite as well. The labor and expense of keeping it up to these requirements would be considerable, however.

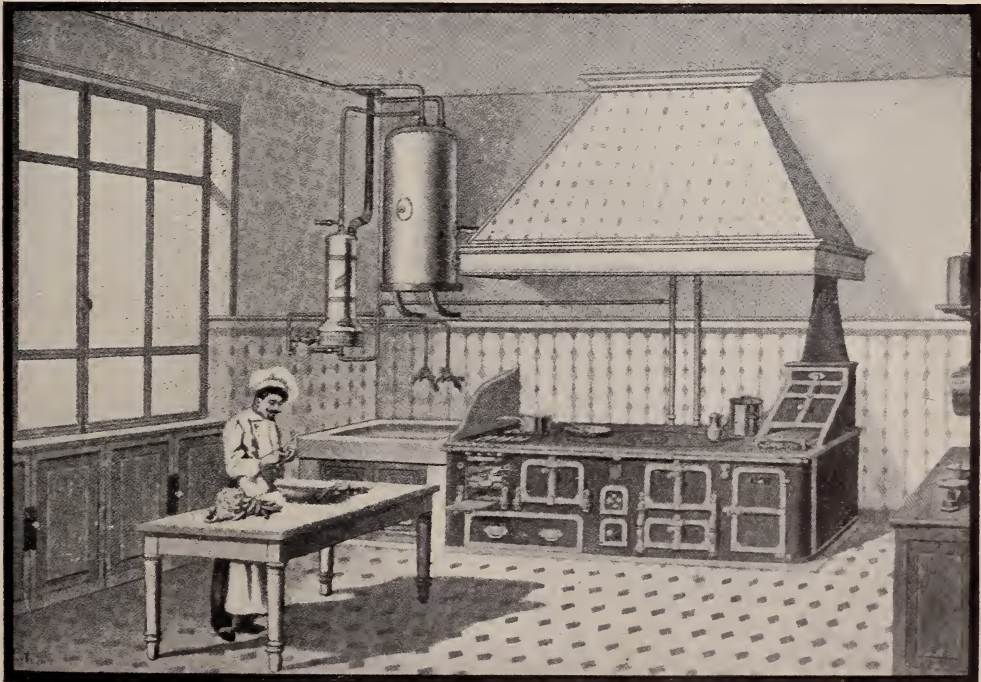
The French kitchen is in proper juxtaposition to the *salle-à-manger* but never so near that odors or smoke can penetrate from one to the other, nor indeed to any other room in the house. Frequently the kitchen of a French country house is situated across a courtyard, but this offers considerable difficulty for the proper serving of its product, as well as an increased agility on the part of the personnel, to say nothing of an increase in their numbers.

The vaulted ceilings of many a fine old French Renaissance chateau have now given way to a flat, unornamented

ceiling with lacquered, or perhaps tiled, walls. What is lost in romantic picturesqueness is gained in cleanliness.

The range, or cook stove, the French chef's *fourneau*, is made of iron or steel, and as plentifully trimmed with brass or steel in natural finish as was a locomotive of the sixties. Besides the *fourneau* there may be various *braziers* and *réchauds* and of course a *broche*, or spit (the French chef does not approve of baked meats), but of them later.

Invariably the *fourneau* occupies a well-lighted position, and is never more tucked away in a dark corner beneath a vast cavern of an overhung chimney. Tourists see this latter arrangement chez Mme. Poulard, at Mont Saint Michel, and think it "real French," ignoring the fact that it is but a tourist sight, like that of Madame herself turning omelettes on a long handled *poelon*. Well, *Madame Poulard s'en va*, and so has the great capot chimney of romance, an ugly, unclean evil-smelling hole of an inferno.



THE MODERN FRENCH FOURNEAU OR COOK STOVE AND ITS INSTALLATION



A SCULLERY IN A SMALL FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE

A gas stove or an electric-cooker are of course desirable and serve their purpose well; at the same time they do not tend to throw out any great amount of superfluous heat, and though the real *cordon bleu* may professionally decry them, from a humane point of view he is very partial to them. Both gas and electricity give out a regular heat, and for this reason they should endear themselves to the chef — at least so far as concerns their proper place, which says your *vrai maître* of the kitchen is to keep a *pot-au-feu* slow-boiling. For this there is nothing better.

France and the French chef have been slow enough to adopt many refinements and labor-saving devices common enough in England or America, and even in Germany — though it would be an unknowing, or daring, person who would compare German cooking with French — but by a natural, insinuating process many specialties, such as mechanical egg-beaters, meat-choppers and even White Mountain ice-cream freezers, have taken the

places of more crude and less efficient indigenous appliances. What we do with a machine we do well, but what the French chef does with his hands he does better than we.

In one corner of the French kitchen are usually found two pyramid racks with shelves of graduated sizes, on which are ranged the marmites of copper and the white metal pots and pans, which latter, from a sanitary point of view, have almost finished ringing the death-knell of the chef's beloved *cuvivres*. These white metal and copper kettles and pans, being thin and light, heat and cook very quickly, and are indispensable for sauces and certain vegetables.

The chef's table occupies the centre of the kitchen, before the *fourneau*. It is either a *banc de cuisine*, a sort of elaborated chopping block, or else a very solid deal table covered with a cloth, for your truly artistic chef *will not work upon a bare table top*, but on slabs or *planches* of wood, which can be readily and properly cleaned. The French chef will even cook fish on a plank on occasion, when he has not a fish marmite large enough or long enough, though true it is he does not know its excellence or significance.

The architect, the chef and the plumber all combine their talents, or should do so, with the laying on of the water in the modern kitchen. In France running water all over the house is a rarity in any but the most luxurious establishments, both private and public. L'eau courante in the sleeping-rooms, or even dressing-rooms, is most unusual, and there is a great disinclination to put in more taps than occasion demands as most necessary. In the modern city house, apartment, or public hotel this may not apply so strictly, but in many otherwise comfortable and even splendidly appointed houses the scarcity of running water, or indeed water of any kind, is painfully apparent to the American. We

will not speak at length of bath rooms, since they have little to do with kitchens — unless one should be installed for the servant, though it would be a magnificent demure, indeed, that made such provision for its personnel in France — but what would an American think, for instance, of a bath tub that emptied itself through a waste pipe in the conventional manner, but could only be filled by the pouring in of sundry bucketfuls of (more or less) hot water, which by the time it actually arrived was no longer hot.

For the kitchen and its dependencies, at any rate, there is an abundance of water in France, and whilst, of course, it is an understood fact that the water should be the purest there are frequently two kinds laid on, the *potable* kind and the other. The question of drinking water in France is a great one; it is not that there is any great scarcity but often it is not accessible, and for that reason, as much as any other, mineral waters are so frequently drunk. Even in Paris houses very little of the public service water ever gets to the table, save as it has been used in cooking, and even then in certain parts of the city the "source" is not considered fit even after it has been boiled. In many provincial cities too, *eau de source*, supposedly drinkable without filtering, is only to be had from a public fountain; that which is piped into the houses being usually river or canal water, "good for cooking vegetables" the chef will tell you, though why it is hard to see.

The *batterie de cuisine*, the chef's pots and pans and ladles and what not, are the chief and most important accessories of the French kitchen. A rolling-pin a French chef may have little or no use for, but unless he has as many sorts of ladles and scoops as a tailor has of shears he is utterly lost.

This *batterie de cuisine*, of *casseroles*, *marmites* and *poelons*, each in a dozen graded shapes and sizes, is a very strik-

ing feature of any properly installed French kitchen, and it possesses, as well, a very decorative effect, above all, if it is well cared for and brilliantly polished, as it should be.

Not only are there various sauce-pans, stew-pans, frying-pans and soup-pots to this varied collection, but there are jugs and pitchers of various forms and sizes, circular and oblong boilers, and various sorts of molds, cups, weights and measures, for the most part in copper or white metal, aluminum; perhaps "enameled iron-ware" is not in favor with your conscientious French chef.

It is not possible to number or even to catalog these pieces. It is difficult to define them with exactitude; the collection must always be sufficient for the work it may be called upon to do. One can arrive at a near enough knowledge, if one takes for a basis the probable number of persons to be catered for. A dining-room that can give place to forty on occasion, it is evident, de-



A COUNTRY KITCHEN IN FRANCE

mands that the kitchen have a sufficient *batterie* to turn out the various dishes required for a repast for forty, and in this case there must also be in reserve other big dishes and molds for the simple reason that any house habitually giving dinner parties for forty might also on occasion give suppers and balls to even larger numbers. In this case the *batterie* is more numerous and varied. In more modest instances, where ten or a dozen guests, or even but four or five, are the greatest number ever entertained, the quantity of the chef's working plant might naturally be estimated as considerably less, though it is always understood to possess practically all the varied components recounted above to some degree. In the humblest of French homes, with any pretence whatever towards an adequate installation, the kitchen *batterie* is an item of considerable importance and value.

One important aspect of French life affects this question, as it does most other domestic arrangements in the land of good cooks, and that is the possibility — as occasion demands — of hiring, for a brief, or lengthy period, an additional service of plates or china, or even cooking utensils; as for that matter, a clothes wringer or a bath tub. To us across the seas this seems strange, but it is a patent fact nevertheless.

Again certain *plats* or dishes will, perhaps, often be bought ready-made outside, not only for a party dinner but for a home dinner as well, and this relieves the French kitchen and its chef of much encumbrance and care. A truffled boar's-head, for instance, might much more readily be bought all prepared of the *charcutier*, as various *gateaux* and *glaces* and *sorbets* are frequently ordered of a *pâtisier*, and as bread is always bought of a *boulangier*. If the average French kitchen had to turn out all these exotics, it would require to be the size of a whole floor of the house and have an army of chefs

and helpers. The New England housewife of our grandmother's day could bake bread, pies and cakes, roast beef and boil chicken practically all at once, and in cramped quarters, and have them all done to a turn. The French chef won't attempt such a thing, nor is the French kitchen fitted for it.

As to the components of a *batterie de cuisine* for an average French city or country house the following will be found to approach the classic arrangement.

Ten ordinary *casseroles* of different sizes, the largest holding five quarts and so on down to a pint.

Four sauce-pans of from five quarts to one quart.

Three Bains-marie, or double boilers, of from three quarts to a pint.

Six flat, shallow *casseroles*, or frying pans of varying sizes.

Two soup pots, of three and six quarts.

Four graduated deep *casseroles*.

Six graduated *marmîtes*, holding from two to ten quarts.

Six graduated bouillon heaters.

One fish kettle for turbot.

Three long fish kettles, capable of taking a whole bar, salmon, etc.

A dozen flat, round and oblong dishes of "terre cuit," capable of withstanding the heat of the oven or brazier.

Two porcelain basins, or bowls, of large size, two of tin, and two smaller bowls of porcelain, for the stewing of fruits or certain acidulous vegetables, and two of the latter, still smaller, for beating eggs.

Two more shallow frying pans or griddles, several broilers, and as varied an assortment of spoons, strainers and ladles as fancy dictates.

Molds for jellies, with or without covers, six molds for *charlottes* or *blancmange*, and numerous small tin molds for the traditional *brioche* and other simple pastrys should be included.

To complete the ensemble are added such additional pieces as cups and gob-

lets, fluters, graduated molds of small size, tin shapes for cutting pastry, vegetable parers, spoons and strainers, with a brave array of knives and cleavers.

From all this one may readily assume that the installation of a French kitchen is no light inexpensive affair. Quite the contrary, and if it lacks many modern labor-saving appliances and "Yankee notions," as indeed it lacks provision for the placing of flour barrels and bacon in sides, it makes up in its otherwise varied assortment of accessories. Flour in barrels, or in sacks even, like coal by the ton, is practically unheard of in middle-class French life.

The French *batterie de cuisine* is of a

durable nature, and with proper care, and but few replacements, it should last a lifetime. No one in France, the land of good cooks par excellence, thinks such a thing a luxury, but rather a necessity, and many a chate-lain of a great house has been known to curtail other departments that the kitchen might be well appointed.

One fundamental rule there is which is hung in every French kitchen, or if not literally hung up it is because it is an understood tenet of the French chef's creed: all others are optional.

"The coppers, those that have handles, should be hung on the wall, ranged in the order of their size; the others should be placed upon a narrow shelf beneath, one only in a row."

Inferences

By Kate Gannett Wells

IF the perpetration of an innuendo is mean, the shrewdness to so state a truth that a wrong inference can be drawn from it is despicable, for the first speaker deliberately puts his statement in such a way that it shall be susceptible of having an untruth as its corollary. Just because it started in a truth, it is all the more misleading, though Sir Robert Peel is credited with having said that "there is nothing so misleading as facts, excepting figures."

This ability to damn another by allowing wrong inferences to go unchallenged is far worse than to condemn another by shoulder shrugs, those unspoken expressions of doubt or scorn. The ease and frequency with which such inferences are accepted is seen, by way of illustration, in the conversational brilliancy of English society novels, and New York ones, too; their smartness being just a clash-

ing of whole and half truths, from which purposely intended wrong inferences are to be drawn as being correct.

Unfortunately, skill in furnishing the material for wrong inferences is co-extensive with society and as ancient as diplomacy. Now, however, it does its work in hidden manner under the specious guise of the phrase "for the good of the cause." How often a salaried worker is dismissed with no other reason given for such statement! and those who hear it and acknowledge its dictum go away with the impression that something is seriously wrong, morally or financially, with the worker, when there isn't. Only somebody wants to get rid of her or him, usually for personal reasons, hence the dismissal. Or the resignation is asked, unless the worker is canny enough to forestall it and resigns himself. Then comes in the comic cruelty; that a right infer-

ence is being drawn from the fact, namely, that no matter how insistently he may say he resigned, voluntarily, the world infers, knows, he had to do it, and so the stigma of failure to please his employer is fastened upon him as an incubus. If his former patron is asked about the dismissal, he merely replies, in benevolent, regretful manner, that "the good of the cause" demanded it.

Countless injustices and sneaking selfishness and jealousy are constantly committed by philanthropy as well as by business or politics in the name of these words, which too frequently are taken at their face value and leave a slur upon the reputation of the person dismissed, which rankles in the memory of those who hear it and prevents the worker from getting a good position elsewhere.

Women are quite as apt as men to make covert woe of this phrase; though in their various organizations the right of summary dismissal "for the good of the cause," or without statement of the reason for it and without the power of appeal on the part of the person dismissed, has not yet been granted in any section of their by-laws, as is the case, it is said, in sundry bodies masculine or political. Women know how to handle such a matter more deftly. They sadly discuss the necessity for such a dismissal until a bystander cannot avoid drawing the wrong inference, that such action is unavoidable. It has been said that faint praise condemns, but the words "for the good of the cause" are more condemnatory, for they can mean anything. Or, maybe it is said, when one wants to get rid of somebody who is on a committee, that she is not such a person as we want to represent us. Two wrong inferences then can be drawn, one of them (contrary to the intent of the objector), that all the rest of the women are honorable, which is not always the case. The second inference is also untrue, that the wo-

man designated as unworthy to be a representative is not honorable, when she is, save that somebody does not like her.

One annoyance of an inference is the result that she who makes it always believes it. Yet we all know how disastrous it often is to infer from an advertisement of a patent food or of the attractions of a summer hotel that either the food or the place is all that it is stated to be.

Another bother about an inference is the ability of the person, who purposely phrases his statement so that a false inference shall be drawn from it, to progress easily from such evasive remark to a direct lie. "The Seven Stages of a Lie," according to a poem in *Life*, advance from an "artless fib" to "fabrication with just enough of truth therein to give it virtuous semblance," thence to "two untruths so disposed that they seemingly make a truth," and finally on to the "blank, blanked, slanderous lie."

We all recognize the baseness of a lie, but not the greater meanness of "the suggestion of that which is error and the letting alone of that which is truth." Just the letting of it alone can create the wrong inference, which the speaker desired. Said Dr. E. S. Gannett once in his lecture on Conversation, "I could admire the courage of a man who would tell a downright lie rather than make a statement true in itself, but with a falsehood nestling in the inference which he knew would be drawn from his words." And of Dr. Gannett himself, said the preacher, Theodore Parker, his strong theological opponent, "I would as soon leave my character with Dr. Gannett as with any one living," for Parker knew that he would then be neither misrepresented nor misquoted.

We do not sufficiently value what led Tennyson to be called "the apostle of the sanctity of words." A curious instance of the lack of such sanctity is

given by a record in the Law Reporter of 1839, which goes to prove that the desire to create a harmful inference may be primeval. The record runs that a man testified he would require \$500 "to operate with." When questioned what he meant by operating, he replied, "I should have applied it in paying for wine and terrapin suppers, as that is about as efficient a mode of operating as I know of." Asked if he meant wine and terrapin supper for members of the Legislature, he answered, "Yes, sir."

Presumably we all have to pass through stages of official and moral growth, and well is it for the sincerity of this old world that most of us emerge from the ordeal of temptations to insincerity unscathed, more eager than ever not to barter our truthfulness for the sake of satisfying personal animosity or of gaining a point. Very

noble, pure, broad-hearted and broad-minded are such women, and they can be numbered by thousands, from whose words, deeds and looks a wrong inference can never be drawn.

For it is not exact truthfulness in words alone that prevents the drawing of wrong inferences, but truthfulness in demeanor; though not that kind of politic, apparent candor with which a chairman surveys her committee before stating her private opinion frankly as she calls it. Woe to the unlucky member who votes against it! And the pity of such candor is, that one has to be almost as keen and uncandid as is the chairman, in order to see through her intention.

Still like the fabulous mystic, both the untruthful and the truthful can entreat "the Blessed One to tell them how they shall know in advance that which is not to happen till afterwards!"

From the Heights

By Lucia W. Eames

What miracle hath bowèd down
The lofty Rocky's barren crown,
And scattered from her summit bare
These gifts of fern and floweret fair?
Too feeble were my feet to climb its ways,
Too frowning did it meet my upward gaze,
So all the secrets of the heights must be
Forever, as I thought, a mystery.
Yet here I hold — to call mine own
These symbols of a life unknown,
Silent, and sweet, and unconfessed,
High on the mountain's jagged breast.

O little fern and little flower,
Ye shall not perish with the hour,
But here within my garden set,
Beside red rose and mignonette,
Ye shall live on, and for me
Perform your helpful ministry;
Singing of half-forgotten days
When, blest, I trod the upland ways,
And, bathed in love's effulgent light,
Earth, sea and sky broke on my sight;
When calm my spirit found at last,
Its long, tempestuous struggles past.

Would that, likewise, my lofty friend
To bridge the years, might message send!
Some little word that proof should be
I live within his memory;
Some thought to lift my soul-life higher,
Some yearning wish, some deep desire —
Some vague regret e'en that a past
So blest, should blighted be at last.
Such word, if it should ever come,
Within my heart would find its home;
There, planted deep and all unseen,
I'd keep it ever, fresh and green.

The House with the Hollyhocks

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

I
“THEY were delicious, Mr. Fletcher. It was so kind in you to think of us.”

“Kind to think of you, Miss Vernon? You make it difficult to forget you.”

Kathrine Vernon looked up quickly. She wore a good protective armor of self-confidence; but she was not proof against arrows of sarcasm if they were pointed enough. The eyes gazing down into hers, however, had not at the moment that gleam of amusement added to their keenness which she feared even while she admired. He looked quite in earnest. How was she to know that he was seeing beyond her into eyes that had wakened a tender memory in him? The truth was she had made it a little difficult for him to forget her, for she had been almost daily in his sight, since, soon after his coming to Wilboro, Mr. Vernon had called upon him and opened his doors to the multimillionaire. There was no Mrs. Fletcher at present, she had passed to the Great Beyond years ago. But there might be one again at any time. This thought was in the minds of the enterprising young women of Wilboro, whom wealth had put into a position to make their homes attractive to Mr. Fletcher, and of some who assumed more worldly possessions than they owned. Mr. Fletcher was too clever not to comprehend and too satirical not to enjoy the situation. His experience with the past Mrs. Fletcher, however, had fully determined him to give her no successor. But why should he spoil the fun by declaring anything so cruel to the hopes of young aspirants? And why should he not coquette a little with the caps supposed to be invisible, which were thrown at him more or less deftly? He must have a little amusement, and

this was harmless; it was not hearts that he was playing with. The first evidence of real heart he had found since coming to the town he had seen that morning; and it had not been for him at all, but for a boy of twelve, and a tough specimen of youth at that.

“I’m so fond of cherries,” went on Miss Vernon’s somewhat incisive voice. “And yours I’ve eaten every year since I can remember. Mary Cogswell and I were great cronies, and every summer at cherry time I loved her better than ever,” she laughed. “When we were very little we used to climb the trees and help ourselves — when Papa Cogswell didn’t find us out and forbid it; he said we spoiled the trees. Poor Mary Cogswell!” she added, “how she mourned to have to sell the place when the crash came; but, of course, such things have to be.”

“Where is she now?” asked her listener, the purchaser of the Cogswell estate.

“I don’t know. She left town before you came. I always intended to answer her letter; but I put it off — you know how such things go — and so I lost track of her, poor little thing!”

Mr. Fletcher glanced about him. He perceived how badly the showy dining-room, the handsome silver and glass and linen of the table, the courses from the hand of a chef, the gay guests in their fine feathers would accord with a “poor little thing.” This brought him again to the face he saw before him as he seemed to be gazing at Miss Vernon’s bright eyes and rosy lips and dazzling teeth, a face that he had never seen at any of the grand entertainments he had frequented since coming to Wilboro six months ago, the face of almost an old woman, Kathrine Vernon from her standard of twenty-

two years might have said; to the man of fifty she was evidently a woman past her youth of face, although her figure was as lithe as a girl's; but what he saw before him all that day was the face holding a youth of soul which he questioned whether its possessor would ever outgrow.

"To speak of children and cherries," he said with a smile, "is to link together lovers and beloved. We could take pity on one poor child, you know, if he didn't bring a hundred behind him, crying out that we gave to him, and we ought to give to them! There was a little wretch up in my best tree this morning eating on a wager, and breaking off the bearers even faster than the cherries. I nabbed him and was going to give him to the policeman, when a little lady sprang up somewhere beside him — I had not seen her coming — and begged him off. I didn't want to let him go, but I had to — a boy that may be really hungry, with a mother very ill, perhaps dying, one can't resist that; so the little wretch went free. I could find it in my heart to forgive him the cherries, but the thought of the bearers on the ground rankles still. Who was the little lady, I wonder? I have never met her before, never anywhere that I have been."

Miss Vernon laughed. "Hardly!" she returned. "Oh, Miss Darling *is* a lady, of course; she belongs to one of the oldest families in Wilboro. But it's ages since they amounted to anything. When I was a child the mother and older sister were living, both invalids, and Miss Nan took care of them and ran things generally. Since they died she has lived alone — if one can call it alone, when she has an interest in all of a certain class in town!

"A gossip?" questioned the other, remembering a dignity and reserve in his visitor of the morning, except in the warmth of her plea.

Kathrine Vernon laughed. "As to what we do she probably knows noth-

ing, and cares less, Mr. Fletcher; she has come down socially. But if anybody's in trouble or pain, that she knows all about. I could tell you dozens of incidents, but it would be tiresome. It is said, however, that her especial hobby is boys! She ought to set up a boys' school. But then she'd take in all the ragamuffins who couldn't pay her a cent, so she'd be worse off than she is now, and people say that's bad enough."

"What?" asked Mr. Fletcher, coming back from a recollection of the look in Miss Darling's eyes as they followed the culprit of the morning scampering off as fast as his bare feet could carry him. "He might have stopped to thank you," Fletcher had said to her. "He means it," she had answered, her interest in the fleeing child still in her eyes, and a sense of humor dawning in them. "But, as he would put it, he hasn't got round to saying so; we shall have to give him time." As she finished, the merriment had kindled in her eyes, and his laugh answered it. She had not forgotten to thank him, and, then, while he seemed to be still listening to her, she had vanished. Remembering her ease in a position that would have embarrassed many, he asked his companion if Miss Darling never went into society?

Again Miss Vernon laughed. "I don't believe anybody thinks of asking her," she said. "She's out of everything, you see; and, then, of course, she hasn't any gowns for functions." Mr. Fletcher silently wondered why to the masculine eye a cambric might be as pretty as a silk; perhaps the silk expressed the fashion, and the cambric the wearer. "I've heard," pursued the speaker, "that the interest on her mortgage will soon eat up her house; it will go under the hammer — then what will she do? Mamma told her one day one has to think of one's self a little. Isn't it so?"

"Most of us do, certainly," responded

Fletcher. "And didn't Miss Darling agree?"

"She said, 'Yes, and of other people, too!' Until last year she has been expecting to win a lawsuit descended to her; everybody said she ought. Then she would have had at least a little to live upon. She lost it. But she goes on just the same," added Kathrine in answer to the other's exclamation of sympathy. "Of course she'll land in the poorhouse."

Fletcher was silent. He did not hold himself a religious man; but he had too much faith to believe that. As he listened to his companion talking of various things, the beautiful eyes of Miss Darling, as she had pleaded with him for an ignorant boy and had expected compassion from his own better knowledge and training, seemed to shut out the sparkling face beside him. He knew that there was no sentimental nonsense in this — the eyes had reminded him of his mother's. Had she lived longer, such lessons as Miss Darling had unconsciously given him would not have been rare.

So, Miss Nan Darling lived in the large colonial house with the great garden filled with old-fashioned flowers; it was called in the town "the house with the hollyhocks," from its profusion of those flowers in their season. He had often passed it.

One July morning he stopped there and stood leaning over the wooden gate. He had lifted his hat before in passing, and once he had stopped to inquire for the mother of Jack Morgan, the young cherry thief, whom Miss Darling had saved from his wrath. But that day he lingered, looking at the masses of tall hollyhocks, where the still green buds gave no hint of their coming beauty; at the trumpet honeysuckle clambering up the pillars of the veranda; at the morning-glories running up the trellis behind the asters; at the climbing roses on the house, venturing

every year nearer to the upper windows; at the day lilies and the rich tiger lilies, the beds of portulaca and phlox, the hydrangea bushes by the path, the sweep of grass on the lawn before the house, and the red and white clover blossoms that nestled among it, all so lightly waved by the summer breeze that Fletcher, watching it, did not wonder at the fancy of the Poet Lowell, who left some part of his lawn unmown that nature might have her charming way there.

But, from whatever point the gazer's eyes started, they always returned to the little lady in the summer gown and hat, who at last had seen him and was coming through the garden paths to the gate with a basket in her hand.

"What delicious currants!" he said after his greeting, "I've been watching you picking them until my mouth watered. White currants! They remind me of those in our garden, when I was a boy. Thank you," he added laughing as he reached over the gate, and, uninvited, picked out a few stalks and held up the translucent berries. "What beauties!" he said. Then the beauties vanished down his throat. "May I have a few more?" he asked, smilingly.

"As many as you like," she answered. "But come upon the veranda, out of the sun."

He opened the gate immediately and took the basket from her. "I see you have a whole row of bushes," he said. "Why won't this be a good way to get even with you for making me let that boy off? He stole my cherries — I come and beg your currants. Don't take them off the stems, will you please?" he added, seating himself in an easy chair on the broad veranda as she vanished into the house. He was in no haste to finish his currants, and he drank more than one glass of the cool water she brought him. He eyed with approval the dainty dish and saucer and the quaint sugar bowl and

spoon. "Your grandmother's?" he asked. "Or perhaps your great-grandmother's?"

"Yes; the spoons were my great-grandmother's," she answered him.

"I didn't come in wholly to eat currants, Miss Darling," he said. "After you had gone away that morning your name haunted me; it had a familiar sound. I looked up the family tree. I found the Darlings of Wilboro; your great-grandmother and mine were own sisters — and mine was the Nan Darling; both were Darling, however, for they married brothers."

"I knew it," said Miss Nan.

"And you were ashamed to own me a cousin?"

She smiled a little. "I wouldn't claim relationship — no," she answered.

His lips closed over a fresh installment of currants as the thought came to him that Miss Nan was, perhaps, the only person in Wilboro who would not

have proclaimed the kinship immediately. "I get my best blood from my great-grandmother, Nan Darling," he said after a pause. "She was an aristocrat."

"I know it," she answered him. And she sighed so softly that she thought he did not hear her.

"You have a delightful home, Miss Darling," he went on, looking about him openly. "Was Nan Darling ever in it, do you know?"

"Yes, indeed — often. My great-grandfather built it. The Darlings have lived here ever since."

Again he caught the smothered sigh. Poor thing! The house was to be sold over her head. But perhaps that was not true.

And with thanks for her kindness, he took his leave.

"Will the spirit ever move me to come again, I wonder?" he asked himself as he latched the gate.

(To be continued)

Pride and Sorrow

By Lalia Mitchell

Little Boy, Little Boy, I am proud of your height,
 As you measure so gaily with Harry or Ted,
 I am proud of your growth, and yet, somehow, at night
 As I tuck you up safe in your own trundle-bed,
 There's a feeling of faintness comes over my heart,
 There's a tear, that unbidden, rolls down on my cheek,
 You are growing so fast; and for you the Man's part;
 While ever my arms, for my Baby must seek.

Little Boy, Little Boy, I am proud when they say
 You excel in your lessons, in painting and song,
 When they talk of the "A Class" for you some near day,
 And all the advancement that's coming ere long:
 But still hid away — my soul's secret with God —
 Is a fear, for the day, when you slip from my breast.
 And men praise the height, of the way you have trod;
 While my lonely heart misses my bird from its nest.



Three Miles from a Beefsteak

By Phoebe D. Rulon

JACK and I had decided to spend the summer in the country. We found an old farmhouse, an abandoned home nest, from which the young fledglings, having mated, had fled. This we secured at a moderate rent; but while it was less than a hundred miles from Great Gotham, it was so far removed from the center of things that we felt ourselves at the nethermost parts of the earth. There was neither train nor trolley at our service, and so little was there of the commercial spirit about us that we found it impossible to bargain for any sort of a wheeled affair with motive power to take us to town. Fortunately, everything came to our door but the butcher. But he was three miles distant with no inclination to come to us, and as we had no means of getting to him, it at once became our problem how to live and be happy without red meat. Jack was by no means a vegetarian. Indeed, it was his wont to lump together, under the nondescript title of grass, many of the delicious green things of the garden, declaring they could never take the place of a good porterhouse steak for him. We had paid our rent for the season, our household goods were installed and, meat famine notwithstanding, we had no notion of retreating. We were simply confronted with a necessity that must be met as intelligently as possible. We had no pet theory of diet to develop, no cherished ism of living to formulate.

But we did have a summer before us to be spent as pleasantly and as profitably as possible. As a matter of fact, we did spend it comfortably, pleasantly, and I trust profitably. We came home in good health and with added weight. And all in spite of the incorrigible butcher, for from June to

October we had only eight steaks, one pot roast, a few pounds of stewing meat and three pounds of ham, with no canned meat whatever.

And this is the way we did it. It became apparent in the very beginning that we must lean very heavily upon the staff of bread. Especial care was, therefore, given to the preparation of uniformly excellent bread. This was made wholly, or in part, with rich, full milk and the best of flour, with as much variety in kinds of bread as possible. Our butter was of the best, coming regularly from the hands of an expert and conscientious woman, who might well be proud of the golden mass she worked so dexterously. It was certainly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and our friends did no more than their duty when they graciously forgot the beefsteak in its presence. We doubled our usual amount of butter for the season, and in this way supplied our system with the necessary fat that usually came from meat. Good bread and butter were, therefore, the foundation stones upon which we built our dietary structure.

Appreciating the food value of cereals, when properly cooked and served with cream or rich milk, breakfasts without meat might have been a problem of easy solution, had it not been that Jack took no more kindly to cereals than he did to vegetables. Eggs, of course, were always at hand, and gave great latitude in the handling, but even they form a monotonous diet in time. Now here was a case of necessity, and Jack must learn to eat cereals. But you might as well argue with the wind as to argue with a man's palate. It was much more to the point and much more efficacious, to practise a bit of adroit deception. Always proceed from the

known to the unknown, our psychologists tell us. The known fact was that Jack was untiringly devoted to griddle cakes. Why not smuggle a generous portion of well-cooked cereal into a pint of rich sour milk, add soda, an egg and a little flour, and give Jack a combination breakfast that he would enjoy? This was resorted to at least once a week and was sometimes repeated at supper.

Dinners were something more of a problem. We dined at noon. Everybody dines at noon in the country, and it would take a stout heart, indeed, to turn an unheeding ear to the summons of that midday bell that rang out in no uncertain tones from every homestead around.

A farmer friend guaranteed us a chicken for every Sunday dinner, which always proved large enough for Monday as well, so we really had only five days wrestling with the meat problem per week.

The sea was full of fish and we were near the sea, so that fish was generally available, and being absolutely fresh was at its best. But, alas! Jack professed no fondness for the cold-blooded kind and always looked rather underfed when a fish dinner was over. Again ingenuity was called to the front. Upon careful observation, it became plain that it was not the fish but the bones that Jack disliked, and to rid our fish of bones seemed at first about as easy a task as to serve fresh blackberries without seeds. However, a way evolved itself. The fish was either pan-broiled or fried in butter, after which the skin and bones were easily removed and it was reheated in the oven, with butter added and seasoning, and came to the table as unmenacing as the inoffensive oyster. For the time being Jack was won over to a fish diet and our dinners proceeded apace. Sometimes the fish was served as a chowder, but with the full understanding that no meat course would follow.

When everything else fell out there

was always rich cream soups with egg added, to bear the burden of nutrition at the midday meal. Dietetically such soups have no rightful place at meat dinners, so that it was something of a satisfaction to make a rightful place for them. Here, too, was an avenue for smuggling in unawares some of tabooed vegetables, spinach for instance, which Jack ought to eat but would not.

Richer desserts, such as shortcakes, or puddings with cream sauces, were planned for the lean days.

The evening meal was always simple but always cosey, and included some warm nutritious dish, such as macaroni with or without cheese, creamed egg noodles, escaloped fish, etc., with an abundance of fresh fruit. Indeed, fruit in some form appeared at every meal.

You must know that our house included a guest-room, to which our friends were not only welcome but "welcome again," and a week after our house was in order the guest-room had an occupant, whom we knew ate meat like any Christian. This whetted our ingenuity but by no means blunted our spirit of hospitality. We remembered that he was fond of Boston baked beans and brown bread. We knew that beans kept pace with meat in vegetable protein content, so we set these before him without an apology, for were they not wholesome, and had they not been prepared with the utmost care?

The next morning after his arrival it slipped out unconsciously that he was longing for strawberries, for though it was mid-June, the city boarding-house had given him none. Now the water, sugar and acid that are so wondrously wrought into a strawberry will hardly be considered muscle-making or muscle-repairing food, but the strawberry plus the keen craving — who can exactly estimate the value of such a meal? Is it not after all what the system appropriates to its own uses that determines the nutritive value of any food? Is not a normally healthy

palate to be trusted, in a measure, as a safe guide? Fortunately we had an abundance of small fruits and could serve them lavishly as long as they lasted.

What we did for our guest at the beginning, we did for our guests until the end of the season. By hook or crook we possessed ourselves of the knowledge of their favorite dishes and made a point of serving them whenever available. If they were hungry boys, who had wheeled a hundred miles to see us, we piled a plate so high with fresh nutritious raisin bread and set it so near them that they never saw beyond it. Or we bounded their vision with fat pumpkin pie that described such a generous circumference that they felt there was no fear of coming to the end. Often we gave our friends a beach party, and spread the meal on the pebbly shore front. The novelty of boiling fish in

sea water and roasting potatoes in an open fire, converting the outside into charcoal tablets, and the inside into a mass of perfectly cooked starch, so raised them above sordid thoughts that they universally declared the meal "fit for a king" and voted for its repetition.

And thus the summer sped. We lingered on and on until October had more than half passed. The three long country miles still stretched between us and a beefsteak, indeed, I think the distance was lengthening every day.

Many times during the summer Jack declared that when he returned to town he had his first meal all planned, and it would include a porterhouse. When, at last, we reached once more the land of markets, Jack dined, and dined contentedly, on — chicken — chicken he brought himself from the country.

Thus tenaciously does habit take possession of us all!

The Small Markets of Paris

By Frances B. Sheaffer

THE principal market of Paris, Les Halles, is considered a sufficiently important institution to be included in every guidebook list as one of the city's show places. Indefatigable tourists, of the sort who do not hesitate to get up at three o'clock in the morning to see a sunrise, feel themselves well repaid for their loss of a little sleep, when they pay an early morning visit to this great market in the heart of that Paris which is full of revolutionary memories.

Its smiling rows of fresh vegetables arranged with the orderliness so characteristic of the people, its panniers of fruit, its meat and fish stalls, all bear convincing testimony to the fertility of this small land and the thrift of its inhabitants. Such a store of good

things to eat bespeaks plenitude; and when there does arise a rumor, like that which was circulated during the postal strike, that the Parisian supply of food, as well as its letters, was to be cut off, the thought is inconceivable, so abundant appear to be its resources.

Indeed, the quantity of food products which come into Paris every day, passed on by its vigilant *octroi* officials, is truly enormous. The huge market carts which bring in the material to be sold at the Halles commence to arrive through the city gates quite early in the evening. When the market people themselves sleep is a mystery. The market supplies are minutely specialized, and these carts will contain not a mixture of vegetables and meats, or fowls and butter and eggs, like the

huckster carts in America; but they will bring in, perhaps, a golden mountain of carrots, a green mound of tender young lettuce heads, a load of rosy apples. The meat merchants also specialize their stock in trade. The sheep butchers do not sell beef, the beef stalls do not keep pork, and neither of these is permitted to sell the horse and mule meat on which the poor of Paris live.

This unappetizing meat, said, however, to be peculiarly wholesome, can only be bought from certain authorized merchants, whose shops bear a spirited gold horse's head over the door by way of trade-mark. These horse butchers also sell mule meat and asses' meat, always advertised as of the "first quality." The traveler who fears to have this meat served him in the Paris hotels and pensions may be reassured, for he will always know it when he sees it. It is tougher and stringier than any beef that is ever eaten in America.

The Paris Central Market has always held a conspicuous place in the civic history of the French capital, — other than a purely economic one. Every one knows how the deep-voiced, aggressive women who tended its stalls helped fan the Revolutionary flame in the bloody days which ended the monarchical sway in France. Today these women still make their personalities felt, not only in Paris but throughout France. One of the city's fête days is given over especially to them, *Mi-Carême*. For that festival they choose from among the handsomest of their number a queen and her attendants, and these temporary royalties are paraded through the streets, lightly clad, their open chariot unprotected from the inevitable downpour of that March day.

The chosen beauties of the market are fêted here and there. They receive valuable gifts from merchants along the route of their parade, who

wish to profit by the sensation of the moment to advertise their establishments and their wares. For months afterward the Queen of the Queens and her maids of honor are invited to the small towns of France as special attractions for local fairs and celebrations of various kinds.

While all the world, strangers and natives alike, know the Halles, not every one realizes that the smaller markets in the different quarters of Paris offer in their way a diverting and interesting spectacle. They have their scheduled days, differing in different districts. In the poorer quarters these are invariably held on Sundays. Certain squares and boulevards are set aside for the uses of the market people, and, on market days, their canvas-covered stalls spring up like mushrooms, the spot becoming suddenly for several hours a scene of great animation.

The markets of the poor do not have even these canvas shelters. The supplies are bought directly from the carts and baskets of the *marchands*, and they are bought, too, in infinitesimal quantities, such as no American housewife would think of asking for, — two sous' worth of cheese, the ingredients of a salad for five sous, a half pound of apples, — always just enough, by the nicest calculation, for a little family, and no allowance for waste of any kind. There is nothing wasted in France. Even the paper bags in which the purchase is handed over to the customer are made of old magazines and newspapers, which have been thrown out of some house in a better quarter.

It is not always edibles that are sold in these outdoor markets. There are a hundred little household sundries included in the array of articles on the booths and in the carts; utensils of various sorts, devices for paring potatoes and apples, egg-beaters, new kinds of boilers, for whose culinary accomplishments marvels are claimed.

There are often booths where serviceable wearing apparel is displayed, aprons, blouses, skirts, even stockings and shoes, and inevitably the coarse crocheted lace made by the poor and worn, also, by them with so much apparent satisfaction.

In the larger markets there are, too, the catchpenny attractions cunningly arranged to beguile the marketing housekeepers into parting with some of their hard-earned sous.

In connection with more than one French Sunday market, and always in the districts where the very poor live, there are held rag fairs, the *Marché*

aux Puces, which contain such an unthinkable quantity of junk of all kinds, wearing apparel, bric-a-brac in the last stages of decay, old frames, rusty keys, myriads of stockings carefully mended, patched shoes, cracked and broken mirrors, toothbrushes black from use, even sets of false teeth.

This marvelous accumulation of the refuse of the well-to-do is spread out neatly on the sidewalks, and it is bought up by the very poor, who give it another term of usefulness, which would be quite impossible in any other country on earth but in economical France.

The Cook's Masquerade

By Villa C. Reed

BRIDGET KELLEY INVITES YOU TO
A KITCHEN TEA
THURSDAY—FOUR TO SEVEN
400 ADAMS STREET

SO read the invitations written on butcher's paper and enclosed in tiny new spice boxes. Who Bridget Kelley was I did not know, but 400 Adams street was a familiar address. There lived a charming woman famed for the uniqueness of her entertainments, large or small. Mrs. Brandt understood that successful entertaining depended more upon the congeniality of the guests than upon elaboration of amusement.

The nature of the party we guessed from the invitations, and our surmises were confirmed by a telephone message. Mrs. Brandt requested my sister and I to masquerade as American and Dutch Cooks for the afternoon.

Of course I, as the American, needed no "fixin's," wearing my usual kitchen seersucker and its accompanying long-sleeved apron. My sister's blonde hair

showed a smooth parting under her white-winged cap. She wore the short-sleeved dress of the Dutch housewife with its gathered skirt and white yoked neck. A plain gathered apron and wooden shoes completed her costume.

Thursday came — dark and rainy, but our apparel was storm proof and we sallied forth anticipating a jolly time. On approaching the house we were not surprised to see a large sign — a hand — and written thereon: "Servants' door to the rear."

At the back entry we were met by our hostess, but what a transformation from her usual sunny self! Garbed in calico of Irish hue and padded in proportion, with hair tightly drawn and a bit of smut over one eye, she was indeed Bridget Kelley. Her Irish brogue kept us laughing as we doffed our shawls in the entry.

We were a happy set, nine young matrons in all. There was Mrs. Eaton, trim and chic, with the modish cap of the French cook, and Mrs. Rice — her brunette coloring enhanced by the

glittering sequins adorning the sleeveless jacket of the Russian dress, which she so charmingly wore. The dainty Jap, plaided Scot and tall Swede with her peaked cap and homespun apron, not unlike a Roman scarf, added their varied colorings. Finally, came Sue Farley, impersonating her own Southern Mammy. She was the last to arrive, and so well disguised was she that we scarcely recognized her.

The spacious kitchen with its blue tiled wainscoting, alcoved dining tables and hooded ranges, was a beautiful as well as convenient place in which to work. Our hostess gave us slips of paper on which were written various recipes.

Scotch Collops
 Potatoes on the half shell
 Custard Corn Bread
 Okonomara Crunchens
 Individual Pumpkin Raisin Pie—Dutch
 Cheese
 French Cream Cake—Tchai

These were prepared at stated periods, and while they were cooking Mrs. Brandt, herself an accomplished cook, entertained us by a talk on the various dishes of the Germans. She spoke from experience, having lived several years in Germany. Household economics formed a profitable topic of conversation the last half hour before tea. The discussion served as an appetizer to the meal, which we enjoyed the more because of our part in its preparation.

Everything from the veal collops to the Russian tea, served from the steaming samovar, was delicious. The Southern Mammy won much praise for her dish, which was really a sublimated kind of corn bread with its layer of custard in the center. As souvenirs of the delightful affair we each received a wooden cake-spoon, with date and "A Kitchen Tea" written on the handle.

The Unlearned Creed

Cora A. Matson Dolson

"Now will I learn the creed," said she,
 "A creed to live by, or to die;
 Enough of walking heedlessly" —
 Then came a small child's troubled cry.

Oh, little stumbling feet that failed,
 And drew her from that written creed!
 Oh, tender heart that love exhaled
 Wherever weakness breathed its need!

The morning passed, the noon went by,
 The grasses with the dews were wet,
 When, lifting shamed eyes to the sky,
 She said, "I have no creed, as yet."

"Dear Lord, my hands have been so filled,
 I could not read where rules were writ:
 But love from out my heart I spilled
 And let Thy children have of it."

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR, SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-Office as second-class matter

The heroes of barbaric times were the men who killed and destroyed; the heroes of our day are those who succor and save.— *Andrew Carnegie*.

It is the part of wisdom to spend little of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much of your time upon things that bring you quietness and confidence and good cheer. — *Henry Van Dyke*.

LIFE AND PROGRESS

ALL this world today are deeply concerned in feats of airships and "dashes" to the North Pole, in building subways and canals and in cutting the speed records of ocean travel. Yet these are a few only

of the items of world-wide interest at the present day. The earth no longer seems composed of strange and distant lands, separated by vast and unknown seas. By means of modern appliances the different races of the earth have become nearby and well-known neighbors. Events that occur in any part of the globe are of common concern to all mankind. The service of native inhabitants is indispensable to a hunting trip in Africa. The Eskimo with his dogs renders a sledging outfit to the Pole possible. A man is a man the world over.

Undoubtedly the object of all human endeavor is the advancement of the race in knowledge and well-being — to afford every man complete opportunity to live naturally and in accordance with his best aspirations. More and more, it would seem, people everywhere are concerned in the ways and means of higher, better living, here and now. To this everything new in art, science and invention points. This way all real progress lies. By the betterment of life or of the conditions of getting a living the standard of everything in the way of rule and practice in life must be tested. We want to know just how to make the most of life. To this end all teaching and training should lead. And advancement along this line, we are glad to note, was never more marked than it is today. As an indication of the educational tendency of the day we take from recent words of a "writing man" the following paragraphs:

"The nearer our schools approach life, the more useful they are. There is great danger that a make-believe education will evolve a make-believe man. The college of the future will supply the opportunity, but the man will get his education himself. And it will not be a surface shine. To earn a living is quite as necessary as to parse the Greek verb and wrestle the ablativ.

"Some day, no college will graduate a man or woman who cannot at once earn a living. To make good is better than to make an excuse. The college and life must be one. The education of the future will be industrial, and opportunities will be afforded so the youth will get his living and his education at the same time. The college will then be a cross-section of life, not a papier-maché imitation of it."

DEFICITS OF LIVING

FROM a late editorial in the Boston *Herald* we clip this important information and comment. It is timely, and worthy of consideration by every thoughtful citizen:

"Eight hundred families in different parts of the German empire recently have furnished the Government with figures concerning their annual income and expense. A teacher and his wife, the man receiving a daily wage of a little less than \$2 a day, managed to save \$30 during the year. Another teacher with similar income incurred a debt of \$130, the difference in expense being largely for food, which item was \$125 more than in the former case. A cabinetmaker, with wife and child, earned but \$490 a year and yet was able to save \$30, his daily cost of living for three persons being but \$1.29. In eight families, representing different occupations, four managed to save and four incurred a deficit, but the four who saved had a total surplus of but \$192.50, and the four who ran behind piled up a total debt of \$562.50, or a net deficit for the eight families of \$370. A dispatch from Berlin furnishing these statistics adds, that 'in order to accomplish the results the most Spartan economy was required to accomplish even the slightest saving.'

"Germany is not alone in this condition of popular deficit. Great Britain studies over the problem of her increasing army of dependents, and does not seem to realize that the important

duty of the Government is not simply to care for the dependents, but to prevent an increasing part of the population from becoming dependent through inability to make both ends meet. The United States has not yet been called on to face the problem of dependency in the form in which it exists in Great Britain and on the Continent. The demand for old-age pensions, for insurance against idleness and disability, and for various schemes of disguised relief for dependency has not become prominent, but its murmurings are heard. A year's accounting of a representative grouping of American families of the various classes directed on similar lines to those of the German statisticians would be interesting and instructive. It might open eyes to some facts concerning 'prosperity' in the United States which are not always patent. And it would indicate, as the experiment in Germany has indicated, that the possibility of a national deficit does not involve as great danger to the welfare of the nation as does the creation of a deficit in the personal and family budget of a considerable percentage of the citizens.

"The cost of living should be one of the most important phases of the coming census investigation; not merely the theoretical cost, but the actual family and personal expenditures of representatives of the various classes. How large a portion of the population is making the ends meet each year? How many, with reasonable and even severe economy, are unable to make the ends meet? At what ratio is the industrial and social condition creating dependents? These are important questions. When they are answered they will demonstrate how inadequate pension schemes and old-age annuities are to avert the danger. They will emphasize the fact that the most serious problem with which governments must deal in the future is the reduction in the cost of living. Dependency in the

United States is very largely disguised and concealed. Private philanthropy cares for much of the need. Local care for dependents distributes the cost so that the figures seldom are massed. Legal means for the periodical extinguishment of debt and the laxity of commercial practice in the retail trade in enforcing payment enable many a dependent to maintain an air of independence. But the number of dependents is increasing. How rapidly and for what cause it is desirable that the census investigators should find out."

DOMESTIC SCIENCE IN THE SCHOOLS

IN the *North American Review* for August is a readable article on Domestic Science in Schools and Colleges by Helen Sage Gray. We make the following excerpts as indicating the trend of thought today.

"The appearance of the members of the family is a good indication of the kind of housekeeping they are accustomed to. They may be proof against mismanagement for a time and look rosy, but eventually they succumb. Bilious eyes, constellations of pimples, complexions like dough or dried apples, and the external symptoms of a hundred and one other ills are conspicuous evidences of the wife's incompetency, and cry out, 'Behold her handiwork.'

"Most illnesses come from improper food. A great deal of sickness in a family usually means inefficient housekeeping. Yet the wife never blames herself for the sickness or death of members of the family, but ascribes the untimely ending of their lives to an inscrutable visitation of Providence. Strenuous exertions are made and no expense spared for nursing, medicine and doctors to save the life of a member of the family who is ill; but the prevention of sickness through the study of housekeeping is disregarded. We

are obsessed by a belief in the efficacy of medicine. If the schools had not been derelict in their duty we should not have had the worship of Æsculapius continued to modern times.

"Household science and household arts should everywhere be introduced into the public schools. They are quite as important for young people to know as the binomial theorem or the doings of the Allobroges. Education in household arts and science can be spread more rapidly and efficiently by the public schools than by the home. Why should the teaching of household science be confined to the home? The home is not relied upon to teach other sciences. Where else, if not in the schools, are young people to come in contact with a higher standard of cooking?

"It is said that the American race is deteriorating physically. This assertion seems to be borne out by one's own observation. How few people one sees who are perfectly well; how many who have some ailment or other! And it is not to be wondered at that this latter class is so large when one sees the family dietary. Statisticians say that one-third of all the children in America die before they are a year old, and that the average age at which men die is thirty-five years. A quotation from Shakespeare, which is very appropriately printed on the title-page of a recent cook book, tells us the reason: 'Men die because they know not how to live.' With improved housekeeping, sickness will be decreased in direct proportion to the increase of intelligence and vigor, and longevity added to life. People are beginning to realize that sickness is unnecessary and might be avoided by hygienic living.

"If parents cannot afford to educate both sons and daughters, it would be better to educate the daughters, because as mothers they have so much more influence over the lives of their children than the fathers do."



PLANKED CHICKEN

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Anchovy Canapés

CUT out rounds from thin slices of bread. The rounds should not be more than two inches and a half in diameter. Toast the rounds of bread and let become cold. Spread with mayonnaise or Hollandaise sauce. Sprinkle chopped white and sifted yolk of egg (one hard-cooked egg is enough for six canapés) over the sauce, set a boned anchovy, coiled round and round, in the center of each. Lay a folded napkin on a serving dish, on the center dispose a mild onion, cut in rather coarse pieces; around and against the onion set the canapés. Cut a lemon in halves, crosswise, and the halves in

quarters; dispose these around the canapés. Set aside in a cool place until ready to serve. A cold meat fork is suitable for serving these. Two or three bits of onion, a canapé and a piece of lemon constitute one service, but any one of the articles, as onion, may be discarded.

Consommé Tomatee

(To serve to eight)

Make about two quarts and a half of consommé from three pounds of veal (knuckle, discarding part of the bone), two pounds of beef (neck) and a fowl. Cook the fowl in the beef and veal broth and reserve it for croquettes or some other dish. Use onion, parsley,

carrot, celery, three tomatoes and a soup bag to flavor the soup. Clarify in the usual manner. Flavor with sherry, if desired, and serve in each plate, julienne strips of tomato (no seeds), cooked white of egg, celery and string beans.



ANCHOVY CANAPES

Chicken Gumbo Soup

This soup, or stew, may be made from an uncooked fowl bought for the purpose, but is eminently satisfactory when made from the remnants of one or two roasted fowls. If the fowls were cooked with stuffing, discard the crumbs of this, break apart the remnants, at the joints, put into a saucepan with the gravy, if there be any, and cold water to cover. Let simmer gently until the bits of meat are very tender. Strain off the liquid; to this add about a pint of green okra pods, cut in rings (dried okra pods, in rings,

soaked several hours in cold water to cover, may be had where the fresh pods are not available), two tomatoes, skinned and cut in pieces, a sweet pepper, cut in shreds, and a peeled onion cut in thin slices and cooked brown with two ounces of bacon cut in tiny squares. Use a white lined dish (okra is discolored by metal) and let cook until the okra is tender. When done there should be about two quarts of soup; add the bits of meat picked from the chicken bones, also about two teaspoonfuls of salt. Pass with the soup a dish of hot, boiled rice. A spoonful of rice may be put into the soup or it may be eaten on a separate plate.

Crab Flakes, Le Marquis

To one cup and a half of crab flakes add two tablespoonfuls, each, of green pepper and capers, chopped together, four boned anchovies, picked in pieces, and two "hard-cooked" eggs, cut in small pieces; dispose the mixture in six or eight nests of lettuce; prepare a French dressing with six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of onion juice, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of mustard and paprika and a scant half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour



CRAB FLAKE TIMBALES

over the salad; finish with a fillet of anchovy and a bit of pepper and serve at once. This salad is suitable for luncheon or supper.

Crab Flake Timbales

Beat two eggs and an extra yolk of egg; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, a cup and a half of crab flakes and one cup and a third of thin cream or rich milk; stir all together thoroughly and turn into well-buttered timbale molds. Let cook on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water until firm in the

ing several times with the tomato. If preferred the tomato may be omitted and the meat be basted with dripping. Cook parboiled potatoes with the meat and serve the dish with a brown tomato sauce.

Planked Chicken

(To serve two or four people)

Select a chicken of about two pounds in weight; cut off the neck on a line with the top of the collar bones. Cut the chicken down the entire length of the backbone, clean and wash inside and out; flatten the breast bone with a



FILIPINO BEEF

center; unmold and serve with Hollandaise or cream sauce.

Filipino Beef

Trim unedible portions from one pound and a half of round steak and half a pound of lean, fresh pork. Put the meat with one onion (peeled) and one green pepper pod, freed from seeds, through a meat chopper; add one teaspoonful of salt, a cup of sifted bread crumbs (soft, not dry crumbs) and a beaten egg; mix all together thoroughly, then shape into a roll; set the roll of meat in an agate pan, strain about a quart of stewed tomatoes around the meat, put two slices of bacon above and let cook about forty minutes, bast-

cleaver or wooden mallet; unjoint the wings and second joints. Let broil, skin side down, over a bed of coals or under the gas flame, about six minutes, then turn and cook about three minutes on the skin side. Baste liberally with butter and let cook in the oven (or farther from the gas flame) about an hour. Baste occasionally with melted butter.

Have a plank made hot in the oven; set the chicken on the plank, skin side down; fill the space between the chicken and the edge of the plank with hot, boiled rice; about the chicken dispose four flowerets of hot, cooked cauliflower, four corn fritters, four hot, stuffed tomatoes and four slices of

bacon, rolled, pinned with a wooden toothpick and fried in deep fat. Serve cream or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl. Often both sauces are prepared.

Hot Boiled Rice

Put three-fourths a cup of rice in a quart of cold water over the fire and stir occasionally while heating to the boiling point; let boil rapidly two or three minutes, drain, rinse in plenty of cold water and return to the fire in a generous quart of boiling water to which a teaspoonful of salt has been added. Let cook, uncovered, until the kernels are tender, then drain if necessary and let dry three or four minutes in the oven.

When ready to cook add the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Drop by the tablespoonful into deep fat and fry to a golden color. Half the recipe will suffice for four large fritters.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Select small, round, smooth tomatoes. Cut a slice from the stem end of each tomato and scoop out the pulp and seeds, to leave hollow cases. Chop fine a slice of onion and one-fourth a green or red pepper pod; cook these in one or two tablespoonfuls of melted butter until slightly yellowed; add half a cup, each, of chopped (cooked) ham and soft bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-fourth a tea-



ENDIVE-AND-PRUNE SALAD

Green Corn Fritters

One cup of corn pulp is needed. When green corn is not available, kornlet may be used. To get the pulp from green corn, slice off the tips of the kernels in two or three rows of corn and to these add the pulp pressed from these kernels; proceed in the same way with all the rows of kernels on the cob. To the corn pulp add the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper and about one cup of pastry flour, sifted with a level teaspoonful of baking powder.

spoonful of salt. Use the preparation to fill the tomatoes. Let cook in the oven about twenty minutes, basting two or three times with melted butter.

Bacon Rolls

Roll four slices of bacon and press a wooden toothpick through each, to hold it in shape; fry in deep fat until well crisped. These may be fried after the fritters.

Cream Sauce

Melt a tablespoonful and a half of butter; in it cook a tablespoonful and a half of flour and a scant half a tea-

spoonful, each, of salt and pepper; stir in a cup and one-fourth of thin cream, let boil and it is ready to serve.

fuls of claret wine and pour over the whole; mix and serve. Lemon or orange juice may replace the claret.

Hollandaise Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; beat in two yolks of egg and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, then gradually stir in half a cup of boiling water, cooking the mixture meanwhile over boiling water.

When slightly thickened, add the juice of half a lemon and serve at once.

Chicken Timbales

Chop fine the uncooked meat from the breast of one chicken, there should be one cup of meat; add an egg and beat until smooth, then beat in three more eggs, one after another; add three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of white pepper and gradually beat in one pint of cream. Turn into well-buttered timbale molds and cook on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water until firm in the center. Serve turned from the molds and surrounded with Bechamel sauce.

Endive-and-Prune Salad

Wipe the blanched leaves of a head of endive and dispose lightly on a salad plate; above set about one-fourth a pound of cooked prunes, cut in smooth quarters, from the stones. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two table-



BEETS, ITALIAN STYLE

For a large head of endive more dressing may be required. Serve with roast meats on chilled plates.

Egg-and-Kohl-Rabi Salad

Cut the pared kohlrabi in half-inch cubes, cook in a large quantity of boiling water, drain, season with salt and pepper and set aside to become cold. Turn the kohlrabi upon a bed of crisp and well-dried lettuce hearts, put one or two hard-cooked eggs, cut in slices or eighths, lengthwise, above and mayonnaise dressing over the whole. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper.



KOHL-RABI

Kohl-Rabi

Pare the kohlrabi in the same manner as a turnip is pared; cut in slices, in cubes, or in quarters, and let stand

in cold water until ready to cook. Cook in boiling water, without salt, until tender; drain, sprinkle with salt and serve plain, or with cream sauce or Hollandaise sauce poured over.

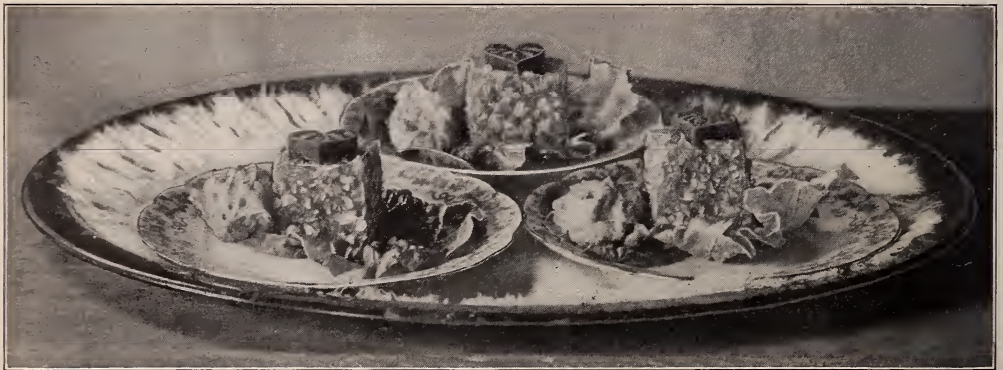
Jellied Cabbage Salad

Soften half a package (one ounce) of gelatine in half a cup of cold water and dissolve in a cup and a half of boiling water; let cool a little, then add three cups of chopped cabbage, two green peppers, chopped fine, a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of lemon juice and half a cup of vinegar. Mix together thoroughly and turn into a quart brick-mold or a bread pan. When cold and firm cut into cubes about two inches in diameter. Set on lettuce leaves

a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; pour on half a cup of cold water, mix, pour on half a cup of boiling water and stir until smooth and boiling; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter; pour over the beets and serve at once.

Creamed Oysters

Look over one quart of oysters to remove bits of shell that may be attached to them. Pour a cup of cold water over the oysters, drain and let heat quickly to the boiling point. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, then add one cup of cream and three-fourths a cup of strained oyster broth and stir until boiling; add the



JELLIED CABBAGE SALAD

with a figure cut from a slice of cooked beet above. Pour a little French dressing over the whole. Or, serve with a boiled or a mayonnaise dressing.

Beets, Italian Style

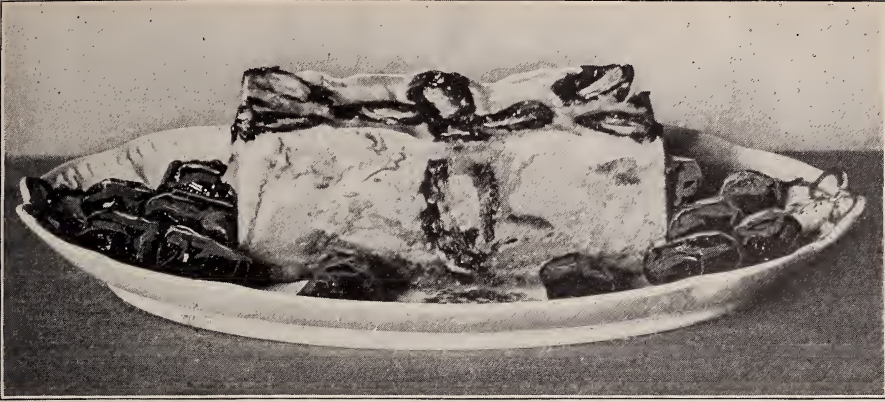
Scrub the beets without breaking the skin; do not trim the roots or the juices will run out. Cook in boiling water till tender, drain, cover with cold water and push off the skin with the hands. Cut each beet into quarters, lengthwise, and dispose on a serving dish. Meanwhile melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth

oysters (kept hot meanwhile) and serve in patty shells or Swedish timbale cases, on toast or hot, baking powder biscuits, split and buttered.

Hot Chicken Salad

(Chafing Dish)

Cut cold, cooked chicken in neat half-inch cubes. To each pint of meat add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a cup of cold, cooked peas, and a pimento, cut in small cubes. Add also a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and set aside in a cool place. For each



CABINET PUDDING WITH PRUNES

pint of chicken, cup of peas, etc., make a pint of sauce, using one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup, each, of cream and chicken broth. When the sauce boils, add the chicken, peas, etc., and let stand over hot water to become hot.

Cabinet Pudding with Prunes

Cut about one-fourth a pound of cooked prunes into halves, lengthwise, removing the stones. Line a quart brick-mold or a small, brick-loaf bread pan with paper and butter thoroughly; decorate with halves of prunes with half a blanched almond in the center of

each; press slices of stale sponge cake against the decorations; add more prunes, then cake, until the mold is filled. Beat three eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt and one-third a cup of sugar, mix, and add one cup and three-fourths of milk; mix again and pour over the cake and prunes in the mold. Set in a dish on many folds of paper (a kitchen holder is often convenient for this purpose), and surround with boiling water. Let cook until firm in the center. It will take about an hour. Serve with stewed prunes or with hard sauce into which a cup of prune pulp and juice has been beaten.



PEAR TOMATOES FOR PRESERVING

Pear Tomatoes Preserved

Turn boiling water over the ripe tomatoes and remove the skin without breaking the pulp. To each pound of

Zwieback

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in one-half a cup of lukewarm water or milk; mix thoroughly, and add to



ZWIEBACK, READY TO BAKE

tomatoes allow a lemon, an ounce of ginger root and three-fourths a pound of sugar. Cut the lemon in thin slices, discarding the seeds. Cover with cold water and let simmer until very tender. When convenient, it is well before cooking to let the lemon soak overnight in the cold water. Slice the ginger root and cook in cold water to cover. For each pound of sugar take one cup of the lemon and ginger water mixed.

two cups of scalded-and-cooled milk; stir in about three and a half cups of flour, or enough to make a batter that may be easily beaten to a smooth consistency. Cover and set aside, out of all drafts, to become light and puffy. Add three eggs, half a cup of melted butter or other shortening, a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth to one-half a cup of sugar, and flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead



ZWIEBACK, SLICED AND BROWED, READY TO EAT

When dissolved add the tomatoes, ginger and lemon and let cook very slowly about ten minutes. Store as canned fruit.

until smooth and elastic. Cover and set aside until the mass is about doubled in bulk. Divide into about

(Continued on page xxiv.)

Menus for a Week in October

"The census tells us that there is nothing that pays better for the country than the vegetable garden."

SUNDAY

Breakfast
 Muskmelons. Glazed Currant Buns
 Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Young Chickens, Roasted
 Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
 Creamed Celery
 Apple-and-Celery Salad
 (French Dressing)
 Peach Sherbet. Oatmeal Macaroons
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Creamed Crab Flakes
 Olives. New Pickles (Gherkins)
 Salad Rolls. Roasted Chestnuts
 Peanut Butter. Butter Thins

Breakfast
 Cereal, Thin Cream. Salt Codfish Balls
 Bacon. Sliced Tomatoes
 Baking Powder Biscuit. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Boiled Fresh Fish, Egg Sauce
 Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Onions
 Jellied Cabbage Salad
 Apple Dumplings, Maple Syrup or
 Cream and Sugar
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Creamed Corned Beef au Gratin
 (Flavored with onion and celery leaves)
 Baking Powder Biscuit,
 Split and Toasted. Pickled Beets. Tea

WEDNESDAY

MONDAY

Breakfast
 Cereal, Thin Cream
 Bacon, Fried Eggs, Fried Apples
 Baked Potatoes. Dry Toast. Zwieback
 Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Chicken Soufflé, Tomato Sauce
 Stewed Lima Beans, Buttered
 Endive, French Dressing
 Cabinet Pudding with Prunes,
 Hard Sauce with Prunes
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Cream-of-Celery Soup, Croutons
 Cold Boiled Tongue. Bread and Butter
 Hot Apple Sauce. Nut Wafers. Tea

Breakfast
 Cereal, Baked Sweet Apples, Cream
 Corned Beef Hash
 Eggs Cooked in the Shell
 Rye Meal Muffins. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Veal Cutlets, Breaded and Fried,
 Tomato Sauce
 French Fried Potatoes
 Boiled Cauliflower
 Baked Indian Pudding with
 Sweet Apples. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Sardines, Lemon Quarters
 Pickled Beets. Buttered Toast
 Zwieback. Nut Wafers. Tea

THURSDAY

TUESDAY

Breakfast
 Melons
 Hashed Calf's Liver
 Baked Potatoes. Buttered Toast
 Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Boiled Corned Beef
 Boiled Kohl-Rabi. Boiled Potatoes
 Boiled Beets
 Apple Pie. Cottage Cheese
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Oyster Stew, Crackers. Gherkins
 Bread and Butter
 Sliced Apples Baked in Casserole
 Cottage Cheese. Tea

Breakfast
 Cereal, Thin Cream. Fresh Fish, Fried
 Sliced Tomatoes. Creamed Potatoes
 Cereal Griddlecakes. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner (Guests)
 Chickens, Roasted. Sweet Potatoes,
 Candied. Stewed Tomatoes
 Corn Fritters (Green Corn or Kornlet)
 Cranberry Sauce
 Endive, French Dressing
 Coupe Bartholdi. Swedish Sponge Cake
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper (Guests)
 Scalloped Oysters. Olives. Parker
 House Rolls. Jellied Cabbage Salad
 Chocolate Cake, Marshmallow Frosting
 Wafers. Edam Cheese. Celery. Tea

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Breakfast
 Melons
 Broiled Honeycomb Tripe
 French Fried Potatoes
 Corn Meal Muffins
 Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
 Chicken Gumbo, Rice
 Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
 Apple Dumpling, Cream,
 Sugar
 Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
 Cold Boiled Tongue
 Baked Potatoes
 Endive, French Dressing
 Stewed Lima Beans,
 Buttered
 Bread and Butter.
 Apple Sauce
 Brownies. Tea

Menus for October Weddings

Evening, 25 Guests

I

Creamed Oysters in Swedish Timbale Cases
Olives. Gherkins
Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Buttered Yeast Rolls
Coffee. Assorted Cakes
Coupe Bartholdi
(August-September Magazine)
Fruit Punch in Hall

II

Creamed Crab Flakes in Paper Cases
Salad Rolls, Buttered
Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Olive Sandwiches
Coffee
Bride's Cake
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce

III

Scalloped Lobster en Coquille
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Olive Sandwiches
Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Coffee
Muscovite of Pears (August-September Magazine)
Wedding Cake in Boxes
Lady Fingers. Macaroons

Wedding Breakfast (12 M.)

I

Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Truffled Chicken Breasts, Mushroom Sauce
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes
Fruit Cup
Coffee

II

Muskmelons
Oyster Croquettes
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Chicken Timbales, Bechamel Sauce
Lady Finger Rolls
Coffee
Pineapple Omelet
Wedding Cake in Boxes

III

Muskmelons
Fried Chicken, Cream Sauce
Green Corn Custard with Green Peppers
Baking Powder or Beaten Biscuit
Sweet Pickled Peaches
Celery-and-Apple Salad, French Dressing
Coffee
Wedding Cake in Boxes

After Breakfast Chat

By Janet M. Hill

"The first duty of a woman, as a citizen, is to be a good housekeeper."—*Mrs. Woolley*

IN these days in which women have gone mad on the suffrage question would it not be well for each and all of us to call a halt and inquire, am I qualified to vote understandingly on municipal, civic and national questions? Have I so managed my own special little world that I have gained the right to be "called up higher." Some of the questions that it is pertinent for us to consider are as follows: Do I spend the money intrusted to me in a manner to secure the greatest satisfaction to all concerned? Are my family fed to secure their highest efficiency, mentally and morally? Am I able to manage the different people in my employ in such a manner that while I receive a fair equivalent for the money expended, they are satisfied and contented to remain continuously in my employ? Is my house furnished with an eye to the neatness, simplicity and durability that are essential in a home where the chief worker wishes to devote some time to the consideration of the larger affairs of city and state?

We would think that these questions ought to be answered in the affirmative by a vast number of women, for domestic science and home management have been given some little attention in the past twenty years. But, in truth, one is often appalled at the meagerness of the results obtained. The leaven has penetrated but a small portion of the mass to be leavened. Look at the households on every side of us. Can we say they are properly managed? If a child be fed on modified cows' milk, do not three-fourths of its neighbors shriek and really believe that the poor child is being starved to death? If an occasional child of two or three years is fed by a well-thought-out and system-

atic set of formulas, do not nine-tenths of the community say, "My children at that age ate everything that the rest of the family ate, and they seem to have about as good health as others of their age"? Do we object or even comment, when the boarding houses and "commons" where our college boys and girls are fed are supervised by individuals absolutely ignorant of food values and non-conversant with modern idea of dietetics? How many of us—representatives of the most up-to-date women of the country we are wont to consider ourselves—refuse to buy bread, rolls or even non-essentials like meringues, macaroons and lady-fingers from the near-by bakery that is situated in close proximity to a stable or under the same roof as the stable, and hence swarming with flies. If we are not educated to act on such questions as these, how can we be expected to act on questions that will come up within the broader horizon of the town or state? If our whole aim in life is to get away as far as possible from all matters pertaining to our own house-keeping, how can we be interested for any length of time in the housekeeping of the state?

Some Minor Helps to Good House-keeping

After a vacation the return to work of any kind is often irksome. Let the housekeeper congratulate herself that while her work may be "never done," she is at work for herself, and may let certain things "go" for a few days, until she feels more in accord with the duties of her position. After the vacation spirit has been "laid" she will enter into her own with renewed enthusiasm.

As the years go by many things once regarded of great importance will dwindle in value. The relative worth of various things will be considered, and some things will be omitted for others more desirable. You may enjoy seeing a rack of neatly ironed clothes, but it may seem wiser to fold away the sheets and night wear, dried in the sun, than to bend and twist the back by moving an iron to and fro over these clothes for an hour. Time taken to freshen one's own mind or body is always worth while.

There are still, we are glad to say, some few houses occupied by a single family. In such houses potatoes, bread etc., are frequently kept in the cellar. Only those whose mind is wandering at random will make a separate journey for each article needed from the cellar. Things to be taken each way make a journey pay. It is the same with many of the trips into the pantry and dining-room. By this keeping of the attention fixed closely upon the thing in hand until it is finished, work may be done with minimum of time and effort. Let her who is always behind make a study of herself. If health be normal, nine times out of ten the individual does not give proper attention to what she is doing. A wandering mind as a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Heavy work is largely eliminated from the modern house. Set tubs, running water, both hot and cold, absence of carpets and rugs and hangings, reduced to those necessary for comfort, do away with much of the drudgery formerly incident to housekeeping. With foreign fruit in the market at a moderate price, when home-grown fruit and berries are unattainable, the necessity for much canning and preserving is cut down.

Short ways of doing things do not necessarily imply careless handling of food materials. Why remove the cooked potatoes from a saucepan one by one, with a fork, to dispose them

slowly in regular order in a dish, when turned from the saucepan into the dish they will reach the table hotter and present a pleasing, if not systematic, appearance. Serving dishes with edges spattered with food are not to be condoned or excused. The neat appearance of a dish is a first essential to its relish, but neatness and fussiness are not one and the same thing.

Several subscribers have written as to the best recipe for canning corn at home. Much canned corn, as also green corn itself, causes digestive disturbance, on account of the tough exterior of the kernels. In preparing soup and other recipes, this tough skin is removed by sifting. For these reasons we have come to think it best to can nothing but the pulp. With a sharp knife, score the kernels in each row lengthwise of the row, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp and leave the objectionable hull on the cob. Have sterilized jars and fill them with the pulp three-fourths their height. Have lukewarm water in the steam cooker or boiler; on the rack lay a folded cloth and on this set the cans, the covers beside them. Cover the kettle and let boil one hour and a half after boiling begins. The pulp expands when heated, and it is well to stir it down after half an hour, lest the cans overflow. In an hour and a half fill the cans to overflow, taking the pulp from one of the cans for this purpose; set the rubbers and covers in place, but do not screw down or otherwise seal the jars; let cook half an hour, then tighten the jars.

With cooler weather pastry is again in demand for occasional use. Many inexperienced cooks fail to make light, flaky pastry on account of handling or manipulating the materials too much. Pastry is thrown together. Don't mix the shortening into the flour too thoroughly. Enough paste for two large pies may be made and a part set

(Continued on page xxiii)

The Homely Potato

By Sara John English

HOW little do we think or know of our most common fruits or vegetables, their origin, cultivation, or from whom or how we learned their food value. Many times, by accident, the most valuable articles have been added to our list of foods, but not so with the potato. When the Spaniards went to Quito, South America, they found the natives cultivating it for food.

The potato is a native of Chili. A monk introduced it into Spain, from which country it has extended slowly over the greater part of Europe.

The potato is remarkably well adapted for a universal vegetable, since it will thrive in almost any place between the Arctic and the Antarctic circles; hence it is more widely cultivated and eaten by all nations and classes than any other vegetable.

Once only the rich could afford such a luxury, for in the days of Queen Elizabeth as much as five shillings were paid for one pound of potatoes.

From the common name, Irish potato, many suppose that we are indebted to the Emerald Isle for this vegetable, but the reverse is the truth: for the potato Ireland is indebted to America. In 1585 Sir Walter Raleigh, having obtained some of the tubers from Spanish sailors, who brought them as a part of their cargoes to the colonies, had them planted on his estate, near Cork. Its cultivation, however, did not become general, even in Ireland, until the middle of the eighteenth century. It is called Irish potato generally in the United States to distinguish it from the sweet potato, and because it has become the chief food staple of Ireland.

In America the potato was first raised in Virginia and North Carolina.

Frederick II so fully believed in the value of the potato that he compelled the Germans to plant it extensively in spite of their protests. The people of the Upper Hartz were more progressive and of their own accord raised the potato; their success and satisfaction derived therefrom are attested by the unique monument which they erected in 1747. This memorial to the potato was found, not many years ago, in the undergrowth of the Upper Hartz. Upon a massive stone base rests a block of granite about eight feet high, having a bronze tablet upon which is inscribed, "Here in the year 1747 the first trials were made with the cultivation of the potato." It seems they intended to proclaim the virtues of the homely potato for centuries to come.

In Northern Germany thousands of tons of potatoes are raised annually, a large portion of which is used in distilling alcohol and other spirits. In this process a large per cent of starch is needed, consequently the Germans are careful to plant in soils that produce the greatest quantity of starch, the percentage varying from about 13 per cent to 25 per cent, depending upon the soil and fertilizers used.

There are more ways of using the potato "than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Many times each day, in some disguised form, we meet the potato. When we stamp a letter, the gum that sticks the stamp is made of dextrine from the potato; much of our laundry starch and, also, that we use in cooking comes from the same source. Many of the substances commonly sold as arrowroot, tapioca and other farinaceous compounds are often formed from potato flour or starch. In 1836 in the city of Paris where the

bread was considered of a superior quality, 40,000 tons of potatoes were converted into flour. There are said to be 250 ways of palatably cooking potatoes, so we need never tire of this staple vegetable, but should remember that it is chiefly for its bulk that we need and use it as a food, rather than for its nutritive value, since the potato is mainly composed of water, containing 78.9 per cent water, 18 per cent starch, proteid 2.1 per cent, mineral matter .9 per cent, fat .1 per cent.

The sweet potato, though analogous to the white potato, is the fleshy root of the plant; it belongs to a different family, and contains a large percentage of sugar. These potatoes cannot be raised in high altitudes nor do they keep so well as the white or Irish potato.

Irish potatoes are tubers of the Nightshade family, and are not roots, properly speaking, but leaf buds, and to these tubers or leaf buds the potato owes its value. The peculiar habit of developing underground slender, leafless shoots, which differ from true roots both in office and character, and which gradually swell at the free end and form the tubers we eat and call potatoes, differs entirely from the manner of development of the sweet potato. The latter, though formed underground, is not of like nature or office, for this

tuber is a part of the root proper, the root simply dilating into a large club-shaped mass, rich in starch and sugar. These tubers, unlike the Irish potato, do not contain eyes or leaf buds that in due time lengthen into shoots from which new plants may be raised. From the West Indies, Sir Francis Drake sent sweet potatoes to Queen Elizabeth with careful instructions for raising them. He omitted, however, to tell what part was to be eaten or how they should be cooked. The Queen's gardener had a large crop. He tried the new vegetable by cooking the tops, and pronounced them "a most disgusting mess." He then told the Queen they were not fit for food, though he had followed carefully the Admiral's instructions for cutlivating them. In a rage he uprooted the entire crop and set fire to the pile. As they burned the roots or tubers were slowly roasting and sent out an odor that breathed an invitation to be eaten. The gardener could not long resist and tasted one warily. The delicious morsel made him grieve deeply for his rash deed and declare the sweet potato was indeed a dish fit to set before the queen.

There are many varieties of this West Indian dainty, but the yam leads in flavor; the sugar it contains oozes out in a syrup as the potato is roasting.

A Challenge

"Come, Worry, let us walk abroad today;
Let's take a little run along the way;
I know a sunny path that leads from Fear
Up to the lovely fields of Wholesome Cheer.
I'll race you there—I'm feeling fit and strong.
So, Worry, come along!"

We started on our way, I and my Care.
I set the pace on through the springtime air,
But ere we'd gone a mile poor Worry stopped,
Tried hard to catch his breath, and then he
Whilst I went on — [dropped
An easy winner of that Marathon.

And since that day when vexed by any fear,
When Worry's come again with visage drear,
I've challenged him to join me in that race,
And found each time he could not stand the
pace.

— *John Kendrick Bangs in Ainslie's.*



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Crab Apple Marmalade

IN making crab apple or any other apple marmalade or jam, after straining the pulp I place it in large crocks in the oven; it can cook the required length of time without the necessity of the constant stirring when cooked on top of the stove. Just before it is done I add a handful of red cinnamon drops; this adds a delightful flavoring to the marmalade, and the coloring of the drops gives a pleasing pink tint.

A. S.

* * *

Sunshine Mothers

THOSE who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." This is a mothers' motto, surely. Sad to say, however, there are mothers who do try to bring sunshine to others, but fail utterly and envelop themselves in black clouds with never a silver lining in sight. Others seem contented to dispense "sunshine" without getting even a small sunbeam in return. Happily some seem to be veritable "sunshine batteries," sending out little currents to those with whom they come in contact, and this means most of all to the daughters.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourself as others see us!"

One poor mother is faded and careworn. She darns her daughter's stockings and mends all her clothes and even

makes her party dresses. This mother loves her daughter dearly and regrets that "the child" is so selfish and apparently so unappreciative, thinking only of her own frivolities and giving never a thought to or doing a kindness for her mother. She longs to be her daughter's confidante and is often jealous of her daughter's girl friends. She is irritable and fretful (because overworked and tired) and worries over things that do not really matter, and her daughter misunderstands her and usually considers that "mother is unreasonable" and has "queer ideas."

The "sunshine" mother is younger looking, happy and more "up to date." She teaches her daughter to darn her own stockings and to mend her own clothes and even to make her own party dresses, but is always ready to help and plan and discuss. She enters into her daughter's pleasures with real interest and makes friends with her daughter's friends; talks over little secrets and softens, molds, influences and advises. In fact "mother" is considered "one of the girls" and is in great demand as chaperon.

The secret of it all is that she has adapted herself to the ideas of the next generation, although retaining and remembering her own girlhood. She cultivates fresh air and gives "sunshine" to her body, and, whether she has an appetite or not, eats enough food, thus giving her body sufficient raw material to make up for the energy expended. This is why she avoids

nervous prostration and sanitariums, and endears herself to her family circle. If all mothers were to follow her example, they would say with Byron,

"All who joy would win must share it.
Happiness was born a twin."

* * *

R. M. B.

Easily Ironed Aprons

TO the active woman possessing a kitchen or a laundry tub, and a yard for drying clothes, the idea of not washing out her own working apron, or putting it into the family wash done every Monday at home, would seem strange or almost absurd.

There are, however, many busy women who do not launder their working aprons, especially dwellers in flats, studios and little homes. Since laundry work is classified, and made-up garments cost more than flat work, it is, therefore, advantageous to have aprons without gathers, so that they may be sent as flat work.

To do this it is only necessary to make a casing at the top, and when the laundry comes home, a belt made from a ribbon, a wide tape, or a stitched piece of the same goods as the aprons, must be run in.

The wife of a physician living in a small city, obliged to answer door and yet be dressed suitably for household duties, has made aprons in this way, of white linen remnants. These cost no more than pillow cases at a laundry. She has found it cheaper to send them than to furnish fuel and meals for a laundress, by the hour, to do plain household bedclothing and table linen.

J. D. C.

* * *

Chicken Pot Roast

Stewed chicken is somewhat tasteless and roasted chicken dries too soon, so I have prepared it in the following manner, to the delight of all who try it. Dress chicken with favorite dressing, stuff it well. Have an enamel kettle

in which place a generous amount of butter and bacon fat (I always keep all bacon grease, it imparts a better flavor for roasts and game than butter alone); let it heat, then put in the chicken and brown it well — then pour over a tablespoonful of good wine and the same of catsup, one coffeecup of boiling water, cook about an hour and a half, remove and make gravy. Pour water around, not on the chicken. This is delicious, either hot or cold. I usually prepare two, use one hot, and have the other cold for lunch; yet cooking at the same time saves labor and fire.

Sweet Pickle of Tomato

One peck of firm, smooth, green tomatoes, ten large white onions. Slice with an even thickness the tomatoes and the onions. Place a layer of tomatoes, generously deep, in an earthen crock, next a layer of onions, with liberal sprinklings of salt. When all are used cover and weight heavily; let stand the night. In the morning drain and rinse with clear cold water; then place in the preserving crock in layers besprinkled with three coffeecups of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls, each, of mace, allspice, pounded cloves, celery seed and mustard seed, and one of fine-pounded cinnamon. Add of purest vinegar a quantity which will cause it to be palatable to those who are to partake of it, as tastes differ greatly. Boil until a thick syrup forms, then place in earthen crocks and cover with a linen cloth; lastly, place upon the whole, the earthen lid.

E. C. H.

* * *

Arranging Flowers

TO arrange flowers to the best advantage place them as near as possible in the same position in which they grew. If they grow in an irregular mass they may be so arranged for bouquets. As a foundation for flowers that grow upon straight stiff stems,

such as tulips, or those having short stems, such as the pansy or petunia, weave a fine vine over the top of the receptacle, then thrust the stems of the flowers through into the water beneath; the vine will support the flowers and keep the stems in place.

Use For Glass Cans

THE wide, covered glass cans in which many household commodities come should be saved for left-overs. Small quantities of vegetables, fruits, cereals or soups keep in excellent condition, as there is not so much surface exposed in them as in a flat dish, while they take but little space in cupboard or refrigerator.

* * *

The Use of Milk in Cooking

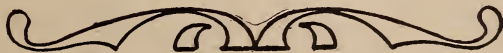
IF freely used in the preparation of other foods, milk can be made to add considerably to the food value of the meals. Many dishes are, of course, richer in flavor if whole milk is used rather than skimmed, but for the purpose of increasing the food value of the diet the main nutritive ingredient — that is, the nitrogenous material — is in the skim milk; if the extra fat is needed, it may be supplied in the form of butter, which is usually a more economical source than whole milk, or in the form of lard, or other culinary fat.

Most persons consider that the choice between bread made with milk and that made with water depends simply upon the taste and appearance. There is, however, a difference in the food value, as will be seen from figures showing the average composition of various foods prepared with milk, and of similar dishes in which it is not used.

Milk soups furnish an excellent means of increasing the food value of

a meal, or of using up superfluous milk. Sometimes the milk is mixed with "stock" made from meat, and sometimes, as in vegetable purées, it forms the basis to which the pulp of some vegetable, such as beans, peas, potatoes, corn, or celery, is added to give flavor and "body." Oyster stew made with milk owes its food value more to the milk than to the oysters.

Milk, or "white" and "cream" sauces are also very useful, not only for the nutritive material they supply, but also as a help in using up "left overs." Bits of meat can often be made very attractive by serving them on toast minced and "creamed," and many warmed-over vegetables are improved by the addition of milk or white sauce, while the same sauce also helps in giving variety in winter when not many kinds of vegetables are to be had. There is almost no end to the puddings and desserts in which considerable milk is used. Blancmange is practically flavored milk, jellied with starch, Irish moss, or some similar material, and the simplest kinds of ice cream are milk and cream mixtures flavored and frozen. Junket is simply milk curd separated by rennet, as in cheese making, and eaten before the bacteria, which give the cheese its flavor, develop. Then there are all the puddings made of some form of cereal and milk and flavored in some way, as bread puddings, cornstarch, rice, and tapioca puddings, and the countless forms of custard, of which milk and eggs make the basis. Almost all of these, if carefully made, are nutritious, easily digested, and economical. For children and persons of weak digestion the simpler ones like blancmange, cornstarch and rice puddings are almost indispensable.



The Fly—The Disease of the House

By E. F. Brewster in McClure's Magazine.

This is the title of a very interesting article by E. T. Brewster in *McClure's Magazine* for September. After stating what fearful havoc one typhoid fly can work, and showing how, as a contrivance for disseminating the germs of fatal disease, the fly is one of nature's masterpieces, the author goes on to tell how to keep flies out of the house, and get rid of the dangerous pest.

"It is a long step toward keeping 'flies out of the house when one understands why they want to come in. Common opinion has it that the fly meditates profoundly on the conduct of life, knows what he wants and why he wants it, and deliberately joins the assembly around the top of the kitchen screen door to wait for the chance to dodge in when the cook comes out.

"As a matter of fact, the fly is no such rational thinker. He has one supreme motive in life, and that is — to move toward the strongest smell. He enters the house because there are more smells inside than out, and, once in, he frequents the kitchen because there are more smells there than in the parlor. The fly does not find its food by sight, but by odor only. In fact, the fly's sight is extremely poor; for nature has never solved the optical problem of making a small eye see as clearly as a large one. The customary swarm of flies around the kitchen door means only that the kitchen windows are opened at the bottom, and since the top of the door is the highest opening in the room, that, rather than one of the windows, is carrying the out-draft and the smell of yesterday's soup. The moral is, adjust the ventilation so that the out-draft shall be through a screened window. No fly will ever see a door open and deliberately fly in.

"For the same reason, all unused chimneys connected with fireplaces ought to be screened just as carefully as the windows. In the cool weather of early fall, when the flies are worst, the chimney-draft is usually outward. The fly never hunts for an opening to come in by, but he does head upstream to an air-current which bears the savor of most human foods. Therefore, when the air of the home goes out of a chimney, the flies come in.

"BAITING THE FLY WITH AN ODOR

"This is where the vegetarians have the advantage over the rest of us. The smell of 'triscuit' and 'corn-flakes' and 'strength-fude' does not carry like the smell of meat. One has only to compare the conditions in a vegetarian restaurant with those in one of the common sort, to realize that the difference in the appeal which the two make to one's own nose is a fair measure of the attraction of different sorts of food for the fly. Here, also, is one advantage of a good cook who can keep food flavors in the food instead of spreading them over the landscape. There is a good deal that might be said in favor of a flyless diet for summer.

"The fly's main purpose in life, then, is to follow up smells. Here, therefore, is his weak side, and here the house-keeper must attack him. If the fly goes where the smell is, there is the place to put the fly paper. A better way still, sometimes, is to bait the 'tanglefoot.' Any strong-smelling food will answer: cheese, meat (which need not be strictly fresh), whatever flies collect on, can be used to lure them to destruction. Of two sheets of fly-paper similarly placed, but one baited and the other not, the baited paper will

catch two or three times as many flies as the other. But the bait must be, for the fly, the most prominent odor in the room. So there are kitchens where this device is foredoomed to conspicuous failure.

“At the same time, however, that one is making his appeal to the fly’s nose, one must not forget another important set of impulses — the fly’s reactions to light. Nearly all adult insects are, in greater or less degree, subject to that strange attraction which draws the proverbial moth to the candle flame. All, in our scientific jargon, are ‘positively phototropic to lights of moderate intensity.’ This does not mean in the least that they prefer light to darkness, or that they have either interest or curiosity concerning candle flames. They simply act like a green plant in a window, and head upstream to the light-ray. The green plants which move, move lightward. So, and for the same reason, does the insect. Curiously enough, too, just as in the case of the plant, it is the blue component of the light that is most effective. Too bright a light, however, works the other way. The insect becomes ‘negatively phototropic,’ heads away from the light, and, if it flies at all, flies, on the whole, toward the darker regions. In general, too, each sort of insect has its special place where it draws the line between the moderate light toward which it turns its head, and the excessive light on which it turns its back. With most insects, also, the point at which occurs the change from positive phototropism to negative depends on temperature, food-supply, and various other changeable conditions.

“Those terribly scientific people, the Germans, are utilizing this common phototropism of insects to slay objectionable moths by the ton. They set a light, of just the right size and brightness, where it will attract the moths into a sphere of influence of a vacuum

fan. After that, nothing remains to be said concerning the moths.

“A SCIENTIFIC DEVICE FOR RIDDING THE HOUSE OF FLIES

“The common fly is much less sensitive to light than the moth; nevertheless, he is sufficiently phototropic to be vulnerable on that side. Every house-keeper has noticed that on certain cloudy days her flies collect on the screens and window-panes, as if they were trying to get out. It is a good plan to let them. The dim illumination inside the house has made them uncommonly sensitive to light, while outside the light is not so bright that their phototropism becomes negative.

“In fact, one can usually, after a little experience, no matter what the weather, clear a room of flies by the obvious device of opening the window and letting them fly out. The light in the room must be dim, but not so dim as to remove the stimulus to movement. There should be a single bright opening, so that all the light shall come from one region. That single opening should usually be where there is shade outside, that the light there may not be too bright. These conditions fulfilled, the flies can no more stay in the room than a house-plant can grow away from the window.

“Or, if one fears to leave a window unscreened in fly-time, — this certainly does take nerve or an uncommon faith in science, — it is a good plan to adjust the light to bring the flies toward the window, and equip the bright part of the room with fly-paper. This device, combined with an odoriferous bait on the paper in the bright area, is often most effective. The tendency to head toward a smell is also of the nature of a tropism. With the two tropisms working together, the problem of free will for the fly becomes purely academic.

“There is really a great field for inventions which shall utilize the trop-

isms of too-abundant insects. It would be well worth while for the possessor of a room infested with carpet moths to experiment with an electric light of one or two candle-power set over night in the middle of a sheet of 'tanglefoot.' So far as I know, only one such invention has been aimed specifically at the house-fly. This is a contrivance invented by the late Edward Atkinson, of Aladdin oven fame — 'Shin-bone Atkinson,' he used to be called by persons who resented his attempts 'to ameliorate the condition of the eating classes.'

"Atkinson's 'fly escape' is a window, preferably on the east side of the kitchen, which has in its lower half a single large pane set flush with the sash on the side toward the room. Thus the lower part of the window, sash and glass together, is a single unbroken surface, on which a fly can crawl unobstructed. The usual position of the sashes, moreover, is reversed, so that the upper sash drops down inside the lower.

"The trap is set by dropping the upper sash six or eight inches and drawing the curtain to its lower edge. The positively phototropic flies in the dim light of early morning are obliged to go to the window. But flies are also to a marked degree negatively geotropic, that is to say, they come to rest on a vertical surface head up. When they crawl, therefore, they crawl upward. Crawling upward, they crawl between the two sashes and out of doors, where they belong. The inventor of the "fly escape" had unlimited faith in it, but the general run of cooks do not seem to be well grounded in animal psychology.

"There is, theoretically, a still simpler form of the 'fly escape' — though, unfortunately, it can be used only under special conditions. The fly's eyesight is extraordinarily bad, so bad that if he looks at an ordinary screen against a dark background, he sees it

as a continuous surface, but if he looks at the screen against the light he does not see it at all. This is true even of a screen with a half-inch mesh. If, then, a room with windows on one side only were screened with coarse netting, the flies would go out freely toward the light, but come in only as they blundered through. A fine screen does noticeably check the draft through a window, and one can easily imagine circumstances under which one would be willing to put up with a few insects for the sake of much fresh air.

"Incidentally one may note that there is no use in trying to slap one's palm down on a fly, because he will see it coming and stand from under. The hand of vengeance should approach slowly, and then, as the victim is about to take flight, while the hand remains motionless, the middle finger should be quietly dropped on his back. The fly with his little eye can see the moving hand against the background of the room; he cannot see one finger against the background of the rest.

"The first move, then, in the campaign against the typhoid fly is to find out why he comes into the house at all; the second is to replace these motives for coming in by motives equally strong for going out. There remains, however, still another matter, before we call in the police: the reason why the typhoid fly comes into the world at all.

"FLIES ALWAYS THE STIGMA OF UNTIDINESS

"Fundamentally, the fly is in the world because there are moist and smelly things there. Flies cannot breed in dry places; they will not breed in clean ones. In general, then, whatever is damp and dirty contributes to the plague. Among other contributory negligences are stables, cow-barns, piggeries, decaying vegetables, meat and cheese, dead animals, rotting straw, paper and rags, old mattresses — the

(Continued on page xviii)



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1502. — "How may Consommé be kept for two weeks or longer without scalding it every two or three days? Also, how may Olives and Pimentos be kept after opening the receptacles in which they are bought?"

Keeping Consommé

Heat the consommé to the boiling point, turn into sterilized fruit jars, put on rubbers and sterile covers, as in canning fruit, and fasten securely. Properly canned the soup will keep indefinitely.

Keeping Olives and Pimentos

Leave the olives in the bottle surrounded by the liquid in which they came; pour in olive oil to cover the liquid to the depth of about half an inch, put in the cork or, if this be imperfect, tie a piece of cotton cloth over the top of the bottle. Store in a cool place. Remove the pimentos from the tin to a glass fruit jar, pour over them the liquid from the can, then add olive oil to cover the peppers to the depth of half an inch or more. Cover securely and store in a cool place.

QUERY 1503 — "Recipe for Tomato Jelly and how to serve it."

Tomato Jelly

Cook a pint of tomatoes, two slices of onion, a stalk of celery, or a few

celery leaves, a slice of red or green pepper pod (without seeds), half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three shreds of dried mushrooms, if at hand, ten or fifteen minutes; add one-fourth a package of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, stir until dissolved, then strain into individual molds or one larger mold, and set aside to become cold and firm. When unmolded serve with lettuce or endive, and either French or Mayonnaise dressing. Celery, cut in small bits, may be served with this jelly. The jelly, cut in small cubes, may be used to garnish chicken salad. Tomato jelly, macedoine style, may be made by stirring into the tomato mixture, as it is on the point of setting, two olives, chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of capers, half a cup of cold, cooked chicken, chopped fine, and the sifted yolk and chopped white of one or two hard-cooked eggs.

Tomato Marmalade

Remove the skins from four quarts of ripe tomatoes, and the seeds from a cup of raisins. Put the tomatoes and raisins with four pounds of sugar into a preserving kettle in layers, and let stand over night. Cut six lemons in very thin slices, remove the seeds, cover with cold water and let simmer until very, very tender, then add to the

sugar and tomatoes and let simmer until quite thick. Store as jelly or marmalade.

QUERY 1504. — "Recipe for Canning Sweet Corn. Is the use of Tartaric Acid injurious to the health?"

Canned Sweet Corn

Take the corn while the kernels are still very small, otherwise cut off the tips of the kernels and with the back of the knife press the pulp from the rest of the kernel. Use only this pulp for canning. Fill the jars with the kernels cut from the cob or with the pulp; fill to overflow. Set the jars on a folded cloth laid over the rack in a steam cooker or in a boiler fitted with a rack; put the covers in the kettle beside the jars; put lukewarm water into the kettle to the height of the rack or higher; cover the kettle and let cook three hours after boiling begins. Fill the jars to overflow, using one of the jars of corn or simply boiling water, adjust the rubbers and covers and let cook three-fourths of an hour. Seal without disturbing the covers.

Healthfulness of Tartaric Acid in Food

Tartaric acid as it is found in nature, in grapes and other fruit, cannot be considered injurious; separated from the elements and compounds with which it is found in nature, it is best to use it infrequently and in small quantity. Usually lemon juice may be substituted where tartaric acid is called for.

QUERY 1505. — "Recipe for Chocolate Fruit Cake."

Chocolate Fruit Cake

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream and two yolks of eggs until thick and light colored; beat half a cup of sugar into the butter and half a cup of sugar into the yolks, then beat the two

together. Add half a cup of hot, mashed potato, one ounce (or square) of chocolate, melted over hot water, then one-fourth a cup of sweet milk and one cup of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful and three-fourths of baking powder, half a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon and mace and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cloves. Add half a cup of seeded raisins, cut in pieces, and, lastly, the whites of two eggs, beaten dry.

QUERY 1506. — "Recipes for Pickled Limes, Pineapple Wine and Pineapple Vinegar."

Pickled Limes

The limes must first be steeped in salted water, to remove bitterness. Then cook in water until tender, drain, pack in jars with whole spices — a tablespoonful to a quart — then cover with hot vinegar. Seal as in canning fruit. Without experience, the exact quantity of salt needed in the brine and the time required for steeping cannot be definitely stated. Probably a cup of salt to a gallon of water and steeping from twelve to twenty-four hours would be about right.

Sweet Pickled Limes

To a gallon of limes steeped in salted water take a gallon of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one-fourth a pound of stick cinnamon, three ounces of cloves and one ounce of mace. Boil the limes until *very* tender, drain, cover with the vinegar and spices heated together, then seal as above.

Pineapple Champagne (Fletcher-Berry)

Parings alone or with the chopped fruit may be used. To the parings of one small pine (about one pint) add a pint of boiling water. Let stand till cold, sweeten to taste, then strain and bottle, fastening corks very tight. If kept in a warm place (bottles on the

side) it should be ready in twenty-four hours. When ripe, cool the bottles in ice water.

Pineapple Beer (Fletcher-Berry)

This is more simple than the "champagne." Cover the parings with cold water, let stand, sweetened to taste, in a covered crock three days. Strain and use.

Pineapple Vinegar

The fruit parings with the chopped fruit if desired should be placed in crocks, sugar or syrup to taste added as also water to cover. The whole should stand covered until it has fermented thoroughly. It should be skimmed as needed. When the fermentation is finished, strain off the liquid and store in jars or bottles.

QUERY 1507. — "Recipe for Hot Cheese Croquettes."

Cheese Croquettes

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook one-third a cup of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika; add two-thirds a cup of rich milk and stir until boiling; add the beaten yolks of two eggs and stir over the fire until the egg is "set," then stir in half a cup of grated cheese, Parmesan preferred, and, lastly, one cup of American factory cheese, cut in small cubes. Turn the mixture into a dish to cool. Shape in balls, cylinders or other shapes, egg-and-bread crumb, and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper.

QUERY 1508. — "Recipe for Gluten Bread."

Gluten Bread

Make a sponge of two cups of milk or water, one cake of compressed yeast, softened in half a cup of lukewarm liquid (half a cup of liquid yeast may be substituted for the compressed yeast and water), and about five cups of glu-

ten flour. When light, add one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and, if agreeable, one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar, also gluten flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic and shape into loaves. When light, bake about one hour.

QUERY 1509. — "Recipe for Baba made with liquid yeast."

Baba (Liquid Yeast)

Weigh out one pound of flour and ten ounces of butter. Take one-fourth a cup of liquid yeast; into it stir enough flour from the pound to make a little ball of dough of such a consistency that it may be kneaded. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic and drop into a small saucepan of lukewarm water. Put the rest of the pound of flour into a mixing bowl; add the butter softened by the heat of the room (not melted), half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and three unbeaten eggs. Work the whole together with the hand, beating towards the body. When the mixture is very smooth, add, one at a time, five more eggs, beating the mixture very smooth, between the addition of each of the eggs. When the little ball of dough has become a light, puffy "sponge," lift it with a skimmer (take no water with it) to the butter and egg mixture and beat the two together, thoroughly, in the same manner as before. Beat in also a cup of fruit, sultana raisins, citron or cherries, or a mixture of these. Turn into two Turk's head molds, thoroughly buttered. When light, bake about half an hour. Turn from the molds and pour over a hot syrup flavored with rum or a hot fruit purée.

QUERY 1510. — "How may raisins be kept from falling to the bottom of a cake?"

Raisins in Cake

It is often suggested that, to avoid the settling of raisins to the bottom of

a cake, the raisins be added to the butter and sugar after the creaming process is completed, or that the raisins be cut in pieces and floured, but neither of these methods will succeed unless the cake mixture is stiff enough to hold up the fruit. All cake mixtures will not hold up fruit or nuts.

QUERY 1511. — "How may perfectly round balls be cut from raw potatoes with a French potato spoon or cutter?"

Potato Balls

Select large, smooth potatoes with as rounding a surface as possible. Pare a potato, take the potato in the left hand, the cutter in the right hand, press the cutter evenly into the potato by turning it round and round, deeper and deeper, until the potato can be seen directly under the little hole in the top of the spoon, then turn the spoon entirely around and take out the ball.

QUERY 1512. — "Recipes for Candied Orange Peel and Nut Sauce for Ice Cream."

Candied Orange Peel

Remove the peel from the oranges in neat quarter sections; leave these whole or cut in even strips, lengthwise of the sections. Cover with salted water — half a cup of salt to a gallon of water — and let stand over night. The salt will draw some of the bitterness from the peel. If preferred the salt may be omitted from the water. If salt be used, drain the water from the peel, add fresh water and let cook until the peel is very tender. For each pound of peel taken make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a pint of the water in which the peel was cooked. Simmer the peel in the syrup until it has taken up nearly the whole of the syrup, then boil rapidly and stir, meanwhile, until the pieces are well coated with the sugar. Separate the pieces and let dry in the warming oven. Store in a closed receptacle.

Nuts with Sauce for Ice Cream

We know of no "nut sauce" for ice cream. Ice cream, served with caramel or maple syrup poured over it, is often sprinkled with chopped walnuts or pecan meats. Browned and chopped almonds are often used for this purpose. Any of these nuts are also appropriately used with chocolate syrup or sauce.

QUERY 1513. — "Recipe for 'End of the Season Pickle' given in former number of the magazine."

"End of the Season Pickles"

Chop two quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of ripe tomatoes, three small heads of celery, three red, sweet peppers, three green, sweet peppers, three large onions, one small head of cabbage, one large ripe cucumber; sprinkle on half a cup of salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain thoroughly; add three pints of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one teaspoonful, each, of mustard and pepper. Cook until transparent (about one hour). Seal as canned fruit.

QUERY 1514. — "Recipe for Buckwheat Cakes."

Buckwheat Cakes (Baking Powder)

Sift together one cup of buckwheat flour, one-third a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one cup and one-fourth of cold water, all at once, and mix thoroughly. Bake at once on a hot griddle.

Buckwheat Cakes (Yeast)

To one pint of lukewarm liquid (water or part milk) add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cake of compressed yeast, softened in half a cup of lukewarm water (half a cup of liquid yeast may be used), and about two cups of buckwheat flour. Beat until perfectly smooth; set aside in a warm place for

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinner



Clam Broth
Celery. Olives. Salted Butternuts
Turbans of Halibut, Fish Bechamel Sauce
Hothouse Cucumbers
Salad Rolls
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes, Southern
Style
Cauliflower, Mousseline Sauce
Romaine, French Dressing
Fig Ice Cream
Raisins. Nuts Fruit
Coffee



Cream-of-Clam Soup
Celery. Pickles
Roast Turkey, Bread Stuffing, Giblet Sauce
Sweet Pickle Peaches
Squash. Mashed Potatoes. Onions, in Cream
Cranberry Frappé
Partridge Pie
Romaine, French Dressing
Junket Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and
Chopped Nuts
Maple Bonbons
Coffee



DINING-ROOM AT "LYNDANWALT," ABINGTON, V.A.

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 4



Cupboards Old and New

By Mary H. Northend

UNLESS care is exercised in the arrangement of the home much space that could be utilized to good advantage goes to waste. Every modern house possesses numer-

ous nooks and corners; and while to the casual observer they may seem but ugly impossibilities devoid of artistic qualities, yet, in fact, they possess the requisite essentials to permit of erecting



A DINING-ROOM AT SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

attractive cupboards, or quaint little wall cabinets, or shelves, in which to store precious bits of old-time china or choice books.

Present-day homes possess far more cupboard room than did the mansions of Colonial times with their square prim rooms and simple hallways, devoid, for the most part, of alcoves and nooks. To be sure, a jog was usually inserted in one room to permit of the building of a buffet, but other than this the homes of early days were practically closetless.

These old buffets, which were really cupboards or sets of shelves, are still to be found in some old houses, always ensconced in one corner, and always painted white. There seems to have never been more than one in a home, and the design most frequently employed in their finish appears to have been the shell pattern. They served to display to advantage the best glassware, china and silver plate, and frequently, on the lowermost shelf, were stored choice old-time books, such as the Bible and the almanac.

At first these buffets were left open, but after a time, as it was found necessary to provide them with some device to keep out the dust, they were enclosed with doors, either of wood finely carved, or of wood and glass, the glass being arranged in tiny diamond-shaped panes, set in lead. The lower portions of all these old buffets were equipped with doors of solid wood fitted with locks and keys, and they were used as storage places for delectable "goodies." Their contents were kept a closely guarded secret from the little people of the family, who deemed it a special privilege to be allowed even a furtive peep into their mysterious recesses.

It has been truly said that the cupboards, found in Colonial homes in old seaport towns, were as endless in type as they were in number, and it is likewise a fact that they possessed a charm peculiarly their own, which they retain even to this day. From between the cracks of the doors of many an old-time cupboard one can still smell a spicy fragrance suggestive of rich plum cake, and mingled with this appetizing odor

is another that savors of preserved ginger brought home in the hold of some cumbersome vessel from a foreign land.

In the upper cupboard enclosed with glass, the tiny panes of which were polished till they glistened, formerly reposed row upon row of fragile china that today would be worth a king's ransom, and on the topmost shelf rested great round blue jars enclosed in a network of bamboo and filled with amber-hued ginger. Here, too, were flat boxes of guava jelly, tiny casks of tamarinds, which when properly diluted in water made an agreeable drink, and cut-glass decanters filled with amber liquor, which was served the casual guest together with thin, crisp seed cakes, cut in the shape of oak leaves, and kept in a large jar beside the decanters.

The cupboards of today are unlike these artistic old-fashioned creations, inasmuch as they are liberally provided for, and consequently are more com-

pact in construction. The idea today seems to be to intrude all sorts of odd niches into all our apartments rather than limit cupboard space to one capacious jog in one certain room. It is really a good idea, too, for odd nooks filled with china, pottery or books, are always pleasing additions to a room, no matter how attractive it may already be. The arrangement of spaces to ensconce these cupboards is now as carefully thought out as the equipment of the house itself, and present-day architects are beginning to realize the importance of carefully planning these nooks in the most artistic manner possible.

A model frequently employed for use in the dining-room, and sometimes in the living-room as well, is the old-time buffet above described, but decreased in size to accommodate the less commodious dimensions of twentieth-century rooms. It is generally entirely glassed in, rather than partly, as were the original re-



ROOM IN A NEWBURYPORT HOUSE

ceptacles, sometimes with broad panes, but generally with the diamond-shaped lights, to carry out further the old-time idea. If the room where it is ensconced is Colonial in character, it is sure to prove charming, and the bits of grandmother's beloved china that have stood the test of years will look familiar behind the primly leaded panes.

Spaces beside the fireplace present excellent opportunities for the arrangement of built-in cupboards, wherein may be stored books or china, and it is a matter of small difficulty to have them recessed and fitted with shelves. Whether or not they shall be enclosed with doors is a matter of personal taste; in either case they are sure to fill in a bare spot most acceptably. Sometimes the same cupboard can extend into two rooms, on opposite sides of the partition, a set of shelves being arranged on either side and used for different purposes.

If the space above the mantel in the dining-room is not to be used for any

special purpose, it is a good plan to convert it into a cabinet to store the choicest china, as was done in a house recently completed. Here three deep shelves, stained to match the woodwork, were fitted into the shallow receptacle arranged, and enclosed with three single-paned glass doors, ornamented at the top with fan-shaped carvings; and the result was truly most artistic.

If the wall space above the mantel is to be used as support for a mirror or a picture, it is a good plan to utilize the space, which generally extends on either side of the central portion, for small cabinets, and either glass them in or enclose them with a door of solid wood finished to match the woodwork. This model, in a more extensive form, was quite commonly used in late eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century homes, and the spaces, which always extended on either side of the fireplace below the mantel, were fitted on one side with drawers to hold the table linen, and on the other with shal-



ANOTHER DINING-ROOM AT SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

low cabinets in which to store articles of value, such as private documents, etc. In modern homes, Colonial in design, this arrangement is now quite frequently used, and it proves as convenient to present-day people as it did to those of an earlier generation, whose ingenuity thought it out.

Another good idea is the wall cabinet, which is sometimes enclosed and sometimes left open, and is generally built to fit into the corner of the room where it is to be ensconced. It occupies but little space, and yet affords sufficient room to display quite a few pieces of china or glassware. Its position on the wall secures it from harm, and brings it into a location where its contents are shown to excellent advantage. In conjunction with the wall cabinet an open cupboard is frequently used and arranged on the wall space at one side. Sometimes its shelves are of different sizes, the narrowest at the bottom, the broadest at the top, and across the back of each a bar is generally inserted to serve as support for the plates which are ensconced behind. This form of cupboard is quite popular at the present time, and is often hung above the low buffet that is so fashionable today.

A closet that can be spared makes a good cupboard to store books or china-ware. It can be enclosed with a door constructed partly of glass, and shelves can be arranged on three sides, thus affording considerable room. If it is arranged beside the fireplace, the lower portion can be utilized as a storage place for wood, and for this purpose it will be found most convenient, for in addition to keeping the litter made by kindlings quite out of sight, it will allow more room about the hearth.

Frequently between two rooms a sort of entry is found, and this furnishes an ideal spot in which to arrange for a series of cupboards which can be treated in a variety of ways. The hallway, too, affords numerous cupboard nooks, and the chamber is today hardly complete

without a storage corner for one's favorite books.



AN OLD CHINA CABINET

Probably no type of modern house presents so many opportunities for devising artistic cupboard jogs as the bungalow, especially when the beams are left exposed. These furnish support for any number of nooks extending either the full length of the room or part way. They can be broadened to

form a deep cabinet, or left shallow for plates and small bits of china. They can likewise be enclosed with doors, hung with dainty curtains, or left exposed; but however treated they are charming and their arrangement adds an artistic finish to the rooms of which they form a part.



A COLLECTION OF OLD CHINA, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

New Day

By Clara Seaman Chase

Blue sky above, sun wealth around,
A thousand voices calling me;
New day, fresh forth from fields of night,
Oh, take my hand to go with thee!

But are these mine, mine all, New Day?
Wide fields, the touch of star-cooled air,
Fresh rustling trees—sun glimpses through—
Ah, princely is thy largess fair!

I'd give to thee with glad, clear eyes,
But how? — thy pleasures dazzle, blind!
I'd share thy sweet with hands flung wide
And leave no pain for night to find.

Didst say that comrades by thy side
Would meet upon thy broad highway
Some souls that curse, some hearts that bleed
And some that love? — I come, New Day.

The House with the Hollyhocks

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

II

PROBABLY the spirit did move him, for it was at no invitations from Miss Darling, although her welcome was always kindly, that Fletcher's openings of the garden gate as he went by were so numerous. Many a summer twilight when the townsfolk believed him to be taking those long solitary walks of which he was reputed fond, he might have been found seated on the veranda of the house with the hollyhocks, now justifying its name by the variety and beauty of those towering blooms. These visits were so restful. He had not changed his mind at all in regard to a second Mrs. Fletcher; he had no ulterior views; and he knew very well that Miss Darling had none, and looked for none in him. As a far-away cousin with the privileges of friendship he could be thoroughly himself; and he was often conscious that it was a different self from the one he had shown to the world for nearly two score years, or to his friends, or that he fully recognized as his own self at all. Sometimes when he wondered a little about it, it seemed to him that his mother's eyes in Miss Darling had wrought a certain transformation in his nature; he seemed to be looking over the world from a different point of view, and climbing heights on which the air was clearer. He was mildly interested in genealogy and Miss Darling knew much about her own ancestors, some of whom were his also, and about some famous contemporaries of these.

As the acquaintance grew, she told him of certain persons, poor and suffering, whom in her own way she was helping. In this she did have an ulterior motive; she wanted him to help also, although she was careful not to say so.

But she was amazed at her own success when one day he handed her several hundred dollars in bills of small denominations, which he asked her to disburse for her poor people according to her judgment. He listened with a patience and interest his friends would have wondered at, to her recital of the various benefits conferred by his gifts. And he wondered that evening if this was how his mother would have done it. Nan's eyes and her whole expression as she talked had reminded him of the fading vision which she had revived; for the slight relationship that existed came through his mother.

Poor Nan had been so ashamed of herself because, when she had counted over the money in secret, such a longing had come to her that all this was her very own; she needed it, and much more, so terribly. But the next moment the wish was dead and buried, and she was rejoicing over the good it was going to do to others. She realized that in her own life there could be no self, for she had nothing — no relatives, no money, few friends except the poor waifs whom she comforted, and soon she would have no home.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fletcher was gay and entertaining, and told her often how restful her home was. Her unrest came in the small hours of the night when she and sorrow kept vigil together.

It was in October that the catastrophe arrived. The house with the hollyhocks, descended to Miss Darling in the fourth generation, was to be sold at public auction.

No comments were more incisive than Kathrine Vernon's. "It won't bring the mortgage and the interest that

must have been piling up for years," she asserted to Mr. Fletcher, who had never confided his relationship to any of his Wilboro friends. "She will be homeless and penniless," she added having perceived to her satisfaction that her hearer was a despiser of poverty. "She will end in the poorhouse, poor thing — just as I predicted. For she is too old to begin work now; she must be about forty, and not strong, or I imagine she would have gone to work before; yes, the poorhouse is the only place for her — poor thing! I am sorry." And the daughter of a millionaire looked half sad for a moment.

"The people she has helped ought to turn about and help her," suggested Fletcher.

Miss Vernon laughed out. "The halt and the blind, the lame and the lazy!" she cried. "That would be funny, wouldn't it? Picture it! Think of it! What an interesting procession!" Fletcher made no answer, and the speaker turned to a more attractive subject.

Fletcher had been away for a fortnight and had returned the morning of this chance meeting with Miss Vernon, who was telling him the news. The sale was to be in three days. But he did not go to see Miss Darling in her trouble; on the contrary, he went out of town again almost immediately. Nan felt this desertion keenly. She had expected him to come to say good-bye to the house he had professed to admire so much. But she had reached the point when nothing seemed to matter.

"Look at her!" said Mrs. Warner to her husband on the morning of the auction. "She's as calm as a summer sea; she's had her storms though, you'd better believe. That lawsuit was the end of her. She ought not to be here," went on the speaker; "but you couldn't get her away; she has grit — I wish 'twould turn into money for her. Do

you suppose the old place will bring anything? It could be fixed up to look fine."

Yes, Nan had grit; she had made her moan and shed her bitter tears in her sleepless night. She had faith, also, for then she had reminded herself that God was not dead. That morning she believed it no less. The house was crowded; she knew that many came from sympathy. People did not dare to express their pity to her, however; they moved about the house gently and watched her when she was not looking at them, and waited for the strident voice of the auctioneer.

But with the words on his lips he paused at a signal from Mr. Deane, the leading lawyer of Wilboro, who, entering hastily, passed to Miss Darling and whispered a few words to her. She gave him a glance, which the watchers could not read, and nodded in answer to his question, for she could not speak; she looked ready to faint and dropped into a chair, her hands pressed close together, her eyes staring straight before her. She was, evidently, restraining an emotion which threatened to overwhelm her.

Mr. Deane took his place beside the auctioneer and came forward as the other fell back. "It has become my pleasant duty," he announced, "to declare that there will be no sale of this property as advertised. Miss Darling bids it in. She finds herself unexpectedly in possession of money with which to meet all claims upon it. The papers should have been here earlier, but we could not prevent delay in the mails caused by an accident to the train. I am sure that her many friends will rejoice in the good news. May I explain from whom the money has come, Miss Darling?" he asked. "This seems to be the time and place for explanations." And at her motion of assent, he went on: "From the winner of the lawsuit who has now discovered that he won unjustly through some chicanery

of his counsel, which at the time he was not aware of; in short, he has now become convinced that Miss Darling, and not himself, is the rightful owner of the money won in his case through false statement, and he has made over to her the principal and the accumulated interest, as her right. This will do more than free the house from encumbrance. Congratulations are in order."

Amid the murmur of surprise and pleasure rising to a cheer, Nan sat as if stunned; when people crowded about her and shook hands and talked, she really only seemed to hear them. Mr. Deane departed, promising to return in the afternoon when she had rested, and go into details with her. The auctioneer and the intending bidders slipped away. As they went, Mr. Vernon, who had long had an eye on the property when it should come into the market, said to a companion:

"Something mighty queer in this! I never heard of such a case in my life! And Walters of all men! He's the tightest-fisted man I know of; he never did such a thing. No, no, the little woman has something up her sleeve — but its not Walters."

Mr. Deane, however, in answer to questions and wonderment was quite ready to show that it really was Walters who had repaid the money; he did not tell the amount, however. Scepticism died out and the rumor ran that the sum involved in the lawsuit was larger than had been supposed.

Nan, at last left alone that morning, had gone upon her knees in thankfulness; she was so glad she had remembered before this miracle, as she knew it was, that God was not dead. She went to bed that night under her very own roof — always to be her own, she told herself. She was so grateful. But why had not Mr. Fletcher come to tell her he was pleased at her good news? Was he the only one who did not care?

One evening, ten days later, he came

in as if he had been there the day before. He had come back that morning, he said.

"I had to come for an hour before your wood fire, Miss Darling, if you'll let me," he said as they shook hands. "Somehow it's always so much brighter than mine; you have the touch of a home-maker."

"I've been wondering why you didn't look in," she answered, with a simplicity that delighted him. "It's only two days since I learned you had been out of town."

"Yes," he said, after a keen glance at her, "and glad to get back. Wilboro is so restful."

"You don't seem to me old enough to lay quite such emphasis on rest as you do, Mr. Fletcher," she said with a smile.

"Don't I?" he retorted, laughing. "That's good. We all want to live to be old, you know, but we never like to find we've got there. There are different kinds of rest, you see," he went on. "Perhaps we are not thinking of exactly the same thing."

He had brought her a fine set of photographic views. These led to descriptions of his travels and of some things he had seen and heard; he had never been more entertaining, or appeared to enjoy himself better. He stayed later than usual and when he rose to go it seemed to be with reluctance. But there had been no mention of what had been such an event to her — no reference to it. Was it courtesy? Or indifference? But their intercourse was so impersonal, except when he had happened upon some little household incident that had amused and interested him, why should he refer to it? To seem not to know it made him more like one bringing her news of the great outside world of which, personally, she knew almost nothing.

A fortnight went by before he came again. She had missed his visits more than she had thought possible; he had been in Wilboro all the time, she knew;

but he said when he came in that he had been very gay.

"Mrs. Vernon sent me an invitation to a lunch last week," she said, with a smile.

"Glad she was so kind to herself," he answered. "Did you go?"

"No, I'm out of it. And besides —" She stopped; she could not add that a courtesy withheld from her poverty was worthless to her now. With Mr. Fletcher, at least, it was the other way; he did not come as often as he used to do. But if he knew of her trifle, he was much too rich ever to give it a thought.

He was more interesting and more cordial than ever that evening; a certain reserve which he had shown at times had gone; it seemed as if they had always been friends; she realized this more because she had missed him.

When he had gone she stood smiling to herself at some of the bright things he had been saying. Then she perceived a letter on the floor. He must have dropped it. Yes, it was addressed

to Mr. Fletcher. As she picked it up the hand-writing on the envelope seemed familiar, and in the corner stood out to her the printed words, "Return to B. A. Walters."

Breathless she stared at it a moment, then laid it on the table, the hot color flooding her face. A terrible suspicion had seized upon her and, as she stood battling with it, it grew stronger. She must know the truth. She turned away, and burying her face in her hands, burst into sobs.

Two days later Mr. Fletcher, dressing for a luncheon party, received a sealed envelope containing three letters, and a heavy thing which fell to the floor as he unfolded them. After a hasty reading, he rushed to the telephone and explained to his hostess that business, suddenly come up and of the utmost importance, called him away immediately.

"Have the motor car at the door in two minutes!" he ordered, and was whirled away in it.

(To be continued)

When Day is Done

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

A dash of red in a sea of gray; —
 A rose dew-pearled on its tangled spray; —
 And the shadowy mists roll swift away
 Before morn's sun.
 Off toward the West, where with white tents spread, —
 Twilight's pale shadows, their silv'ry beads said, —
 A poppy puts all the stray sunbeams to bed —
 And day is done.

The moon trails softly over the skies, —
 As starpoints are opening their blinking eyes, —
 And the last red petal of sunset dies, —
 'Cirled by light.
 Hushed is day's turmoil, and slumber's fair dove
 Is swift winging earthward, — dreams deep fraught with love; —
 Oh, fear not; but rest thee. God watches above, —
 Sleep sweet, good-night.

The Simple Life

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE amount of trouble that people take to lead "the simple life" is funny. It is not a mere question of paper or damask napkins, but of doing without rugs or carpets and so slipping on a bare floor or having cold feet. It is not merely living on uncooked fruits; to avoid the cleansing of saucepans, but it is getting anæmic from lack of variety in food. It is not simply going bare armed and bare headed, but it is suffering from neuralgia and neuritis from want of covering. Just because housekeeping can be made fussy and the care of bric-a-brac wearisome, the opposite extreme of mission furniture and unattractive coloring (because they will last) is adopted and wide spaces and blank walls are supposed to atone for the lack of coziness. Somehow the alleged simple life does not suggest mothers and caresses.

The truly simple life does not consist in doing without things, but proceeds from the soul outward and is so beautiful in its process of adjustment to simplicity of taste and to economy in expenditure that one never thinks of it as the doing without, but as the never too much. While the would-be-followers of "the simple life" adopt an ever-changing sequence of fads, frills and frenzies and waste their energies in self-congratulations, the true adept in simplicity does not hesitate to wear gloves when doing housework, that her hands may look restful and smooth, the work done; that is, she allows the pleasant appearance of things to be a factor in her simple life.

There is much humbug or jealousy in the present preachment about "the simple life." The disappointed ambition that cannot afford an expensive menu takes refuge in putting two her-

ring or half a baked banana on a lettuce leaf or in slices of bread, cut so thin that not even a fairy could alight on them, and insists on calling its china closet a butler's pantry. Yet it is the sink (the word is not æsthetic) that constitutes such a pantry where, not the "swell" butler, but his man assistant or the parlor maid washes the dishes!

Most of us have not the courage to be independent and frankly own that we cannot afford what others can. Why cannot "the simple life" exist for each, taking the phrase at its true value? Taking it as the usage of eating carelessly or scantily (and people who are underfed grow nervous), of saying what one likes without regard to others' feelings, of being sporty, unconventional or slovenly, it is about as disagreeable a phase of civilization as is The Smart Set.

Too often it is a miserable pride that leads one to adopt "the simple life." Because one cannot have all one wants, she won't take half! People will move from city to country, from a house to an apartment, from up town to down town and back again, searching for the outward sign of simple living, instead of seeking it in the quietness of their hearts. It is the absolute not wanting a thing, rather than a series of attempts to do without, when one needn't, that subserves simplicity. Don't pretend not to want, but really don't want. The perpetual working at the problem, how to appear simple, is very different from that innate simplicity of heart and purpose which invests small means with the same resourcefulness and grace that attaches to large outlays.

When people laboriously try to lead simple lives, they make one think of trying to empty a water trough into

which the water is running, for as was said by the keeper of a reformatory, who thus tested the mental ability of his newcomers, "Them as isn't idiots turn off the tap." So do the devotees of "the simple life" spend their time trying to get rid of things to be done instead of seeing that what they need to do is to turn off the desires of their hearts for what they have not got.

It is hard to tell whether men or women are the greater idiots in their hunt after simplicity, though a Frenchman said that "the American woman made her husband earn what she wishes to spend." Perhaps such husbands would sympathize with the spirit of a will made in 1767—"I forgive all the world except mee wife and I forgive her, too, but its against mee will and I do it to ease Father McDonough and kape mee own soul out of purgatory."

This aping at "the simple life" often becomes repulsive when seen at picnics. Because the convenient English lunch basket, with a place for everything, may be considered as complicated, extravagant, "smart," there is no reason why neatness should not prevail. Talk of the disfigurement of a landscape through placarded advertisements! They are nothing compared with waste papers, melon rinds, orange skins, peanut and egg shells and broken

bits of bread or cake left too high on a beach for the tide to wash them away or in some shady nook in the woods—and all in the name of "the simple life!" Just a picnic, no fuss about it! Why can't one be simple and tidy at the same time? There is no surer mark of a lady or gentleman than the way in which one eats, either sitting up at table or squatting on the ground. Yet picnics have become the bane of excursion parties. Though in themselves they are a charming, free and simple way of spending hours out doors, they constantly are prostituted to the ignoble ways of disorder and uncleanness. Said Bliss Carmen:

"There's nothing like a bit of open sky
To give a touch of poetry to pie."

Pie, from the venison pie of England, through all the cranberry and pumpkin varieties of the American pie, should be eaten off plates or rhubarb leaves. Always, whether concocted in the two-room kitchenette apartment, served from a butler's pantry or stowed away in picnic baskets, it stands as an ubiquitous offering to the gods of economy and appetite—a symbol of that "simple life" which seeks to please as well as to nourish, and by one day's much work to provide for several days to come.

Christmas Forethought

By Mrs. Charles Norman

BLUE Mondays argue badly, I fear, for the way in which we spend our Sundays, and our after-Christmas reflections are the dark shadows cast by Christmas indiscretions.

Something is wrong with our Christmases. Doubtless the mince pies, plum puddings and turkeys are separately or jointly responsible for much

of the mental disquietude which usually arises shortly after the festival times. It is said to be a common salutation in some countries, "How's your liver?"—and if that organ is reported in health, a man's affairs, even to his spiritual welfare, are counted prosperous. In our land the case is quite different. We give minute accounts of our various

unfortunate symptoms and forget that we have livers. We are quite regardless — especially at holiday times — of the burden we put upon our digestive organs; and, since external conditions cannot be just right when internal conditions are wrong, the happy occasions are followed by unhappy occasions.

However, Christmas has troubles for which diet is not responsible and which are beyond the reach of physic. The day that ought to bring peace brings so much weariness and depression and even the good will toward men is not abundant enough to exhilarate!

We wonder what the trouble is, and we try to convince ourselves that we are simply over-zealous in our efforts to make other people happy. Still, we are conscious that we, along with some other people, have showed a decided lack of judgment. Perhaps we have sinned—yes, sinned—in the spending of money or in repining because there was no more to spend. We admit, too, that — about the bestowal of Christmas presents — we need no school of instruction, but rather a school of ethics, or a moral massage or porous plaster for strengthening the backbones. Maybe the backbone is lacking, and only a wishbone in its place. The most ignorant person knows what a gift should signify, what motive should prompt it; the most undiscerning is aware that this one true motive is not often present in an unadulterated form.

What would be the effect, if some mischievous sprite should attach a card to the gifts you receive telling the precise reason each was bestowed? I hesitate to record the inscriptions some of the articles might bear. Yet how much better have you done yourself? Is there any one whom you have neglected all the year and whom you will now buy back into favor? Must you purchase something for a given set of persons each year, even though you can think of nothing those persons need or wish?

For most of us the aggregate cost of Christmas presents is a matter which must be considered. People of sentiment, who do not want the thing to look too much like a business proposition, may sigh over such a necessity, but the necessity remains. Americans, in general, spend money very freely, especially at Christmas, when they go beyond reason, even beyond their own unreasonable estimate of reason! They invariably spend more than they plan to spend.

There are plenty of people who give their whole lives — minds, bodies, yea, and souls also — for money; and then they throw away the money. Men become desperate. It matters not how they increase their earnings, for expenditures are increasing. So long as this continues, they can only look forward with a shudder.

It would seem only right that groceries and other necessities be paid for before Christmas expenditures be met, but merchants tell me that, almost without exception, their customers delay paying December bills, which often drag on for months. Now it may be you were very generous with your friends, but your generosity seems a little reckless, if debts are unpaid. And it does not look quite honest or fair to let a poor doctor wait for the \$50 you owe him, that you may give gifts. The money is his — let him have the opportunity of spending it.

I do not mean to decry so beautiful a custom as gift-giving, but only perfunctory giving, or the use of money which is unreasonable. It is lovely to sacrifice for a friend; but sacrifice yourself, not a third person. It is blessed to give, when the heart goes with the gift; but if the heart is really given and the recipient is worthy, then the outward token is not a necessity, though it may be a sweet and sacred symbol.

Diamonds and pearls, sapphires, emeralds and opals, are all beautiful, proper to bestow and perhaps dear to

possess, but the simplest memento may mean far more in bringing happiness. Sympathy and love are more needed than we imagine, and in these the poorest may be generous. I have often been amazed at an outburst of gratitude for a most casual kindness.

Can we make our Christmas more conducive to peace? Can we, by forethought and solemn resolution, avoid the bad feeling which too often follows the holiday? Can we muster the courage to keep Christmas this year as we think we should keep it?

Why should we worry hunting gifts for persons whom our purses can in no way gratify? They do not need *things*, or at least not things with a money value. Make something else besides money express the good will.

Christmas is essentially for children

and for those unfortunate persons whose wishes are seldom considered. It is so easy to make children happy — if by good fortune they are unspoiled! An orange from Santa Claus is worth a crate of oranges from the breakfast-table. The Christmas pageant is all wonderful to a child, and tinsel and glitter are true silver and gold! When he becomes sophisticated, let him go! Find another child!

As for the unfortunate — there are people who are so unfortunate! They wade through the deep waters of affliction in total darkness and, as it seems to them, for ages. To be lifted for just an hour, or a moment, would mean so much to them! Oh! let those who have suffered remember how long the interval seemed, and allow the light of their sympathy to shine at Christmas-time.

When Ethel Lifts the Jelly Cup

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

When Ethel, in her pink-stained hand,

Lifts up, between me and the sun,

For sight, a tantalizing one,

A cup of jelly, made today

Of wild grapes, as I heard her say;

It minds me of the golden band

That might her slender finger grace,

Would she but wear it — yet her face

Half-turned, and smiling at the cup,

Yields not, one-tithe, the secret up.

Wild grape, Catawba, plum and prune,

Each lends the beauty of its tint

To grace the cup — Could I some hint

Win of her thoughts — but while Love's tune

Beats in my heart, her words are all

Of jelly-making; every fall,

She says, she fills each dainty glass —

She fills my heart, the winsome lass,

Lifting those glasses, one by one,

And slowly turning in the sun

That I, with envious eyes, may see

How pink a cup and lips may be.

And here is one I had not seen;

She made it while the grapes were green.

If she such sweetness can conjure

From sours like green grapes, I am sure

The bitter things of life would turn

Beneath her touch, her magic learn.

To store Life's room with bread and meats

Be then my task, and share her sweets;

Ah me! how tempting near those lips —

Fruit-nectar, surely, they eclipse!



The Thanksgiving House

By Alix Thorn

SARAH stood at one of the windows of the deserted schoolroom, looking out on the garden, which was not today an inspiring sight. The lines of brown beds showed only dried stalks that seemed to shiver in the cold wind, and the leafless hedge looked like nothing so much as a skeleton fortification, good only for a few forlorn little birds to perch upon. The schoolroom presented a prospect not much more inviting than did the garden; the desks were empty, blackboards half cleaned, and the fire in the grate burned in lackluster fashion.

Nine-year-old Sarah gave no touch of brightness to this somber picture. She had just seen the last automobile load of girls drive off to the station, smiling, happy school friends of hers, bound for home, their blissful Thanksgiving recess ahead of them, forgetting already, in their joy, the small, pathetic figure at the window, the only pupil who was to spend her holiday at the school. It was not an alluring prospect, and a big tear splashed down upon the sill, quickly followed by another, and a diminutive, black-bordered handkerchief was brought into service.

Sarah's recollections of other Thanksgivings were not altogether attractive. The last three had been spent at the great hotel which her guardian and his wife called home, and, where, at the national feast, wonderful unpronounceable dishes were passed by awe-inspiring waiters, and where an unbelievably long time was spent at the table. When she was a tiny girl living with an invalid aunt, her only near relative, the holidays were but solemn occasions. The two of them sat alone at the massive round table, sober, elderly woman and quiet child, dutifully giving thanks,

and as dutifully eating their turkey. Now gone was the sober aunt, and still Sarah wore her signs and trappings of woe.

The silence grew oppressive in the schoolroom; the little maid sought the more cheerful parlor, and opened the glass doors of a bookcase, where stood, on the second shelf at the extreme right, a certain red-covered book, an acknowledged favorite with the little girls of the school. She hurriedly turned the pages till she found the picture she sought — an old-fashioned cut — just a sleigh load of smiling, happy folk attired in heavy jackets of ancient make, and wearing hoods and tippets as well. A stout lady with clustering curls, and several large-checked, round-eyed children, while in the lady's lap, and incredibly small, reposed a well-wrapped baby. Under the picture was the inscription, "Off to Grandfather's for Thanksgiving."

Closing the book with one small finger in the desired place, Sarah leaned back in her chair and gave herself up to the dear delight of dreaming. She might be disappointed, forlorn, the one little girl spending her holiday at the school, but Sarah had by birthright two priceless possessions that could not be taken from her, her books and her dreams, and Thanksgiving was now her theme. She had a very definite notion of what Thanksgiving *should* be. There must be a farmhouse on a quiet country road, farmhouse always large and always white, and with extremely red barns adjoining. To this peaceful home, as regularly as the rolling year brought back the festal day, a large number of relatives should make a pilgrimage, and ever the favored guests must be welcomed by a smiling old lady with

white curls and pink cheeks — oh, yes — and had she not seen the very Thanksgiving House where the festival was sure to be kept! And this was how it had happened. Two weeks before she had taken the prescribed walk with a long line of girls, following the Sawmill Road, an attractive way, in mellow October days, but cold and cheerless enough, in bleak November. None of the health-seekers had been in a joyous frame of mind, doggedly pushing ahead until given permission by the teacher in charge to return, yet Sarah, looking idly across the barren fields, had seen, standing far off, out against a background of forest, on a little hilltop, a farmhouse long and white and rambling, with a gleam of red barns near by, had caught a glimpse of a ribbon of white road that led to it, and had watched fascinatedly until a curve of the road had hid all from her sight. Then and there, she had straightway christened it, "The Thanksgiving House."

And sitting by the parlor fireplace this day before Thanksgiving, she made a sudden resolve that she would steal away quite by herself next morning, follow that ribbon of winding road that led up to the white house, and, unobserved, watch the guests come, and maybe, through the open door, catch a glimpse of the warm, fragrant interior. A wild, impracticable scheme, that only a lonely child given to dreaming *could* have evolved.

It was soon after breakfast next morning that, unobserved, she slipped out of the schoolroom door, and walked quickly off down the country road. A few stray snowflakes floated out of the gray sky, and a keen wind blew in her face; she was forced to go slowly, for the frozen road made traveling difficult. Loads of prosperous folk passed her, generally too busy with their own cheerful chatter to notice the small figure plodding steadily along. Some-

where from far away she heard a dim sound of church bells calling those who would feast to remember first to give thanks. At last she reached the road that evidently led to the white house; the winding way, that looked so steep when viewed from a distance, now seemed only a gradual slope.

It proved to be a road not frequently traveled, bordered with tall maples and sycamores, whose huge, bare boughs were outlined against the sky. Her heart beat fast as she neared the house, and, for the first time, she felt a sudden misgiving. How had she dared to start out on such an errand! What would the teacher in charge say, if she should not return in time for the two-o'clock dinner! If only she might see a little of the gladness, a glimpse of the merry-making and the bustle of arriving guests, she felt that she would be content, would fairly fly home, and fortune favoring, she could slip very quietly in and need give no explanation to those unsympathetic grown-ups, who surely would not comprehend. Here, at last, before her she saw the Thanksgiving House, and strangely enough she felt no sense of disappointment. A rambling old homestead standing near the highway, spotless white curtains primly tied back, at one of the windows a pot of red geraniums, at another a dull blue jar holding a branch of bright berries. On the small piazza lay, comfortably stretched out at full length, a large black dog, and as he saw the small person approaching he rose and came down the steps toward her. Now if there was one thing of which Sarah felt an unreasoning fear it was a strange dog, and as she saw this dreaded animal heading for her, and realized her defenceless position, she screamed shrilly, and covered her suddenly pale face with her trembling little hands. The front door opened, steps sounded on the piazza, and the frightened child opened her eyes to

see the veritable old lady of her dreams standing by her. If not really curly hair, this old lady had soft, wavy locks smoothly parted, now partially covered by a fleecy lavender shawl; pink were her cheeks certainly, and she looked reassuringly at the frightened little stranger, saying in her soft voice, "Why, child, you needn't be afraid of Tige, he's the kindest of dogs, he wouldn't hurt a fly; he's quite used to young folks, and I guess that he thought you were one of the grandchildren coming home to Thanksgiving dinner. See, he wants you to stroke his head."

"I'm afraid of dogs," was Sarah's reply, holding out a cautious hand, as she spoke, in Tige's direction. "I know I ought not to be, such a big girl as I, most ten, but I just am."

"Well, well!" smiled the old lady, taking hold of a small gloved hand as she spoke, "you aren't such a big girl after all. Come inside with me, my child, and tell me what brings you up here all alone, and on Thanksgiving morning." And she led her up the steps and into the warm sitting-room, fragrant today with a dozen spicy, mysterious odors.

Sarah's pale cheeks flushed crimson, and she hesitated for a moment before making reply; then, her troubled brown eyes meeting the gentle blue ones, she broke forth impetuously, "I came just to see your Thanksgiving house, just to see it for a few moments; it was lonely at the school, and, and I had read about such houses as this, and I wanted — oh, so much — to see a truly Thanksgiving; that's all, good bye!" — rising as if to go. A beautiful, understanding look came into the Thanksgiving lady's wrinkled face, a look all pity and sympathy, and she suddenly put her arm around Sarah's slight young figure, and drew her down beside her on the cretonne-covered sofa. She listened to all the simple story, heard about the other Thanks-

givings, the empty school, the longings, the dreaming, even of the red-covered book in the parlor, and, last of all, of the Thanksgiving House itself. At the end, the little lady rose, and said most energetically for such a frail little grandmother, "Wait here, Sarah, my child, until I return, I have some telegraphing to do;" and the wondering Sarah waited, studying wistfully the old-fashioned room with its tall clock, its high, narrow mantel above the fireplace where blue and red china vases stood between large pink shells, at the hair wreath in its gold frame, and the gift books on the little mahogany table.

Then in pattered the Thanksgiving lady announcing, "You are not going back to school till this evening; you are to stay at dinner here, in the Thanksgiving House, and have a beautiful time with all my grandchildren, and some of the friends will drive you down late in the afternoon. I know Miss McChesney, your principal, and she says she is willing that I should keep you, so," with a satisfied little laugh, "you see it's all settled," and she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, not waiting to hear Sarah's confused thanks. Presently she called to the radiantly happy young guest to join her, and see the beautiful preparations for the feast; allowed her to arrange the flowers on the table, and be a part, generally, of the wonderful whole. And when she introduced "my dear little friend from the school" to the cheerful girls and boys who presently came trooping in, they straightway claimed the newcomer as their very own, and entertained her in royal fashion.

When the never-to-be-forgotten dinner was over, and a yellow sunset warned them that it was time to go, Sarah, seated in the carriage between two rosy girl friends, leaned out for a last look at the Thanksgiving lady standing upon the piazza.

"Remember, you are coming to see me very soon, child, very soon," she said, and Sarah's answer was:

"Just the very first time they'll let

me come;" but to herself she whispered very softly, "Good bye, my Thanksgiving House, my own beautiful Thanksgiving House."

The Welcome Guest

By Estelle M. Hurl

IN the first place, go when you are invited. Your hostess has presumably set the time most convenient to her, and you must conform your arrangements to hers. However much you prefer another time, this fact should not be betrayed. You may not be very well; your wardrobe may be insufficient; you may have to lose some special attraction at home,—sacrifice all these things and everything else but duty,—and make the visit. There are certain months when traveling and visiting are most agreeable to everybody. But a hospitable family cannot crowd all their guests into May, June and October. They would not only be exhausted by the strain, but would be deprived of the pleasure of making visits on their own account in these seasons. A thoughtful hostess plans the hospitality of the year as systematically and conveniently as possible. She gives you your turn, and you must take it or lose it.

A good friend of mine has often confided to me her trials in the perversity of her guests. Living in a country village which is charming in summer and rather dreary in winter, she is overwhelmed with visitors in hot weather and left lonely and worn out in the autumn. This is a downright imposition which no hostess should permit and no guests should expect.

Upon arrival the welcome guest adapts herself at once to the customs of her hosts—their meal hours, their pursuits and amusements. The guest who is late to meals, who does not ac-

company the family to church, who is bored by the favorite games of her hostess, and is not attentive to the family friends, is not likely to be invited again.

As quickly as possible the welcome guest learns how she may be helpful to her hostess. If the home is luxuriously appointed, there may be no need of actual manual service, but even so there are many other ways of helping with whatever accomplishments she may possess. As a musician, a conversationalist, lending a hand at a game, or reading aloud, amusing the children or sitting with an invalid, a tactful guest may make herself thrice welcome. In homes where there are no servants there are a hundred little offices which may be unobtrusively performed,—wiping dishes, making beds, dusting parlors, and the like. Do all these things in your hostess' way, not in your own. It is an impertinence to insist upon your own methods as if criticising the domestic machinery of your entertainers. The gift of sympathy is the great requisite. Not to take the position of an outsider, but to fit in naturally with the family *régime*, is the best kind of tact on the part of the guest.

The guest should be well supplied with fancy work and reading matter. It is extremely desirable for her to have some resources of her own, without taxing the hostess every minute for her entertainment. Nothing is more distressing than to see a guest moping

idly about while waiting for her hostess to be disengaged. The welcome guest always assures her entertainers that she has "plenty to do" during the hours when domestic affairs engross the family. She retires tactfully to her room to write letters, sew or read, as the case may be, or perhaps takes a walk alone, never allowing herself to become a burden.

It is always a compliment to your hostess to wear your pretty clothes during your visit. If she is herself a person of toilets, she, of course, expects this of you. And if she is not, she is all the more entertained by your display. It is really much more worth while to take pains in such matters with provincial people than in visiting people of fashion: your efforts are more appreciated. If you can afford it, carry a gift; not necessarily an expensive or elaborate one, but something thoughtfully chosen. I have visited rich people whose children were as pleased with pretty pencils and notebooks as with the most costly gifts, and where boxes of candy were hailed with delight, because of the surprise and novelty of the offering.

The welcome guest shows from beginning to end of her visit a sincere appreciation of all that is done for her.

Whatever she can conscientiously praise in the plans and arrangements for her entertainment, she does well to mention. No hostess can be so *blasé* that she is not gratified by the manifest pleasure of her guests. The most welcome guest is the one who brings a good time with her, who obviously has a good time throughout her visit, and who leaves behind her a fragrant memory of unaffected enjoyment. The tactful guest is careful not to wear out her welcome. The best plan is for the hostess to set a definite limit to the visit when issuing the invitation. It is a mistake to exceed this limit except for the most urgent reasons, never merely for your own convenience. It is infinitely better to take your departure when your hosts are sincerely regretful to see you go, rather than relieved that the visit is ended.

Last, but not least, the welcome guest does not forget to write and thank her hosts for her entertainment. Whatever she may have said in the way of appreciation, nothing is quite like the written expression of her gratitude. Her hosts will read her letter with a glow of satisfaction that their efforts have been so successful, and it will not be long before they reply, "Do come again soon."

Thanksgiving Day

By Ruth Raymond

O'er pleasant mead and rugged glen
 We keep Thanksgiving Day again,
 While bells of joy triumphant ring;
 In church and hall the people sing
 Their harvest songs, so sweet and clear,
 Glad anthems of a fruitful year.

From princely home and city street
 Come wanderers back with eager feet
 To the old farm, where childhood hours
 Were gaily spent 'mid fragrant flowers;
 Where childhood lessons learned so well
 It is their joy again to tell.

So long they tarried, but today
 They seek the homes where fathers pray,
 Where sisters and where brothers stand
 To welcome each with loving hand;
 Where mothers with fond smile and dear
 Serve as of yore, Thanksgiving cheer.

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:
372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR, SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter.

NUTRITION LABORATORIES

THE teaching of domestic science is spreading widely. Simmons College, the School of Household Arts at Teachers College, New York, Pratt and Drexel Insititues, all are places fully endowed and equipped for giving instruction in all branches of domestic science. In countless schools and colleges, West and South, household economy is being made a regular branch in the courses of instruction. Hospitals and asylums throughout the land are calling not only for trained nurses, but for dietitians and trained cooks.

A few years since and a nutrition laboratory was unheard of. Even now how many are aware that there is a Carnegie nutrition laboratory located at

Boston, Mass., adjoining the Harvard Medical School? Such is the case. It is a plain brick structure of three stories and basement, and possesses thorough equipment for the study of nutrition problems in relation to health and disease. Of this and similar laboratories in other cities much is expected.

Where should the latest knowledge of sanitation and nutrition be taught and put into practice more fully than in hospitals and other large institutions? What is implied in the qualifications of the trained nurse, unless it be some acquaintance with the problems of nutrition? The time has come when, whatever courses of study women may take up, whatever pursuits they may engage in, they must have some definite and adequate knowledge of housekeeping. And in housekeeping, food and feeding are by no means of secondary importance.

THE SOFT ANSWER

PRESIDENT TAFT'S late sermonette at Salt Lake City, Utah, on "a soft answer turneth away wrath," was not only characteristic of the man himself, but it also fittingly represents the pervading spirit of the times. The optimist rather than the pessimist, we take it, is most in evidence today. He is occupying the seats of power and influence. With superstition, fear has been banished largely from life, and people are more cheerful and concerned with matters and events of present occurrence. Surely the soft answer, as the kindly deed, ever means much and its influence reaches far. Always it makes for peace, happiness and social well-being, world wide.

We like the optimists—cheerful men and women; they are good company, rarely bore, instead they tend to render the routine of life less wearisome. We like the writings of Holmes and other humorists, because of the hopeful, genial spirit that pervades their work. The kindly word and cheerful

laugh have effectually disposed of many a bitter controversy and quarrel. Even error and falsehood cannot long withstand the butt of ridicule. The child who is treated kindly and spoken to softly can not well be bad. The best teachers are they who are never fractious.

Besides, men and women of gentle, cheerful spirit are not apt to be greedy and selfish, — traits of character most faulty in this or any age. Selfishness is not only a grievous fault, but it is a sin. Moreover, in the long run the selfish policy does not pay, it reacts on the agents and leads to strife and conflict. On the other hand, the soft answer tendeth to profit and reward. It is good in the home, in business, in the community, and in the intercourse of nations. Like the quality of mercy, "it is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." To lead a cleanly and wholesome life, to speak a sympathetic word and render helpful service to a neighbor, as occasion offers, these, it seems, constitute about the whole duty of man. Is not the manner in which we treat others a sure revelation of our inmost character?

"TRUE RURAL UPLIFT"

IN recommending the establishment of experimental farms on a systematic plan throughout the rural communities, the president of the New York Central Lines says:

"Above and beyond all other considerations, this system would dignify and make attractive a life now too full of drudgery; it would make the cultivation of the soil a profession rather than a vocation. It would keep the boys on the farm and attract from the cities and towns thousands for whom farm life now has few attractions. It would multiply farms and multiply prosperous farmers, because 80 acres intelligently tilled will produce as much as 160 acres produce under our present slack and ignorant methods. It would

return the preponderance of political power to the rural districts, where it can be more safely left than to the congested centers of population, already ominously powerful in many of our States, and would indefinitely postpone that great test of the permanency of our institutions predicted by Macaulay half a century ago."

The suggestion is a worthy one: "What is needed in the farming regions everywhere is practical education in matters relating to agriculture. When the soil abounded in virgin richness and the wants of the community were limited, haphazard farming answered well enough. It answers no longer, and the youth of the land naturally turn from farming to almost any other employment promising to be more agreeable or profitable. Farming is capable of being dignified a great deal, and becoming both entertaining and profitable, and it will be sought as an occupation for these reasons, as well as others, when given its proper place among the trades and occupations calling for a preparatory education."

HOME PROBLEMS FROM ONE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

[From the Journal of Home Economics]

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title, "From An Average Woman," gives expression to some views regarding home problems which she believes are those of many average women, — that is, women of experience and training, but with a preference for home life rather than for public life, though possessed of sympathy with movements pertaining to the public welfare. The article is written from the point of view of one who secured a well-rounded education by obtaining domestic matters at home and academic education at a modern high-school and one of the New England colleges for women.

"I have no quarrel with my Alma Mater, as has one of my contemporaries

with hers, because she did not teach me 'that if one is able to afford two vegetables with one's joint, they had better not be rice and potatoes.' I learned that in my mother's home before I went to college, together with other domestic accomplishments, including the making of bread and the darning of stockings."

Her college work in the classics she appreciates for more than its mere discipline:

"All along the way I received little flashes of inspiration and illumination, which enrich and sweeten life for me even today."

College laboratory work, particularly that in biology and botany, is appreciated for the light it has given on physiological problems, and "knowledge of myself which has resulted in a sounder body and a saner mind. Quite aside from this, college increased my earning power, my sense of responsibility, my joy in literature and in life."

For five years after graduation the writer states that she was a business woman, and very happy in her work, but also that she has been far more happy in her five years of married life, and more independent than when in business.

"I have a housekeeping allowance, and one for my personal needs, as regular as my salary used to be; I have the control of my time, my work is not so monotonous, and my workshop is what I choose to make it. I do not feel like a 'paid housekeeper,' nor 'an unpaid domestic.'

"Now for my hypothesis: I believe that housework is an interesting and worthy craft, and that the majority of women, those who are not fitted for a career, enjoy it, or would if it were considered fashionable. I believe that housekeeping is a stimulating profession. I believe that home-making is an art. I believe that motherhood is a divine mission. All these are platitudes; is there any woman, out of print, who really has a different opinion?

"I believe that marriage is a life-partnership, to be entered upon only where there is mutual liking as well as love. . . .

"It seems to me only reasonable that a young woman should not marry unless she is both able and willing to keep house; even as she studies typewriting and shorthand before taking a position as stenographer. There are schools of domestic science reasonable in price, if one cannot learn at home. . . .

"I believe — and here I may be considered a rank heretic, even by other average women — that housewives do not have a monopoly of the drudgery of life. My personal definition of drudgery is compulsory work that one does not know how to do well. . . .

"Nor is the varied routine of the work of a house more monotonous than heating one iron bar after another, hour after hour, day after day, for instance; or adding up one column of figures after another. To my mind, who have tried both, the reading and editing of manuscripts grows monotonous and wearing sooner than the doing of all my 'own work' without a maid. . . .

"In the conduct of my household I have dealings with the Chinaman, the Italian, the Greek, the African, the sons and daughters of Ireland and Germany. All the problems of race and creed are at my back door, and I am willing to follow where they lead, but if I do, and if I continue to make old age less a barren waste for the aged in my home, and start the young in the right way to independence and happiness, and share my home with all the relatives and friends who have a claim upon my hospitality, am I neglecting the 'real work of the world'? I ask in all humility, for myself and for all the average women I represent, who rejoice with me that there are women of larger leisure and greater ability to espouse the cause of the working girl, and the child who should not work, and to secure better conditions in town and State."



FROM THE NOVEMBER MARKET

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Clam Soup, Winter Style

POUR a cup of water over a quart of shelled clams; rinse the clams, one by one, in the water and separate the soft from the tough portion of each clam. Strain the liquid through two folds of cheese cloth. Scald one quart of milk with a slice of onion and a tiny bit of bay leaf. Chop fine the hard part of the clams; add the clam liquid and let slowly heat to the boiling point, then strain, pressing out all the juice possible, and let cool a little. Melt one-third a cup of butter; add one-third a cup of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper and let cook until bubbling, then let cool; add the clam liquid, stir until boiling, and strain in the hot milk; add two beaten yolks of egg mixed with half a cup of cream and the soft part of the clams and stir until the egg is set. Have

ready the whites of two eggs, beaten dry; poach this, by spoonfuls, in a saucepan of boiling water and set on the top of the soup poured into cups. Canned rather than fresh clams may be used.

Cream-of-Cauliflower Soup

Let a head of cauliflower stand, stem upward, in a dish of cold salted water an hour or more; then set to cook in a saucepan of boiling water to which half or a whole cup of milk and a teaspoonful of salt have been added. Cook until the cauliflower is tender, from thirty to forty-five minutes. Discard the stem and press as much of the cauliflower as possible through a sieve or gravy-strainer. Add the pulp, of which there should be nearly two cups, to a quart of chicken broth. In the meanwhile scald two cups of milk with two stalks of celery, cut in pieces, and two slices of

onion. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, then add about a pint of the broth and purée and stir until boiling; add the rest of the mixture and the hot milk and stir until boiling. Draw the

with salt, pepper, butter, bacon fat or dripping, and dredge with flour. Set into a hot oven for ten minutes, turning them, meanwhile, to sear all sides. Have ready an earthen dish (casserole) or a double pan; in this slice an onion and a carrot, put in a small bit of bay



BRAISED PARTRIDGE WITH CAULIFLOWER PURÉE

saucepan to a cooler part of the range and stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with half or a whole cup of cream; add more salt — a generous teaspoonful will be needed if the broth has not been previously seasoned — and pepper if desired. Do not let boil after the egg is added or the soup will curdle. Tiny flowerets of cauliflower may be served in each plate of soup.

Braised Partridge with Cauliflower Purée

Clean and truss the partridges as chickens for roasting. Rub them over

leaf and two or three slices of bacon, cut in bits; on these dispose the partridge, pour in half a cup of sauterne (this may be omitted) and about two cups of chicken or veal broth; set a slice of bacon on each bird, cover and let cook very slowly about three-fourths of an hour or until tender. In the meanwhile cook a cauliflower and press through a sieve (see cream-of-cauliflower soup). Season with two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Dress the purée in a mound with the partridge, whole or cut in pieces, on



FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY ORCHARD AND GARDEN

either side or surround the partridge (whole or cut up) with the purée. Thicken the broth with a little flour

with the dripping in the pan. Dredge with flour after each basting. More broth may be added if needed. Re-



CHICKEN BAKED WITH SALT PORK

smoothed in water; add a little kitchen bouquet and strain into a bowl.

Chicken Baked with Salt Pork

Singe a young chicken and remove the pin feathers. Cut off the neck on a line with the top of the wing bones. Cut the chicken down through the backbone and clean on the inside, wash and dry both inside and out, twist the wings and second joints to unhang them and flatten the breast with a cleaver. In a double roasting-pan lay several thin slices of fat salt pork; on these lay the chicken, skin side up, dredge with flour and lay over the top several thin slices of pork; turn in half a cup of hot water or broth, cover and let cook one hour and three-fourths. Baste several times

move the chicken to the serving dish. Toast about eight diamond-shaped slices of bread, then turn them in the dripping until they are well saturated with it; dispose these around the chicken with parsley between. Add a tablespoonful of butter to the baking pan; when melted stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; stir until frothy, then add a cup of water (that in which the giblets were boiled is preferable) and stir until boiling, then strain over the chopped giblets. Partridge may be cooked in the same way.

Pilaf Indienne with Chicken Livers

Carefully remove the gall bladders from ten or twelve very fresh chicken



KOHL-RABI

livers, wash and wipe dry and season with salt and pepper. Melt two or more tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; in it dispose the livers, side by side; let cook briskly about three minutes, then turn them over and let cook three minutes on the other side; add a cup of chicken, veal or beef broth, nicely flavored with vegetables and sweet herbs, and let simmer five or six minutes. Season with salt and pepper; turn upon a serving dish, surround with pilaf Indienne and serve at once.

Pilaf Indienne

Set two cups and a half of stock and one cup of cooked-and-strained tomato

equal measure of chopped ham or tongue, a little Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, as much curry powder as pepper, and tomato catsup to moisten; mix all together thoroughly; with this fill the halves of eggs, rounding the mixture above. Set these around the spinach and serve at once, for supper or luncheon.

Stuffed Cabbage

Select a compact head of cabbage; remove the coarse outer leaves. Cut out the stalk and cabbage around it to form a symmetrical case. Put the cabbage into a saucepan of boiling water; let cook ten minutes, then rinse in cold



SPINACH WITH STUFFED EGGS

over the fire. When boiling add one cup of blanched rice and half a teaspoonful of salt; let cook, stirring occasionally with a silver fork until the liquid is absorbed. Add half a cup of butter, creamed and mixed with a teaspoonful of curry powder, and return to the fire over hot water and let cook until tender.

Spinach with Stuffed Eggs

Chop fine some hot boiled spinach, season with salt, pepper and butter, mix thoroughly and dispose in a hot vegetable dish; have ready some hot "boiled" eggs; cut them in halves, press the yolks through a sieve, add an

water and press out all the water possible. Have ready three cups of soft bread crumbs (sifted or pressed through a colander); add one-fourth a cup of melted butter, a cup of chopped nuts or of cooked ham, veal, fresh pork or sausage, chopped fine; add also if desired one or two tablespoonfuls, each, of chopped onion, green or red pepper and parsley. Two or three yolks of eggs may be added if desired, the mixture will be firmer and more consistent with them. Mix all together thoroughly and use to fill the cabbage shell. Cover the filling with one of the outer cabbage leaves previously removed. Put bits of bacon in a deep pan or cas-

serole, set the cabbage on them, surround with two or three cups of water or light stock, put a strip of bacon above, cover and let cook an hour and a half, basting three or four times. Take off the cabbage leaf, cover the filling with half a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and let brown in the oven. Meanwhile thicken the broth with flour made smooth in water, or add the broth to a bowl of brown sauce left from roast meat. Serve very hot with the cabbage.

The cracker crumbs may be omitted and the sauce poured over the cabbage set on a serving dish. In the illustration the stalk of the cabbage was not removed, the case being made by taking out the best part of the cabbage. This is a mistake, the stalk being unedible.

Pain of Cauliflower

Cook a cauliflower as directed for cream-of-cauliflower soup and press through a sieve. There should be two cups of purée. Press enough white bread, freed from crust, through a

colander to fill a cup; add one cup of thin cream, rich milk or chicken broth and stir constantly over a quick fire to form a smooth paste; add a teaspoon-



STUFFED CABBAGE

ful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and, if cream was not used, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter; mix thoroughly, then gradually beat in the purée; add the beaten yolks of three eggs and when well blended thoroughly fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Have a quart mold neatly lined with paper (such as is used in wrapping butter, fish, etc.); butter it thoroughly and turn in the mixture. Tap the mold gently on the table, that the mixture may settle and fill the mold evenly. Set on several folds of paper in a dish and turn boiling water around the



PAIN OF CAULIFLOWER

mold to reach nearly to the top of it. Let cook in the oven, without the water boiling, until firm in the center. It will take about an hour. Unmold and



EVAPORATED OKRA, ANDALOUSE STYLE

serve with cream, Hollandaise or Mousseline sauce. Be sure and line the mold. This is good reheated.

Mousseline Sauce

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in the yolks of four eggs, one at a time; add half a cup of cream and stir and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens; remove from the fire and add one-fourth a cup of butter, in little bits, then two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. This makes a thick sauce; for a thinner sauce use the yolks of two eggs.

Evaporated Okra, Andalous Style

Okra is a vegetable that may be most successfully preserved by evaporation. It is put up in small packages, each of which is equivalent to a quart of fresh okra. Turn a package of evaporated okra into an earthenware dish, add a pint of cold water and let stand several hours or over night. Melt two or three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it stir and cook one

small onion, chopped fine; let the onion cook without becoming browned; add a pint of cooked tomato, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and the okra and water. Mix thoroughly and turn into a baking dish, cover closely and let cook one hour in a moderate oven. Remove to a hot serving dish, surround with toast points, buttered and dipped in chopped parsley. Serve at once. The okra, cooked tender in the water in which it is soaked, may be served in cream sauce, or cheese may be added. In either case buttered cracker crumbs may be spread above the sauce and the dish set into the oven



SAVORY KORNLET CROQUETTES

to brown the crumbs. Okra must be cooked in earthenware or it will be blackened.

Savory Kornlet Croquettes

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook a slice of onion and half a green or red pepper pod, chopped fine; when the vegetables are softened and slightly yellowed, add four tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir until cooked a little, then add one-fourth a cup of tomato purée; stir until boiling, then stir in one cup of hot kornlet; let boil up once and turn upon a buttered plate. When cold form into

enough to make a soft dough that may be kneaded. Knead until elastic, cover and let stand, in a place free from drafts, until doubled in bulk. Turn upon a board upside down, roll into a sheet a scant three-fourths an inch thick. Cut into rounds. Set these in pans, some distance apart. When light make an opening in the top of each bun and insert a mixture of butter, sugar and cinnamon. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush over the tops with paste (two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch cooked in a cup of water), dredge with coffee, A, sugar and return to a hot oven to glaze. One-third a



CINNAMON BUNS

eight cylinder shapes, roll in sifted bread crumbs, cover with egg and again with crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

Cinnamon Buns

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water, mix thoroughly and add to two cups of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature; stir in about three cups and a half of flour; beat thoroughly, then cover and set aside to become light and very puffy. Add two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of melted shortening, one teaspoonful of salt and about four cups of flour. Use flour

cup of butter, beaten to a cream, two-thirds a cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of cinnamon are needed for filling the buns.

Rice Griddlecakes

To two cups of boiled rice, hot or cold but with distinct kernels, add one cup of sour cream or rich creamy milk, mixed with half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two egg yolks; mix thoroughly, then beat in one cup of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and, lastly, fold in the white of two eggs, beaten dry. Bake on a hot well-oiled

griddle. Turn when the mixture is well filled with bubbles. One or two additional tablespoonfuls of flour may be needed. Rice lacks fat, and if sour cream be not available, two or three

take one whole egg and the yolk of another, one cup of sifted, cooked squash, three-fourths a cup of sugar, one cup of thin cream, and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and mace.



HOTHOUSE CUCUMBER SALAD

tablespoonfuls of melted butter may be used with the milk.

Little Squash Pies

Make plain pastry with two cups of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder and half a cup (four ounces) of shortening. Roll into a sheet, spread with three or four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, then fold in three layers and again roll into a thin sheet. With this paste cover ten small patty pans, turning in and fluting the crust on the edge as for custard or squash pies. Fill with squash

Hothouse Cucumber Salad

Pare one or two cucumbers and cut them into thin slices; cover with cold water and let stand until ready to serve. Rub over a serving dish with a clove of garlic, cut in halves. Wipe the slices of cucumber, drained free of water, with a cloth, dispose them in a salad dish and pour on a good supply of French dressing. Sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley and serve at once. For the French dressing mix together four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper.



LITTLE SQUASH PIES

mixture and let bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. These are best the day they are baked, but may be reheated. For the filling

Sponge Cake

Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; gradually beat in one cup

Economical Menus for a Week in November

(Adults)

A meal should be regarded as an important end in itself. It should be taken at leisure, body and mind being, for the time being, given up to it, and to agreeable, social intercourse.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Oatmeal, Milk Salt Codfish Balls, Bacon Chow-Chow or Hot Apple Sauce Boston Brown Bread (reheated) White Bread, Toasted Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Cannelon of Beef, Tomato Sauce Scalloped Potatoes. Creamed Cabbage Steamed Carrot Pudding, Hard Sauce Tea</p> <p>Supper Bread-and-Cheese Pudding Celery Hearts Cookies. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Corned Codfish, Creamed Baked Potatoes. Apple Butter Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Canned Salmon (made hot in can) Egg or Pickle Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Onions Cole Slaw or Philadelphia Relish Delmonico Pudding with Meringue Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Scalloped Tomatoes Squash Biscuit, Butter Lettuce and Dates, French Dressing Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY	
	<p>Breakfast Half Slices of Beef Cannelon, made hot in Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Fried Mush, Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Stuffed Cabbage (nuts and bread) Apple Pie. Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Smoked Halibut, Creamed with an Egg Baked Potatoes Stewed Crabapples Graham Bread and Butter Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Corn Meal Mush, Milk Salmon Fish Cakes, Bacon Squash Biscuit (reheated) Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Shoulder of Lamb Réchauffé (macaroni, tomatoes, etc.) Mashed Turnips. Celery Hearts Chocolate Junket, Devonshire Cream Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Creamed Celery au Gratin Bread and Butter. Apple Marmalade Nut Cake, Boiled Caramel Frosting Tea</p>	THURSDAY	
TUESDAY	<p>Breakfast Home Made Pork Sausage, Fried Apples Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Toast. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Boiled Shoulder of Lamb, Caper Sauce Boiled Turnips. Boiled Potatoes Squash. Pickled Beets Tapioca Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Dried Lima Beans, Stewed Bread and Butter Stewed Prunes Brownies (home-grown nuts) Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk White Hashed Potatoes Fried Mush. Graham Biscuit Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Round Steak en Casserole (potatoes, carrots and turnips) Lettuce, French Dressing Cranberry Pie. Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Peanut-Butter Toast Hot Apple Sauce Caramel Nut Cake Tea</p>	FRIDAY	
SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Salt Codfish Hash Stewed Tomatoes French Toast (with egg and milk, fried) Coffee</p>	<p>Dinner Smoked Pork Tenderloin Roasted Apple Sauce Cooked in Bean Pot Squash. Scalloped Onions Cabinet Pudding with Prunes Hard Sauce with Prunes Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Supper Corn or Fresh Fish Chow- der, Pickles Quick Sponge Cake (left from cabinet pudding) Boiled Custard (cornstarch and eggs) Tea</p>	

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinner

Kitchenette

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Olives. Salted Nuts. Celery
Young Chicken, cooked with Salt Pork
Mashed Potatoes
Squash
Charlotte Russe in Cups
Sweet Cider Coffee
Nuts. Raisins. Bonbons

Old People's Home

Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons
Roast Chickens, Bread Dressing, Giblet Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions. Squash
Cranberry Sauce
Hot Apple Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream
Coffee Cider
Raisins. Nuts. Peppermints

School

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Olives. Celery Hearts
Crabflake Croquettes, Sauce Tartare
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes with
Caramel Syrup
Boiled Onions, Buttered
Sweet Cider Sherbet
Lettuce, French Dressing
Little Squash Pies
Junket Ice Cream with Maple Syrup
and Chopped Nuts
Nuts. Raisins. Bonbons
Coffee

Country

Cream-of-Cauliflower Soup, Croutons
Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing, Giblet Sauce
Squash au Gratin
Onions stuffed with Nuts
Mashed Potatoes. Cranberry Sauce
Sweet Cider Frappé
Chicken Pie
Sweet Pickled Melon
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Philadelphia Ice Cream
Preserved Strawberries
Nuts. Apples. Maple Bonbons
Coffee

City

Consommé with Chicken Quenelles
Olives. Celery. Salted Pecan Nuts
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Hothouse Cucumbers, French Dressing
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing, Giblet
Sauce
Cranberry Frappé
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Pain of Cauliflower, Mousseline Sauce
Wild Ducks Roasted
Celery-and-Orange Salad
Puff-Paste Patties filled with Sunshine
Strawberries
Frozen Pudding
Nuts. Raisins. Bonbons
Coffee

Thanksgiving Supper after Light Dinner

Grapefruit Cocktail
Oyster Patties, Olives
Chicken-Celery-and-Nut Salad
Salad Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream. Preserved Peaches
Raspberry Sauce
Coffee
Nuts. Raisins. Bonbons

A Word in Season

By Janet M. Hill

EVERY once in a while it is forcibly brought home to us that women in general do not take thought enough as to "what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink." When one is sick it takes but a seemingly little thing — no more than a piece of toast as it is often given for instance, undercooked bread charred a little on the outside—to occasion a whole day and night of positive distress, and in some cases to invite attacks of serious disorders, even heart failure. There is no place where "a passion for the perfect" needs be exercised in such high degree as in the preparation of food for the sick and for young children. But how often the idea seems wanting as to what perfection in coked food means! What a slice of toast really means and why it is ordered are not vital facts even to many a nurse and to many a woman with a family in charge. But considering the relation existing between food and health, and often life itself, to say nothing of what would be added to the sum of the world's happiness, it is too much to demand that all women registering as nurses and all women for whom marriage licenses are asked should be able to show sufficient mastery of the rudiments of the subjects of food and dietetics to be able to care for milk, cook an egg, make a cup of broth, broil a bit of steak, and cook a potato and a slice of toast properly.

Some women seem to know when things are right, but they dislike the effort necessary to make them so. Happy is the woman with some one at her elbow who knows what her best can be, whether of superintendence or the actual work itself, and keeps her spurred up to the doing of it. After one has tasted the joy and satisfaction of work

of any kind well done, there can be no real backsliding for any length of time. The thing for each and every one of us to do who are already in the business of preparing food for others is to make sure that we know when food is prepared perfectly. Let us cultivate a taste for perfection in the finished product. For such a course will pay a large dividend, not only in matter of health, but in the way of economy.

Perhaps at this season of the year, when so many food products are freshly harvested and at their best, there is more than the usual tendency to over-eating. The elimination of waste products and the over-supply lays a heavy tax upon the system; especially is this the case unless one exercises freely in the open air. Colds, malarial attacks, rheumatism and a hundred and one ills follow in the wake of those whose systems are poisoned by over-eating. Boys and girls in grammar and high schools rarely eat more than they can assimilate, but men and women of middle age, who are inclined to hug the fire-side, will do well to eat less food than the appetite craves.

What shall I do to keep pies from running over in the oven? is a question prevalent at this season. A pie properly put together, on a suitable plate, and set to bake in a properly heated oven, will not run over. Select an agate plate that is not too shallow; let the lower round of paste lie loosely upon the plate, though close to it, that the air may be excluded completely, and come one-half an inch beyond its edge; fill generously with apple or solid material, but do not let liquid ingredients come up quite to the top of the plate.

Brush the edge of the upper surface of the paste with cold water and set the upper round of paste, slitted suitably, in place, letting it lie loosely over the filling; cut the edge even with the edge of the lower round of paste and brush the two edges together with cold water. The pastry in baking will shrink a little, but will not shrink to the edge of the plate, and after a little experience a pie may be baked successfully, if the paste, before baking, extend one-third or even one-fourth an inch beyond the plate. In baking all pies — even custard and squash — the oven should be well heated, especially on the bottom, when the pie is set into it. This is essential in order that the under layer of paste be baked before it becomes soaked with liquid. When two crusts are to be used, do not turn the filling into the lined plate until the second round of paste is ready to set in place. The heat of the oven should be lowered after ten or fifteen minutes; particularly is this true in the case of custard, squash or pumpkin pies, the filling of which is spoiled by boiling.

Often they are most desirous of showing hospitality who are not in a situation to receive their friends sumptuously. But let us be reminded that a simple, cheerful meal in small apartments will perhaps stand out vividly in memory for years, while many a dinner of elaborate and varied courses with a large company can scarcely be called to mind. At our Thanksgiving season, in particular, let us entertain those who are near and dear, and, consequently, in sympathy with us; then what matters

it if the china be not translucent or the rooms spacious? To do honor to those who make an effort to come to us, everything will be in holiday attire. A "fair, white linen cloth" will be laid, and the best we have will be brought forth.

In a small apartment, where assistance is out of the question, a high tea or a chafing-dish supper can be carried out more satisfactorily than the more pretentious dinner. With either of the former meals the heavy work of preparation may be done the day before, and the final light cooking at the table may be participated in by the guests. Cream-of-corn soup, Chantilly, given in answer to Query 1529, may be largely prepared the day before, and finished in a chafing dish; this, followed by cold roast chicken, sliced thin, cranberry sauce, bread and butter, crackers, cheese, celery and coffee, gives quite an elaborate meal. For a less pretentious supper, creamed or Bechamel chicken, yeast rolls, reheated, nuts, raisins and coffee will suffice. Fresh cooked chicken is preferable to the canned product, for one has the broth; this with a very little cream gives a much more delicious sauce than the milk commonly used when creamed chicken is essayed. This dish may be finished the day before and then reheated, but it is far better, put together just before serving. With chicken, cooked and cut in neat cubes, and all ingredients measured, the dish can be quickly made at the table. For creamed clams or oysters, let the shellfish be heated quickly to the boiling point, and drained before they are added to the sauce.



The Achievements of a Simple Hostess

A New England Dinner

By Alice M. Ashton

"JIMMIE BERKLEY, it's another!" gasped his wife with an apprehensive shiver, as he gingerly deposited on the table beside her a suggestive white envelope of diminutive dimensions.

"Looks like it," agreed Berkley gloomily, "and it is Mrs. White's writing, if I'm not mistaken. What's the matter with this town, anyway!" savagely.

"Oh, Jimmie — when they are so hospitable!"

"That's the worst of it; if they'd leave us out sometimes, I'd feel better about it. But this is what comes of a popular girl marrying a penniless fellow who cannot keep up his side of the bargain."

"It probably would not have occurred to the girl to marry him if he had not suggested it," responded Mrs. Berkley, with becoming dignity.

"But really, James Berkley," with a return to seriousness, "we ought to manage something between now and Thanksgiving, if we possibly can. Couldn't we cut out Christmas presents — or — go without fires for a month — or something?" a little hysterically. "I'm ashamed to accept invitations, and I'm ashamed to refuse them. We ought not to be ashamed to do one or the other."

"It's a mean position I know, dear girl. But I don't dare undertake adding to our expenses just now." And the look of dissatisfaction settled on his wholesome young face.

The pleasant home of this popular young couple was small and inexpensive, yet irresistibly homelike and charming. The blithe young wife had prepared, unassisted, the dinner of

which they had just partaken: and in the morning, in neat gingham frock, would wash the dinner dishes now piled neatly in the kitchen sink.

For the first few months their social popularity sat lightly on their happy young shoulders, but now these same pleasures began to feel burdensome.

"It would mean flowers, and favors, and a cateress — or serving maids, at the least. Pauline, I just can't stand it — and pay for it."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Berkley with perfect good humor, after a thoughtful silence, "that I might be allowed a quarter for express charges, and enough to buy a pint of beans?"

"We might be able to stand that," admitted her husband, with a keen look at her.

"Then, my darling Jimmie, it is all right. Just wait for developments." And she turned with a smile to the dinner invitation.

Next morning a letter started for the old white farmhouse among the Massachusetts hills, where Mrs. Berkley's mother still briskly ruled in her cheerful household, and the following Tuesday the expressman brought a substantial box to the little home in the distant city. That very afternoon Mrs. Berkley called upon four of her friends with the informal yet gracious verbal invitation:

"We shall be pleased to have you and your husband eat a real New England dinner with us next Thursday at eight."

The manner in which the invitations were accepted sent her home with a determination not to disappoint their expectations.

On Tuesday evening the box was unpacked in the tiny kitchen. When

the cover was removed, a mass of glistening green and scarlet met the eyes of the beholders.

"There," said Mrs. Jimmie, lifting out an armful of beautiful mountain laurel, and reaching in again eagerly for the dainty wintergreen plants with their red berries still upon them, "that solves the florist's bill, James Berkley.

"And this," bringing out a paper-wrapped bundle from which a blue handle protruded, "is Grandma Eliot's old blue sugar bowl full of plum preserve." She lifted the cover carefully and peered within, nodding her head to verify her assertion.

"No, you can't have even a taste," as her husband began looking about vaguely in quest of a spoon. "There will be ten of us to dinner, and we must keep every bit." And she set it away resolutely in a secluded cupboard.

"This," producing a can filled with a golden substance, "is the pumpkin I told mother to stew for my pies — and she's sent a can of cream, Jimmie! — and these are the apples, oh, and pears, too; you can have one of them.

"Now I wonder what —" as she lifted out a tin syrup can and set it on the table. "I did not send for anything else." She nervously unfastened the screw top and took a tiny sniff of the contents.

"Oh, Jimmie Berkley, *smell!* But, no, don't. If you did it would be too good to keep. If this isn't the best ever."

"Very well," asserted Mr. Berkley loftily, "if you consider it proper to have secrets from your husband, dear lady."

"But it is for your own good, dear. And, oh, I do believe our dinner is going to be a success."

No maid met the guests on Thursday evening, but a smiling host waved them up the bright little stairway to the dainty dressing-rooms above.

"This is going to be great," said the successful journalist, who had himself grown up on a hill farm, as he pressed close to his wife in the tiny hall. "Why haven't we ever thought of this sort of thing ourselves, instead of so much gorgeous formality?"

Masses of laurel upon the mantel, transparent bowls of brilliant wintergreen on the tables, and a cozy wood fire in the little grate added a touch of real home comfort and beauty to the modest parlor, where Mrs. Berkley stood in her simple white gown, to welcome them and conduct them out to dinner.

"Oh!" said the journalist's wife under her breath, when she caught sight of that dinner table.

"Mis' White c'n sit here," said Berkley, with true Yankee abbreviation, indicating a seat at his right; and with much merriment the guests took the places pointed out to them — for, of course, place cards were not to be thought of — around such a dinner table as they had not beheld for many a day.

Plain white dishes were augmented by such odd pieces of real old blue as had been brought from the old home by this fortunate country bride. Silver and glass were of the daintiest, as was the snowy linen, for no extreme effect of unconventionality that overreaches the bounds of good taste and so fails in real simplicity as much as the opposite extreme was intended. At each place was a dainty spray of wintergreen. The centerpiece — which would not have been permissible had it been merely ornamental — was a low basket of intertwined laurel, holding late golden pears, and rosy apples polished until they reflected the flickering light of the four candles in their old brass candlesticks.

Serving maids were conspicuous by their absence, for what need was there of any since the broad table, stretched to its utmost capacity, held the entire dinner?

At each corner of the centerpiece, in geometrical precision, was a delicious golden circle of pumpkin pie; at one end stood a plate of cheese, at the other, the blue sugar bowl of preserves. A plate of snowy home-made rolls rivaled a great brown loaf of far fame, and a pat of butter of almost forgotten proportion showed the crude decoration formed by the wooden butter paddle. Before the hostess was a great coffee pot giving forth steaming aromatic odors, while in the place of honor at the host's plate, its rich brownness and homely shape brought out by glistening laurel, stood the time-honored beanpot.

"Let's pass the things," said the successful journalist, "we want to help ourselves. It has been years since I've had my fingers on a beanpot. And they are real 'Boston baked' I'll be bound."

So the beanpot went the merry round of the table — and yet again. Calls for brown bread were frequent and urgent, and the contents of the blue sugar bowl lowered alarmingly.

"Remember the pie," warned Berkley. "That pumpkin was grown in a cornfield, and stewed in a farm kitchen; and the cream in it was skimmed with a long-handled tin dipper that I have profound reverence for."

When the repast was evidently completed, Berkley looked at his wife and remarked mildly, "I'd just like to inquire what was in the syrup can?"

With a little laugh Pauline arose and lifted from a side table a big glass pitcher, holding it so that the light revealed the clear richness of its contents.

"That," she announced impressively, "is real russet cider just four days old." Many were the accounts of childish pranks and country outings told over the glasses, and when at last the gentlemen had gone to the little den for the necessary cigar, the journalist's wife said, with some hesitation:

"I wonder if we might be allowed to 'do' the dishes? It's what our grandmothers would have done," she added apologetically.

With a mental gasp — for she stood somewhat in awe of the journalist's wife who gave such perfectly appointed functions with such charming dignity — Pauline replied with gracious sweetness:

"Indeed, dear Mrs. White, if you really desire it."

So with big aprons protecting the delicate dinner dresses, the tiny kitchen was invaded and the work went merrily forward.

"It has all been delightful." The journalist's wife was scraping plates as Pauline brought them from the table. "But I think I enjoyed that delicious preserve most of anything; it reminded me so of my mother's description of the old pantry with its jars of preserves. She will enjoy hearing about this, Mrs. Berkley, she has so little of her old life left."

"Do you think," Pauline spoke from her heart, without considering conventionalities, "that she would care for the rest of this preserve?"

"Oh," and the scraping knife was dropped for an instant, "just so, in the old bowl? She would like it better than anything else I know, you dear girl."

As the guests assembled in the hall for departure, the journalist observed his wife rather quizzically.

"Taking home what you cannot eat, after the manner of our celestial friends?" he inquired gravely.

But his wife, ignoring him, turned to her hostess:

"Your bowl shall have my most watchful care," she said graciously.

And Mrs. Berkley, with an honest pride and dignity new to her, answered:

"It was Grandmother Eliot's first sugar bowl, and I prize it very highly."

On the homeward journey three opinions were expressed, after the

confidential manner of husbands and wives.

"Now that was recreation," said the journalist, with a sigh of appreciation.

"It was very simply and prettily done," answered his "lady of the blue bowl."

After a long silence, the socially-ambitious couple spoke.

"What did you think of it?" asked the husband, uncertain in just what light to consider such an unusual departure.

"It was very nice, and the Whites seemed to approve. But I would not dared have undertaken it myself."

The wife of the young man of limited means hardly waited to get her husband into the street before she cried:

"Wasn't it dear! To think how we have been so stupid as to nearly beggar ourselves for the sake of entertaining our friends in the latest approved elaborateness."

"But we haven't a mother in the

country," suggested the husband doubtfully.

"No, but there are plenty of nice women there who would do as much for a reasonable sum."

The unhappy wife and her husband went all the way home in silence, a habit that seemed to have acquired a settled firmness with them. But later the husband went into his wife's room to find her gazing at a bit of mountain laurel with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do you remember—" he began. Then he saw the tears and the regretful sadness of her face, and took her in his arms.

If Pauline could have known all this!

But Pauline was saying with an ecstatic little laugh, "Jimmie Berkley, we've done it!"

"Well I should say so," answered Mr. Jimmie emphatically, "the fellows said they'd had the best time ever. And, honestly now, Paul, *did* it cost more than a quarter?"

Indian Summer

By Edith Claire Haynes

According to the Red Man's faith, this season of dreamy sweetness, mellow tones, purple shadowed hills, and gorgeous foliage, prevails forever in the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

To some it's Autumn, nothing more,
But to those well versed in Indian lore
'Tis a melody of sweetest sounds,
Foretaste of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

A land where sparkling waters glide,
Where there's neither time, nor tide.
Naught to do save idly drift,
Out to the river, clear and swift.

There, shall all our dreams come true,
Our skies be always blue,
A land of gorgeous splendor,
And loved ones, fond and tender.

Then, the Indian in his glory,
Shall tell once more, the old, old story,
Of camp-fires and big game,
When hunting was more than a name.

There life will be all gladness,
Without a trace of sadness,
A balmy sweetness in the air,
A deep contentment everywhere.

That happy day this life shall end,
In birch canoe we'll round the bend
That leads us to the Hunting Ground,
Where love and truth abound.

French Show Cooking

By Frances B. Sheaffer

TWO or three times a year, in different quarters of Paris, there are held more or less important cooking expositions in which most of the ambitious chefs and all the schools participate. Usually, also, there is a *concours* of regimental cooking which is both amusing and interesting. These exhibitions are sometimes arranged in structures about to be torn down, and sometimes in temporary sheds put up in the garden of the Tuileries.

The exhibitions contain, of course, many of the characteristics of a food show at home, with innumerable booths containing displays of health foods, of cocoas, coffees and teas, of prepared bouillons, confitures, biscuits, the sausages for which certain sections of France are noted, especially cured hams. And at all of these stands samples are handed out to the visiting public, who delight in the little snacks of "free lunches" and who leave the exhibition with arms full of pamphlets, booklets, postcards and portable samples advertising everything from hotel refrigerators to stove polish.

These exhibits are, in a way, side issues to the main attractions, which are the counters on which are laid out the culinary displays and which demonstrate nothing so much as the unbelievable fertility of the French imagination. To the more reserved Anglo-Saxon mind, these people seem, in refining their tastes, to push certain of their tendencies too far, to stop at nothing in order to gain a telling result. To illustrate, every *Mi-Carême* there is held in Paris a *concours* of *Animaux Gras*, and it is then one may see, led through the city streets, huge oxen, fattened to a point where locomotion is well-nigh impossible for them, to be exhibited first in the vast *Gallerie des Machines*, and

afterward, adorned with wreaths of roses, tied outside the shops of the butchers who own them, in close juxtaposition to the suspended carcasses of others of their own kind, a situation never failing to give one's sensibilities a violent jolt. What if the "side of beef" had been in life a near relative of the overfed animal that stands placidly and stolidly chewing his cud? That is not a pleasant thought and it does not seem in good taste, somehow, to call it forth.

The French do not appear to mind it, however. They are always indulging in these bits of realism. They will have at their expositions a pond full of quacking ducks, set down in the midst of a decorative border made of the picked bodies of a lot of dead ducks, all ready for cooking. It must be admitted that they do the thing well and the effects they arrive at are generally telling, if perhaps a trifle indelicate.

When two of the impelling impulses of these French people, their economical and their decorative tendencies, are brought to bear on a given result, like the evolution of a new dish, it is not surprising that the combination produces sometimes a fantastic creation. It is always understood that the French never waste anything and this aphorism is peculiarly true of things to eat. The legs of a chicken go into the soup, when they are not used to trim the roast fowl. In that case they are left on the bird, and when it is served they are tied with a bit of bright ribbon. The head, too, is sometimes coated with jelly and stuck on somewhere by way of ornament. This last touch is not an appetizing addition, if you are at all squeamish. The cooking expositions are full of such grotesque fowls, and since there cannot be a great variety

in their method of cooking the roasts, French chefs expend their originality in inventing new ways of trimming them up. If game is made into patties or into large pies, then the little heads are jellied and disposed about the top, singly on the patties and in groups on the larger pies.

Fish, too, always fire the French imagination. They are stuffed whole with the heads and tails still on, and the larger fish are served on long platters, covered with a thick sauce and surrounded with the numerous shell fish so much eaten in France. The decorative ensemble of this alimentary composition is nearly always effective, that goes without saying, and these fishy combinations may often look very tempting. Not so the poor little lamb, shorn and roasted, reposing on a great silver platter, his head still attached to his denuded body, his lifeless eyes looking out pathetically on the gay exhibition scene. And the little pig, his furry head and tail adorned with blue ribbons, is equally shocking. His fat body is filled with a wonderful loaf made of all the usable things which were once inside him. This stuffing is put back into him quite ingeniously and a cross section is then cut away to show the design within, a star of dark jelly in the center, the minced meat around it, and a border of a lighter yellow next the skin. Such a culinary achievement stands for a lot of work and a great deal of thought, — even creative genius of a kind.

More pleasing certainly are the lovely cakes and meringues often finished with a skill that would do credit to an artist in clay. There may be a realistic windmill, its details carefully wrought in spun sugar; a graphic snow scene done in chocolate and icing; a woodsman drawing his sledge up a mountain path. There is no limit to the capabilities of these French pastry cooks. They plan their effects with no apparent regard for the restrictions of their several mediums. Whatever those mediums may be, they are made to serve some gastronomic and decorative end.

The decorated tables at these expositions are interesting and generally well arranged, with their vine and floral trimmings and their buffets filled with the cooked dishes composing the menus of elaborate dinners.

The fruit displays, too, are enticing, for these ingenious people contrive to make their ripe fruits tellingly decorative. They consider the ultimate artistic effect of a show apple almost from the time it is a pink blossom. They guard it tenderly, and when it begins to ripen, they attach a paper stencil to the sun side so that it finishes by bearing an elaborate design on its rosy surface.

Altogether a French Culinary Exposition is educational, and no one can wander along its booths, laden with the products of French industry and French fancifulness, without acknowledging anew the unquestioned right of these people to lead the world in the realm of cooking.

A Heroine

Eugene C. Dolson

Whatever task she holds in hand,
Her heart is light and free;
In winter storm and summer shine
Her days fare happily;
And ever thus, from year to year,
A blithesome lass is she.

And yet her hopeful, joyous ways,
So free from studied art,
Some other lives with strength inspire
To bear a braver part;
Nor deems she of her highest worth—
A courage-gladdened heart.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Seeing and Seizing Opportunities

VERY often a successful business or a fair living has been secured by the quick recognition of a chance for work by accommodating somebody. It is surprising how common it is in rural places that the simplest wants can not be met and summer boarders have almost to implore to get work done at all. In spite of all we hear and know about hard times and the unemployed, and the sacrifices made to help such, the average man or woman wonders why it is so difficult to secure anybody to work at reasonable prices. Business women often need a helping hand during the winter. There may be no one in the boarding-houses to aid; dress-makers are far away and not willing in many cases to make alterations or to fit work for people to finish themselves.

If a seamstress be out of work, or a young girl, with home duties but free in the evenings, should advertise that she would see business women at her house, or at their rooms, she might do a good work for sister women and make some money. She might style herself "Ye Owle Dressmaker."

The woman who will go to a place of resort and help open and close houses can often find work. At the place this is now being written many ladies are so worn out in feeding guests and family, and finding time to keep their cottages at all neat, for lack of labor, that they care naught for the wonderful miles of sea and shore; even the glorious sunsets are dismissed with a

single glance. Not a woman to scrub a floor or wash a dish, or wash clothes at the homes! For two months it was impossible to get a man to dig a trench or come for garbage regularly. A little carpenter's labor after hours at forty to fifty cents per hour was all that could be had. Slender women dragged carpets and uncrated furniture and set up beds. Groceries and all supplies for the houses are delivered, for the place is not an isolated one. Why is it that no Americans expect to work and no immigrants are set to work, while our American gentlewomen are being submerged in doing without service in their homes and our young women are going into business instead of marrying? In Denmark people are looked after and made to work; they cannot be idle and shiftless and become a burden to the state. Our rural people are often bumptious, improvident, untrained and high-priced.

J. D. C.

* * *

Keeping Brass Beds New

WHEN purchasing a bed from a friend of mine, who is a manufacturer of iron and brass beds, I objected to the brass ones, because they are so hard to keep bright.

"That is because you polish them," he answered quizzically. Then in all seriousness he said: "Take my advice and let brass *absolutely* alone, not handling it, not allowing it to be wet by any liquid, and, above all, by not rubbing it. Of course there are polishes

which give luster, but it is only temporary, and the latter stage is worse than the first. Once begun, the polishing must be kept up. The absent treatment is what brass wants."

I took this expert's advice and after five years my bed is still like new.

Encouraging Thrift Among Employees

A prominent corporation in this city, which employs a large office force, has a splendid scheme for encouraging the saving habit among its young men. If, instead of drawing his weekly salary on Saturday night, an employe will allow the money to remain in the company's hand another week, an additional fifty cents is put to it.

The amount is always the same, be his salary ten dollars a week or twenty. In this way the youngest and those in minor positions have the greatest incentive to save; and after one is able to leave a week's wage undrawn, he can have the extra fifty cents each week, adding two dollars a month to his salary without working overtime.

This also shows the company who among its men have thrifty habits, and this, no doubt, is their chief object.

* * *

L. M. C.

From Hilo, Hawaii

IN all the directions for boiled icing I have never seen this simple expedient for icing which does not harden properly. By slipping the cake into the oven for a few minutes, the superfluous liquid will evaporate and you will have that same crisp top and soft interior — the *sine qua non* for boiled icing. I frequently do that when I have to use the cake at once. You see many cautions about rainy days and boiling tea-kettles, but nothing about letting the whites stand after beating. I have never had a failure, since I discovered that it is the liquid which accumulates, when the beaten

whites stand, that spoils the frosting. I have my syrup on the table by my bowl before I begin to beat the whites. If we let ourselves be frightened by the rainy day theory, we would never make boiled icing here, as we average 150 and 200 inches of rain a year.

I have been experimenting with mutton chops and veal cutlets — baking them in the oven very like chicken *à la marengo*. Squeeze a little lemon juice on the chops and let stand on the ice several hours. Season a little flour with salt, pepper, fine-chopped parsley and a dash of mace. Wrap the chops in the flour; add one cup chopped celery, place them in one layer in a baking pan and run into a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Then add a little boiling water and baste frequently. Turn the chops once. I thicken the gravy a little and add some cream, but that can be omitted. They are more palatable, we think, than broiled chops. The mutton we have is mostly cold storage and rather inclined to be tough. I also baked slices of ham much after the same style, omitting flour and adding sherry to the boiling water.

She Got Her Holiday

A bright girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys always act so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke, to the words "Domestic Affliction."



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department much reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1519. — "Recipes for Cherry Ice and Raisin Pie."

Cherry Ice

In sending for recipes, subscribers should be quite definite in their descriptions of the dish desired. While "Cherry Ice" probably has reference to a water ice, it may mean an ice-cream containing maraschino or candied cherries. Then, too, we are in doubt as to whether the recipe is to be for fresh or bottled cherries. It is almost impossible to prepare a sherbet, or water ice, from bottled cherries, without using a syrup gauge, unless the cherries are put up without sugar. When using fresh, dark-colored cherries, from which the juice runs freely, the juice might be extracted by pressure without heat, the stones being first removed. With other cherries scald the fruit, then press out the juice. Make a syrup of one quart of water and a pint of sugar, boiled twenty minutes, add a teaspoonful of gelatine, softened in one-eighth a cup of cold water and stir until dissolved; add one pint of cherry juice and the juice of one lemon; let cool and freeze.

Raisin Pie

Cook a cup and three-fourths of raisins in boiling water until the skins

are tender and the water is well evaporated. Beat an egg; add half a cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; mix thoroughly and turn into a plate lined with pastry; cover with pastry as for an apple pie. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Remove the seeds from the raisins before or after boiling, as desired. Two tablespoonfuls of flour may be used in place of the egg.

QUERY 1520. — "Recipes for Cooked Salad Dressing, and Easy Way of Salting Almonds."

Cooked Salad Dressing

The yolks of 2 eggs	2 tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	vinegar or lemon
salt	juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	The white of 1 egg,
sugar	beaten dry
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	2 tablespoonfuls of
mustard	butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of double
paprika	cream

Beat the yolks very light; add the seasonings and acid and stir, while cooking over hot water, until the mixture thickens; remove from fire, while beating the white, return to the fire and fold in the white; continue the folding until the white is "set" and the whole very hot, then remove from the fire and beat in the butter,

a little at a time. When cold and ready to serve fold in the cream.

Salted Almonds

Cover the almonds with lukewarm water, and heat quickly to the boiling point; drain and cover with cold water, then press each nut, one by one, between the thumb and finger, to slip off the skin; dry the nuts on a cloth. Beat the white of an egg slightly, then strain it. Dip the tips of the fingers of the right hand into the egg and repeatedly take up and drop a few nuts until they are well coated with the egg. Continue until all the nuts are coated with egg, then dredge with salt, mix thoroughly and let brown delicately in the oven. Stir the nuts occasionally while they are browning.

QUERY 1521. — "How is Pâté de Foie Gras served? Recipes for Veal Aspic and Plain Veal Jelly."

Pâté de Foie Gras in Aspic

Have enough consommé or clarified chicken or veal broth to fill the number of individual molds required. For each cup and a half of liquid take one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water. The broth or consommé should have been seasoned highly with vegetables, herbs, etc., when made. If additional seasoning be desired, add two or three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot broth, then let cool. A part should be cooled very quickly in ice water. Chill the molds in ice water. Let a teaspoonful of liquid chill in each mold. Dip figures cut from hard-cooked white of egg and slices of truffle in aspic and press against the sides of the mold; put other figures on the aspic in the bottom of the molds; add a drop or two of aspic to each bit of decoration, to hold it in place, then when firm cover with a little more aspic. Scrape the fat from a terrine of foie gras, cut it in

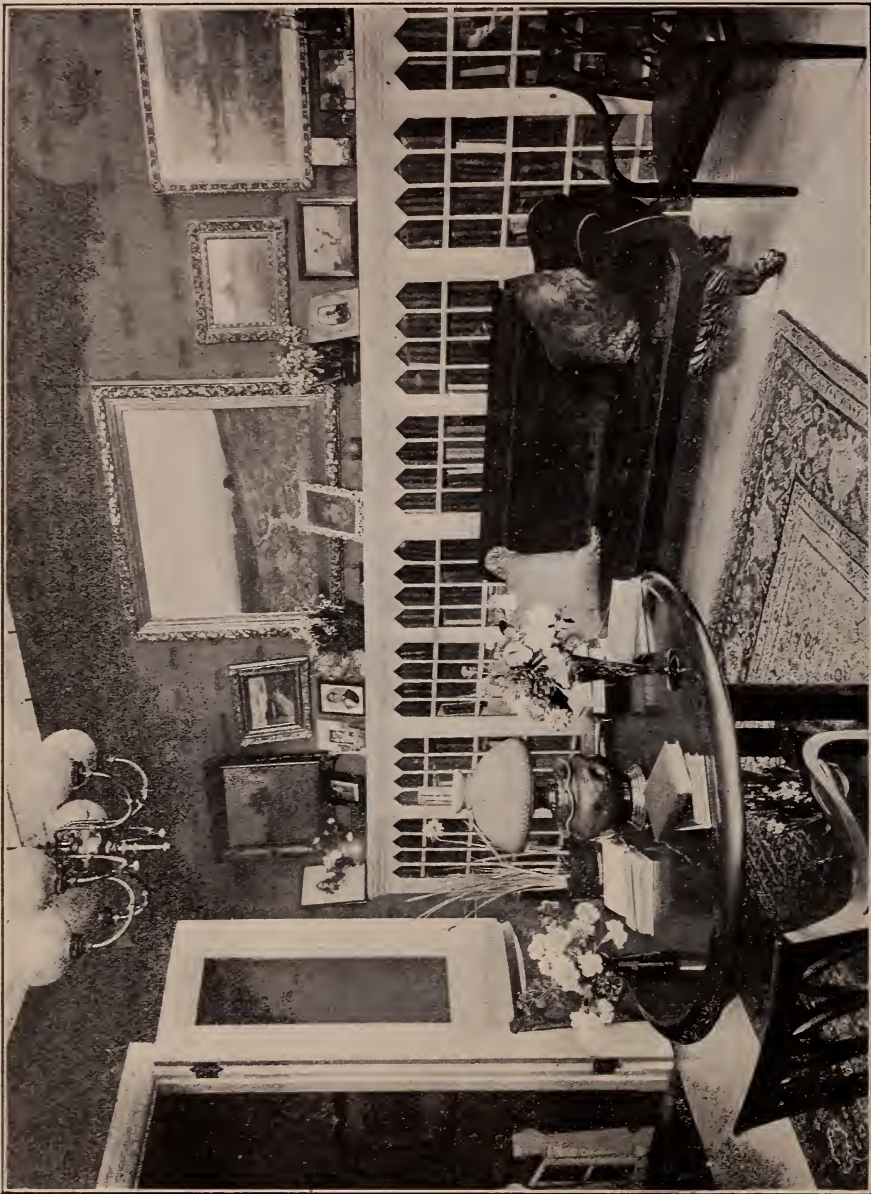
slices, and then in cubes. Set a layer of cubes on the jelly, keeping them a little distance apart. Hold these in place with drops of cool liquid and when firm cover with aspic. Continue the layers of pâté and aspic till the molds are filled. Let stand some time to become firm. Serve unmolded with lettuce, cress, celery or endive and French dressing.

Veal Aspic

Cut three pounds of veal from the lower part of the leg into small pieces and crack the bones. Sauté part of the meat in dripping or marrow until nicely browned. Put all into a soup kettle, pour a pint of water into the frying pan and let stand until the juices browned upon the surface are dissolved, then pour over the meat in the kettle; add, also, three pints of cold water, cover and let simmer five or six hours; add a small onion, sliced, half a carrot, sliced, two stalks of celery, half a pepper pod, four cloves, a "soup bag," a tablespoonful or two of dried mushrooms softened in cold water, half a cup of tomato and a teaspoonful of salt and let cook nearly an hour, then strain, pressing out all the juice. When cold remove *every particle* of fat. There should be three pints of broth; if not, add water to make this quantity. Mix with the jellied broth a package of gelatine, softened in a cup of cold water, the whites and crushed shells of three eggs, the thin yellow rind of a lemon, also salt and pepper if needed; stir constantly over the fire until boiling; let boil five minutes, draw to a cooler part of the range and let stand to settle; skim and strain through a napkin laid over a colander. The napkin should be wrung out of hot water before it is used.

Plain Veal Jelly

Prepare as veal aspic, omitting the vegetables if desired.



MARGARET DELAND'S LIVING-ROOM

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 5

The Living-Room

By Mary H. Northend

THE living-room, where for the most part the family life centers, is undoubtedly the most important apartment in the entire house, and to its arrangement and furnishing careful attention should be given, lest through over-ornamentation and elaboration of detail it lose the simple, cheery atmosphere that should be its chief characteristic, and without which it lacks the most essential asset to its success.

We of the present generation have come to a realizing sense of the importance of fresh air and perfect ventilation in our homes, and the houses of today are happily being built with a view to obtaining all the air and light possible in each and every apartment. Frequently, however, rooms in which the ventilation and light have been carefully attended to are robbed of their healthful atmosphere through the nature of the furniture employed, and thus it will be seen that the equipment of a room is quite as important as its construction, and it is this point above all others that the housewife must bear in mind in the arrangement of the living-room.

The living-rooms of yesterday were adorned with heavy curtains, fringed window cornices, crowds of ornaments, chimney boards and other devices for keeping out the air, as well as mantel curtains, picture throws, and several other dust accumulators, and it seems unfortunate that in many homes of the present some of these same undesirable adjuncts are still used, and no doubt will continue to be, until all housekeepers come to a realizing knowledge of their detriment to comfort as well as to health.

Moderners in the arrangement of their homes seem inclined to go from the extreme of unsympathetic stiffness to that of the museum idea, without being able to hit upon the happy medium that lies between these two undesirable ends, and which, when found, effectually solves the problem of the successful equipment of the living-room.

The living-room of today, to reach the highest state of its development, must be bright and attractive, with decorations of a fairly durable nature, but restful to the eye both in color and design, and with furniture substantial

in construction, but easy to keep clean.

To thoroughly appreciate the requirements of the pleasant up-to-date living-room, perhaps it will be well to dwell briefly on the several points that go to make up the finished whole.

Next in importance to ventilation and light is the treatment of the woodwork and walls. To my mind the former is never more attractive than when painted pure white, a treatment that is sure to harmonize well with any wall covering, and one, in addition, that catches and retains the light far better than a darker finish. Oak-stained woodwork is attractive, as is mahogany, provided the wall hangings are of good contrasting tints, and suited to relieve the dullness which these finishes are apt to impart, and sometimes a combination of two tones in

the woodwork can be employed to good advantage, as was the case in a fine old living-room I recently visited, where the walls were entirely paneled in wood, stained white, with window and door frames similarly treated, while the doors themselves were of solid mahogany, which imparted a rich finish to a beautiful whole.

The time has passed when wall paper alone is the solution of wall coverings, and today, in addition, we have burlap, grass cloth, canvas, buckram, leatherole and countless other stuffs to choose from, each presenting strong claims for its consideration. Burlap possesses the advantage of fading far less quickly than paper, and then, too, when it does fade, it can be recolored without removing. Its original tone may be applied in dye or stain, or, if a new effect is desired, it can be



LIVING-ROOM IN J. HAMMOND'S BUNGALOW



VON MEYER'S LIVING-ROOM

gained by using a different color. Where a plain wall is desired there is no question of the economy and beauty of burlap, and for this purpose both buckram and canvas can also be recommended, as they are equally durable and differ but slightly in texture.

Like burlap, grass cloth wears well, and can be recolored in much the same way, and its uneven weave, which produces light and shade and a surface of velvety richness, renders it among the most attractive of the plain surface coverings. It costs more than burlap, but its texture repays for the difference in price.

Of course all these materials are far more expensive than wall papers, and for this reason many housewives stick to the old-style wall covering. Two-tone papers do not fade as rapidly as those of plain surface, but the latter at the present time seem to have first

call. They come in an almost limitless number of qualities, and thus choice is not difficult. "Ingrain" and "cartridge" are types frequently selected, and crepes and fibers, which present a rougher finish, are also much employed. "Fabric" papers fill a middle ground between plain and two-toned wall coverings, and while not glossy are smooth, and at close range have the appearance of loosely woven cloth. They cost more than the plain papers, but fade far less quickly, and for this reason the extra expenditure is warranted, and their use is recommended.

Floor coverings, to be effective, are dependent upon the relationship they bear to the general scheme of decoration. Whenever possible, their color tone should be studied in conjunction with the finish of the woodwork and walls, and the relationship of these factors should be thoroughly established

before the general furnishings are determined. Likewise the texture of the covering is quite as important as its coloring, and the finely woven rugs which would be suitable for the drawing-room should never be used in the living-room, where they would be accorded much rougher usage and thus would soon wear out.

Rugs for the living-room should be of a durable nature, for the wear upon them is sure to be almost constant, and for this reason the Oriental rugs are recommended as are the hand-tufted European weaves in plain colors, with borders in self-tone. The Navajo rugs, too, are admirable, and while they are quite expensive, their wearing qualities are of the best, and warrant their purchase. Small rugs are frequently effective when used in conjunction with a large central rug, and when of similar texture and coloring are particularly attractive.

The window hangings should be governed principally by the shape and size of the windows themselves. The

casement window lends itself readily to decoration, and is most attractive when hung with simple muslin or net curtains, without an under shade of any sort. The sash window, while more difficult to treat, is sure to be artistic, if simplicity of line is kept in mind in its arrangement. Looping and draping should be avoided, but a pretty effect is often produced by a valance, provided it is not too deep. In choosing materials, a rule that is well to remember is, that plain materials are almost always best, and with figured wall coverings should invariably be used. Figured window hangings should never be employed except with plain walls, and then care should be taken that the design is not too large.

Perhaps the ideal fabric for curtains is silk, which is obtainable in good colors at moderate cost. If the living-room is located on the north side of the house, curtains of yellow silk are good, as the light filtering through them gives the impression of sunshine, provided this color harmonizes with the



MRS. PRESCOTT BIGELOW'S LIVING-ROOM AT MANCHESTER, MASS.



IN A HOLIDAY HOUSE AT COHASSET, MASS.

general scheme of decoration. Green and other cold colors should be used only in sunny rooms.

Whatever the material used, it should be agreeable in color and texture, washable, and as far as possible sun-proof. It is decidedly better to buy inexpensive goods, which can be easily replaced, than the more costly materials, which, while they last longer, at the best have only a limited life.

Nets of all kinds are especially attractive, and the Arabian net, of a pale string color, is particularly well suited to living-room use. Lace should be used only when it is very good, and real lace or none at all should be the motto of the housewife of good taste.

As to the furnishing of the living-room, there is a quantity of furniture to select from at the present time, some of it distinctly good and some of it bad. A point to remember, in selecting furniture, is not to mix woods, for a combination of two types in a room is

rarely good, and should therefore be avoided.

Wicker furniture, either stained or left in its natural finish, is attractive, and when cushioned to correspond with the wall hangings is particularly good, while the Mission type of furniture has much to recommend it, and is very popular at the present time. Probably the most attractive of all, however, is the furniture of Colonial design. The creations of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton have come to be regarded as the best the world has yet produced, and while, of course, it is impossible for every one to possess genuine specimens of these old master wood-carvers' skill, yet their designs are today cleverly copied by furniture-makers throughout the world, and these imitations can be purchased quite reasonably. Windsor chairs, when well made, are desirable, and in mahogany are particularly well suited for the living-room.

Have in your living-room a com-

fortable couch of some sort, where you can lie down and read or rest, and if there is no library in the house, arrange a bookcase, finished to correspond with the woodwork, along one side of the apartment. If the room boasts a fireplace — and what living-room is complete without one? — it is sometimes a good plan to flank it on either side with comfortably cushioned settles, or if it is arranged, as is frequently the case, between two windows, contrive window-seats beneath, and cushion them to correspond with the general color scheme.

Each living-room, of course, requires different treatment, and it is only by careful planning and attention to details that its best points are brought out. There is no fixed rule to be laid down for the embellishment of the living-room, for what would be attractive in one would probably be ugly in another; and thus the general arrangement of the furniture and the introduction of various essentials, to add to the attractiveness of the whole, is best determined by the one to whom the arrangement of the room falls.



WHITE PANELED LIVING-ROOM

Heralds of Winter

By Eugene C. Dolson

There's a boding cry in air,
A loud, shrill cry goes forth,
As the wild geese gulfward fare —
The wild white geese from the
north,

From the zone of snows and rime,
In quest of a warmer clime;
While the winds in lone unrest —
Drear desolate winds of the west —
Are moaning of winter time.

Christmas on Wildwood Farm—a Holly-day

By Mrs. Charles Norman

THE children had not seen their grandfather for so long that they had forgotten how he looked; but their "hearts remembered" his goodness and his love. It had been almost like pain to wait for him. The hours had stood still; but now he had come and the whole family sat gazing at him as if he were the dearest object in the big world. The children were very close to him and were getting closer every moment, and every moment their joy was increasing.

Grandfather was happy too — so happy that his blue eyes were wet with tears. He had been far away, but now he had come to his old home — the very house where he had lived through all his precious boyhood and all his young manhood.

The little granddaughter meant to let him rest awhile, but she could control herself no longer; and without waiting to be invited she sat down on his knees, laid one hand on his shoulder and the other on his whiskers, as she said:

"Grandfather, did you know we haven't made any plans for Christmas. You are going to do it. You don't have to do it tonight, but maybe tomorrow morning you will be rested from your journey and then you can think of some new way of making Christmas."

"I make Christmas!" said Grandfather, caressing the little girl. "Why, how can I?"

"Oh, just your own way. The way you used to do it would be nicest," said the child.

"Well," answered Grandpa, "I shall have to think. I have planned the Christmas fun for a big houseful of boys and girls; but that was so long ago I am afraid I have forgotten how."

"We won't tease you, Grandfather," said the little boy. "And if you forget, sister and I will help you. We know how."

Then they entered into an agreement that the next morning, so soon as breakfast was over, they would hold a conference and decide upon something.

The children were already sleepy, and next morning was not very long coming; but the grown people ate a very deliberate breakfast and the little ones were getting impatient, when Grandfather finally excused himself from the table and took them off to the library.

"Don't you think," he said, "that we could get our holly to-day? and while we are arranging that we can decide upon a program. Would Dick hitch the horse to the spring wagon for us?"

"Oh yes!" said the children, pleased that something was to be done immediately; and Charles was off instantly and back again in a hurry to say that the wagon would be ready in a few moments.

It was a few moments, a very few, when Dick appeared, looking as if he thought there had been an accident to account for the sudden order for the wagon and team. I suspect he was disgusted when he discovered no need of haste and found the children in a frolic, but he only said that he had come as soon as possible and was now ready. Then while the two children climbed in the wagon headlong, he very politely, but silently, helped Grandfather.

"We want to go where there's some holly," said Charles, impetuously, but Grandfather interrupted:

"Let me tell Dick where to go. I want to show you that I have a good

memory. I know every foot of this ground. I have gathered holly here before. Take us straight north, Dick; past the old pond and on to the first turn in the road."

After Grandfather gave his direction he pulled his scarf about his neck, drew the children's caps over their ears and "cuddled down" as if he was preparing for a long ride.

In response to a familiar whistle the horses were off, but it seemed they had hardly started when there was an emphatic "Whoa!" and Dick turned and said:

"Where shall I go now?"

"Have we come to a turn already?" said Grandfather as he looked up surprised. "Why, that must be a new road!"

"Can't tell you how old it is," said Dick. "Doesn't look very new to me."

"Well," said Grandfather, "at any rate, the place I want is farther on — fully two miles, I should say. Keep straight on till you get to the meadow."

"Meadow!" echoed Dick. "No meadow out this way."

"Is that so?" said Grandfather, rather embarrassed. "But it's no matter! The holly is back that way — any quantity of it. Just go on, Dick! I will tell you when to stop."

Dick went straight ahead. There was no need to hurry the horses. It was a frosty day and they were trying to keep warm.

Grandfather kept his eyes open this time, scanning every point in the landscape. The day was scarcely pleasant enough for getting lost. By and by he put his hand on Dick's arm and asked him to stop.

"There is something wrong," he said. "This is not the right way."

"I drove straight north, as you directed, sir!" answered Dick.

"But there used to be a crossroad out here," said Grandfather, "which led east, through a big meadow."

"No road here running east," said Dick emphatically, "and not likely to be very soon. That is a thick woods over there to the east — a regular jungle. You cannot even get through it on horseback. How long has it been since you were out this way?"

Grandfather hesitated. "A good while," he said as if he was just beginning to realize it. "It has been forty years."

"Whew!" whistled Dick. "Forty years! Forty years can easily make a forest out of a meadow. I guess there's not a tree in all those miles of woods that is over forty years old, though some are shooting up to twice forty feet."

Marion and Charles stood up in the wagon and gazed eastward, too absorbed to interrupt. Grandfather stood also. As far as eye could see there was forest.

"Children," he said, "do you know there was not a single tree in all that tract when I was here last. I am sure I am not mistaken. I remember the place perfectly. It was timber land when my father bought it, and I have often heard him tell of the labor of clearing it. It took men and horses a long time, but it was cleared, root and branch; and now only see how Nature has taken it back! But what seems strangest of all, the trees my father cut were pines and now I see maples, elms, ash, hickory, beech and walnut — and I know not what else — but not a single pine tree."

It was evident that Grandfather was greatly interested and the children were much impressed at the awe in his face, but Dick was getting somewhat chilly and was calling attention to his suffering by giving his hands some vigorous slaps. This brought all to their senses; and Grandfather at once requested that they should be taken home as quickly as possible.

Very few words were spoken till they were safely indoors and Grandfather had been assured that the children were

not frozen. Then he smiled and said: "I have heard of people getting lost and never coming home, but I have come home and got lost. I fear I do not know every foot of ground on this farm, after all. Suppose I should go on blundering this way! There would be no Christmas at all! I think I had better turn over the entertainment to you. I should like that better, anyway. Maybe you can find some holly. I hope so; for if there is anything that ever grew out of the ground that I love, it is holly."

The children were quite convinced of the need of their services. Grandfather, with all his wisdom, was not qualified. So they took the matter into their own hands, and with plenty of help from father and mother got along well.

Father knew where to find wagon-loads of holly, and its leaves had never been so glossy before, nor its berries so red and plentiful. The old house was a kind of castle in the days when it was built, and its great dining hall, with oak floor and giant fireplace, was fit for the entertainment of knights and ladies. This hall they lined from floor to ceiling with holly; and if ever there was a Christmasy room, it was one.

Mother turned the storehouse and cupboards upside down for goodies. The neighbors were invited in, and when they came on Christmas eve they found the dearest old country gentleman to greet them, and standing beside him a little gentleman and small

lady whose manners were as courteous as their grandfather's. Everybody feasted and gave gifts and played rollicking games, which made the children shout and the older people shake with laughter.

Then father played the violin and the little daughter sang an old tune with these new words:

"Our Christmas feast has come at last,
And Grandpa looks so jolly!
He loves this quiet ancient home
And loves the glowing holly.

"The farm has yielded nuts and fowls
And grains and fruits in plenty,
And all for Grandpa, who's as gay
As if he were but twenty.

"We've feasted, sung and played our games
So sprightly and so jolly;
And love is swelling every heart,
And Grandpa's found some holly!"

After the song everybody danced, Grandfather dancing with eight children at once. It was not by the light of the moon, nor the sun, nor lamps, nor gas, nor electricity, but by the great Yule log in the fireplace and two stately tapers upon the mantel.

Long after the guests had gone and the happy family gone to sleep, the Yule log continued to burn. If it had gone out in the night it would have been counted bad luck; but when Grandfather went downstairs next morning it was still blazing, and that meant for him a happy New Year in his old home, with plenty of time to learn over again its rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills, which Time had so much altered.

My Creed

By Arnold Howard Walters

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all — the foe — the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.
— *Harper's Bazar.*

The Guest-Room

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE guest-room of a house can be more typical of its refinement than its dining-room, in which from lack of service or strength there may often be confusion, hurry, commonplaceness or painful economy. Then, too, the refinements of table appointments demand constant leisure, while a guest-room, once fitted up, stays put, and its conveniences cost but little. But, of course, it should not be a storage place for large old family portraits and pictures not good enough for anywhere else.

Whether or not there is gas or electric light in the guest-room, it should always have a candle and box of matches on its bed table or a little electric light, if such can be afforded, also a small clock. On the dressing-table there should be a cologne bottle, watch stand, scissors, button hook, shoe horn, hand glass, comb and brush, and pins and hairpins galore. It is only the last that will need frequent replenishing, but all these trifling articles should be in evidence, until a guest produces her own supply, which she will not always do. Then a wee sewing basket with its few essentials, writing conveniences, a bath robe and a jar of crackers should find places somewhere, and the pitcher of drinking water should be on hand at night, for fussy people will not drink water from a chamber faucet. As for providing postage stamps, do so when one easily can, though any self-respecting person will bring them, even if she forgets other things. It is the little observances which prove a hostess' thoughtfulness. As for stinting one's self because of a guest-room, it does not pay. Guests always find it out and don't like it. Besides one needn't, for an expenditure of \$5.00 at the outset

is ample for these slight marks of home refinement, and the renewal of them does not cost more than a dollar a year.

Fresh towels every day and many of them are humbug, show and expense. So are fancy soaps and camel's-hair blankets. If a hostess has any pluck, she will never allow her guest-room to put on airs, as it were, which she cannot afford.

On the guest it is incumbent that she adapt her wants to her hostess' household. If she bring her silver toilet articles, may she also bring secretly a box of electro-silicon and polish her accessories before the maid has a chance to touch them. A guest, too, should never leave her room in disorder, even if she does not make the bed, remembering that, if she does, and the next guest doesn't, there is sure to be trouble with the chambermaid. When there is only one maid or the hostess herself is that individual, a guest makes her bed, as a matter of ordinary courtesy, but does it before breakfast, lest the hostess steal a march upon her or be caught in the act, when apologies from one to another ensue.

The apportionment of fees to one or many maids is a guest's perplexity. Since Mr. Howells has been inveighing against London hotel fees, and people with small incomes are loath to visit in wealthy English homes on account of tipping, and Berlin is planning to "place the tipping system in restaurants upon a systematic basis," the outcry against fees has been renewed. One maid, to whom a guest had given fifty cents, saying frankly it was all she could afford, replied, "I wish there weren't any necessity for giving it at all." The maid's word was significant, "necessity." The guest knows she must do something lest something

should happen. So she gives but fifty cents when the next comer will give five dollars. Surely the five is worse form than the half, and when there are seven or eight people to be fed, even millionaire guests may find visiting a mathematical equation.

These home fees are more obnoxious than fees deftly handed to waiters at a public dinner. Such perquisites might well be prohibited, and are in some places, but it is impossible to regulate households. Imagine an intelligence office conducted on the basis of no places found unless maids, butlers or inside men agree beforehand to refuse fees of any amount. Alas, the giver of a rich fee considers himself devoid of any responsibility for increasing tips, which the weary hostess must, perforce, allow as the easiest way of securing good service for her guests. Yet in justice to thousands of maids and butlers all over the country, let it be said that they never think of fees, when they are treated cordially, recognized as important, independent factors of a home, and when guests themselves do not patronize them. It is the airs, pretences, snobbishness on the part of guests that foster tipping. Christmas gifts, however, to the maids where one is visiting should no more be considered as tips than are presents to the hostess, nor than the "bread and butter" letter to her after the departure of a guest, which always has a wearisome sameness of gratitude. If a hostess chooses, it is up to her to select her Christmas house-party with due regard

to their purses and the expectation of her maids.

Do we not need to cultivate a reactionary spirit in regard to Christmas gifts, even to one's friends? Are not such presents often tips in disguise, almost worse than frank exchange in values? Is it not want of honesty and courage that makes one give more than one ought to afford? She is a heroine who dares to offer in little, when she must either do that or nothing, and delightful is it to receive just a pin cube or a box of cheap candy, if the giver has not had to forfeit some necessity of existence in consequence of her gift.

A Christmas gift, like a guest-room, is a sign of inward grace and ease. Either, sacrificed to the keeping up of appearances, destroys the happiness of home, and the meaning of the day. Christmas wreaths and holly and cards can be excrescences as much as too many towels and embroidered sheets and pillow shams, when there is not enough money to go round easily. Oh! after all, it is fun to plan economies, and to turn shoe cases, bedecked with muslin, into dressing-tables, and to make a chatelaine bag out of the embroidered waistcoat of one's husband or brother.

Always will easy manners grow out of honest adjustment to income, while a troubled hostess is a being to be feared alike by guests and maids, and a giver, lavish for the sake of renown, is to be avoided as an incubus on one's freedom to dislike her.

December

By Grace Agnes Thompson

Out of doors 'tis cold and dreary,
And the wind is chill and bleak;
In the house 'tis warm and cheery,
Though the windows shake and creak.

Outside clouds hang low, — storm-bringing, —
Like black curtains overhead;
Inside, firelight, laughter, singing, —
What care we that summer's dead?

The Cracklin' Pie

By Rena Caldwell Lewis

I HAD never before doubted Katherine Walton's ability to do anything she chose to do. In childhood, while she rocked on the topmost bough and I sat on the lowest limb of the tree she dared me to climb, I looked up to her as the embodiment of strength and power. It had been the same throughout our school days. While Katherine carried off honor after honor, I meekly adored her from the foot of the class. When she decided to study law, I alone upheld her in this course against the protests of her other friends, and was rewarded by hearing the professors speak of her as "the most promising student in the university."

Even when she relinquished this profession to marry David Wieand, and announced that she would do her own housework, my faith did not waver. I silenced all, who declared that a girl who had been a student all her life and had had no previous experience in house-keeping was sure to fail in such an undertaking, with this reply:

"Katherine has brains. Everything she has attempted yet she has accomplished with brilliant success. If she believes she can do her work without help, I have not the slightest doubt she'll do it, and do it better than lots of women who have never done anything else."

Nor was I wrong in my prediction. How she managed is a wonder to me, just as are all her achievements, but Katherine soon became noted for the excellency of her housekeeping. Experienced matrons laughed at the number of women's magazines and books on Domestic Science that replaced her Blackstone and Solon, but they agreed that she was a model housewife. The little home, furnished in Katherine's own good taste, was always immacu-

late. The living-room had that particularly inviting air that goes with order and cleanliness combined with comfort. To say that it had big easy-chairs, a noticeable lack of frills and an abundance of sunlight, a piano that always stood open, and growing ferns in the windows, gives only a faint idea of its charm. Like every other room in the house it partook of the individuality of its mistress. Over all Katherine presided in unruffled serenity. No matter what hour of the day I might drop in, I would find her looking as neat and fresh as though she had never done a household task in her life.

The kitchen was my particular delight. White woodwork and brown linoleum, shining aluminum kettles and pans, closets ever in order, and oh, the dainty, delicious meals that were prepared in this Paradise. Praise be to Domestic Science, if it was, as Katherine maintained, responsible for her success in the culinary art!

I was not the only one to enjoy Katherine's hospitality. Other young folks delighted in visiting this model home; prospective brides came to Katherine for advice and went away dreaming of other nests as full of peace and comfort as hers. David took great pleasure in bringing his bachelor friends home with him for dinner and boasting to them of his wife's capability. Many a young man sighed over his lonely apartments, after an evening with Katherine and David.

Like many another young housekeeper, Katherine had her theories. One of them was that nothing unwholesome should be brought to her table, no matter how appetizing it might be. It was this theory that brought about her first defeat, and taught me that there were some things which even

Katherine with all her ability could not accomplish. When she told me that she intended to shatter the Wieand tradition of eating cracklin' pie for breakfast on Christmas morning, then my faith wavered, and I shook my head sadly.

"You can't do it, Katherine," I said timidly, for I had never before raised a dissenting voice to any of Katherine's projects. My knowledge of the strength of the Wieand tradition gave me unwonted courage, and then — I had tasted the cracklin' pie.

The custom of having cracklin' pie for Christmas breakfast had been handed down by the Wieand ancestors in Germany, and dated back as far as 1626. During the Thirty Years' War, when David's many-times great-grandfather was away fighting the Imperial Army of Wallenstein, his wife and children were sore pressed for food. Christmas morning came, but without its customary good cheer. Just as they were about to sit down to a frugal breakfast, the father appeared bearing a huge cracklin' pie that a peasant along the way had given him. It was his only Christmas offering, but it brought greater joy to the lonely hearts at home than all the gifts in the world. Since then the descendants of this branch of the Wieand family have begun the celebration of Christmas by eating cracklin' pie for breakfast, and in relating tales of the brave deeds of their ancestors in the Fatherland.

Aside from its historic value the cracklin' pie has a right to stand upon its own merits. To my mind it is as essential to the merry Yuletide as plum pudding and mince pie. I can not tell you how it is made, for only the Wieands hold this secret. But I do know that it has the richest, flakiest crust, and comes to the table covered with little crisp bits of fat, dusted with flour that no longer looks like flour, and brings with it an aroma that would tempt an epicurean. It is without exception the

most delicious breakfast dish that ever graced a Christmas table. I had often heard David's father remark that he would rather go without his turkey for dinner than his cracklin' pie for breakfast, and I knew that David was of like mind. Knowing this I endeavored to persuade Katherine to abandon such a hazardous undertaking. But while it was evident that she was surprised at my temerity in opposing her, still she remained firm in her purpose.

"Their cracklin' pie is horribly indigestible at any time," said she, "and to eat it for breakfast is an outrage to any self-respecting stomach. It has very little food value, and it certainly is not palatable. It's only their stubborn hold on tradition that makes them cling to the custom of having it on Christmas morning."

"Have you ever tasted it?" I asked pointedly.

Katherine colored slightly.

"No, indeed; Mother Wieand offered me some when we were there last New Year's, but I pleaded indisposition and ate almost nothing. To see David eating the coarse pastry with such relish took away my appetite."

"Well, how are you going about slaying your dragon?" I asked, when I saw how useless were my protests.

"With a shield of merry good will, a buckler of the daintiest Christmas breakfast ever prepared, and a sword of diplomacy," replied Katherine. "For once in my life, I'm glad David and I have no brothers and sisters. The difficulty will be so much easier to overcome. I have persuaded my parents and Father and Mother Wieand that, as this is the first Christmas in our little home, they should spend the day with us. I told them that of course both our pairs of parents wanted us to be at their home, but we couldn't make any distinction, and they very obligingly compromised by agreeing to come here Christmas eve and stay until next evening. We'll trim the

tree the night before, turn the lights low just before going to bed, and let each one bring down his gifts to hang on the tree. In the morning we'll distribute the gifts first thing, and when the others are busy admiring old Santa's generosity, I'll slip out to the kitchen and before they have missed me, I'll call them to the dining-room. When they see the delicious breakfast there, they'll forget all about their old cracklin' pie. Of course, if Mother Wieand or David mention it to me in the meantime, I'll have to evade them, but I'll manage somehow."

I said no more, but I was worried. My anxiety increased with the approach of Christmas. Visions of David, first pleading for his cracklin' pie, then demanding it, and finally vowing he wouldn't eat breakfast at home without it, were with me in both sleeping and waking hours. Then I would picture Katherine trying to convince him of its unwholesomeness, and I could hear him reproach her for lack of reverence for the tradition. In my distress I began to fear that the controversy would end in their separation.

I was late in reaching Katherine's home on Christmas eve, and upon my arrival found all the others gathered around the open fireplace deeply absorbed in trimming the tree. Katherine, resplendent in a dark red house gown, was tying on one of the branches a pair of little woolen socks — "the first that David hung up for Santa," Mother Wieand explained. David was tenderly holding a small bisque angel that had been on Katherine's first tree. Their parents were watching them with reminiscent eyes that saw only the children as they were in those days. Christmas cheer, that intangible spirit of love and contentment, pervaded the entire household. Neither the tree nor the evergreen decorations in every room were needed to tell that "'twas the night before Christmas."

Surely in this happy group there

could be no discordant element. Had the cracklin' pie problem been settled peacefully after all? Perhaps my fears had been groundless, I might have known that Katherine would come out triumphant. And yet —

Just before we retired for the evening I drew her aside and whispered, "Has any one said anything about the cracklin' pie?"

Katherine shook her head smilingly. "I honestly believe they've forgotten it. Perhaps it didn't mean so much to them after all."

But I wondered. After having eaten cracklin' pie on Christmas morning for thirty odd years, would David not sigh for its absence, even in the golden light of the honeymoon? And Mother Wieand? Would she break every precedent in order to preserve peace with her charming daughter-in-law? Katherine had accepted their silence on the subject as a good omen. It gave me a strange foreboding. I resolved to dismiss the subject from mind, and went to sleep to dream that I was dining with Frederick the Great, who was begging for cracklin' pie, and Katherine was saying gently but firmly, "No, Freddie, you really can't have it. It isn't good for your tum, tum, tum."

I was awakened by a shrill blast on a horn, and then heard Katherine's tender scolding:

"David, you bad, bad boy. You've been looking at your Christmas gifts before the others are awake. Merry Christmas, father. Merry Christmas, mother. Merry Christmas, Gertrude. Oh, do come and see what Santa has brought us. I can't wait longer."

We gathered about the tree, and soon were hilarious over our gifts. We were just children grown tall, and the joy of giving and receiving was none the less because of added years. As Katherine had prophesied, we had scarcely missed her from the living-room until she summoned us to breakfast. Then my heart quaked again at the thought of

the absent pie. But if either David or his mother grieved for its loss, they made no sign. Never did a more joyous group assemble about a breakfast-table. As we laughed and joked over our fruit, it seemed to me that David was purposely delaying this course, yet, not until befrilled and garnished chops, Katherine's own muffins, and delicious coffee were placed before us, did I suspect the reason.

It was here that Mother Wieand rose to the occasion.

She bustled from the room while Katherine was pouring the coffee, and a minute later appeared with the traditional cracklin' pie. Katherine gave one start, then forced a smile.

David was on his feet in an instant.

"Hooray for mother!" he cried. "Hooray for the cracklin' pie! The Wieand cracklin' pie, eaten by every true Wieand on Christmas morning.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
To all both great and small!
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
And cracklin' pie for all!"

He sang in shrill, childish falsetto. Then he turned to Katherine.

"Ah, little girl, you did not know what a surprise mother had in store for

you, but I did. This was planned on the day we decided to spend Christmas here. Mother thought it would be too much trouble for you to make it, when you'd never tried it before, so she baked it at home yesterday, and warmed it in your oven while we've been dallying with the fruit. And now, mother, the first piece for the latest member of the Wieand family."

What else could Katherine do but yield gracefully? What it must have cost her I only could guess, but with every assumption of ease she ate her first piece and asked for a second helping. From the one brief glance which she shot at me I knew that never again must I refer to our previous conversation.

Thus triumphed the Wieand tradition.

A month later I spent Saturday night with Katherine. As she bade me good night, after going with me to my room, she remarked:

"You must be up bright and early in the morning, Gertrude, for we're going to have cracklin' pie for breakfast. Mother Wieand has taught me how to make it, and David says I make it better than she does."

Christmas Night

By Ruth Raymond

Come, chile, de dark am creapin' round
Our little cabin door,
Dar's snow upon de frozen ground,
I's scrubbed de kitchen floor
An' hung de holly berries high
Dar in de candle light;
Look from dis window toward' de sky,
Fo' dis is Christmas night.

See all de stars am shinin' down
Laik jewels ebery one,
Fit for to make a priceless crown
Fo' Gawd's own holy Son,
Who was a baby, pure an' sweet,
In spotless robes of white,
An' angels worshiped at His feet,
One blessed Christmas night.

De moon hangs like a cradle there,
To rock some little chile,
Now, honey, say yo' ebenin' prayer,
Pears how de angels smile,
When yo' am here on mammy's knee,
Yo' fingers folded tight,
Da love each happy chile to see,
On holy Christmas night.

Now, honey chile, go fast asleep,
We's gwine to hab a call
From Santa Claws. I's suah he'll heap
Yo' stockings, till da fall
Wid presents fine, most eberyting
Dat's round an' soft an' bright,
To make yo' laugh an' dance an' sing,
Dis blessed Christmas night.

The House With The Hollyhocks

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

III

THE letter that Fletcher had seized upon and read first in opening the package was one from Miss Darling. "How could you do this, Mr. Fletcher," ran the note, "when I trusted you so? When I saw Mr. Walters's name on the envelope as I picked up your letter, what you had said a few weeks before came back to me—that you had never heard of Mr. Walters. I asked you one day, only to see what you would say of him; business men are apt to know of one another, and I never believed he won the case rightly. But I ought to have known of myself that he would not pay anything back of his own accord; it always seemed so strange to me. But it's so easy to be stupid when one wants a thing. Tuesday evening, after I had stared at your envelope until I was overwhelmed by the thought it brought me, I wrote to Mr. Walters. Here is his answer." But Fletcher did not even glance from Nan's letter. "The house and all it contains, except the personal things which I am removing," it went on, "belong to you. I enclose the key. I'm afraid that the furniture will not make up for the money I have used unknowingly; yet some of it is old and handsome. When you receive this I shall have gone away from Wilboro forever!"

The man's hand trembled as he laid down the letter. How could he have been such a fool as to have carried Walters's letter about with him at all? The fire was the only place for it. To be sure, she knew nothing of its contents, he perceived; the fact that Walters and himself had corresponded had started the question in her mind. She had written to Walters and settled the matter. What had the fellow said to her?

"Dear Madam," ran the note, "I promised not to tell, and was handsomely paid for my promise. I did not tell. But since your own acumen has discovered the secret, I may as well confess that the whole scheme was put upon me by Mr. Fletcher—to relieve you, I imagine; he said you were a cousin and that was why he did it, but on no account was his name to be mixed up in the transaction. You know it was not; and I can't imagine, now, how you found it out, unless he told you himself. However, the thing is as tight as law can make it; you are free from any claim from me and at liberty to enjoy your own. Hoping that you will do so, I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"B. A. WALTERS."

"Enjoy her own—*she!*" groaned Fletcher, standing pale and dismayed. "I wanted her to live happy all her innocent life and comfort her neighbors who needed her beautiful spirit."

Suddenly he had rushed to the electric button. After all, he might not be too late.

The drawn shades and closed blinds of the house with the hollyhocks, dead now as his own illusions, gave evidence that she was not there. Her train might not have left yet. He spun on to the station. As he reached the platform a train was moving out. He had not time for inquiry; he sprang on board and was off he knew not where, except that he was in search of Nan Darling, whom his own carelessness had driven out, homeless. He walked through the train. Was she here, or had she taken the other train that ten minutes before this one had passed through Wilboro in an opposite direction?

Nan Darling, speeding away from the

home of her ancestors to an untried shelter, to an unloving and, she feared, an unloved relative, shed bitter tears behind her veil. Her seatmate in the crowded car was a young woman so engrossed in a novel that she had given Nan but a single cursory glance on taking the vacant seat next the aisle. Nan felt herself entirely alone, and her tear-dimmed eyes in her pallid face gazed unseeing out of the window, where all the familiar features of the landscape were changing to gloomy strangeness as the train whirled through the November sunshine and shadow. She could not stay long with her father's half sister; she must find something to do soon; and at the necessity before her Nan's face took on a look of firmness; she was no coward. It would be almost sunset when she arrived, but she would reach the house before dark. *What* could she do to earn her living? From a sad but not despairing questioning her thoughts turned back to her old home. Who would trim the roses and care for the hollyhocks, and all the flowers, and the fruit now? Mr. Fletcher had been kind; she should never have known the truth but for the dropped letter. It was better that she had learned it, however. It would have been terrible to be dependent upon him. Her face flushed at the thought. But how she should miss him; in all her life she had not met any one like him. It was so strange that he seemed to enjoy coming. Of course, it was a change from his gay life, and as he said he liked the restfulness of her home. Who would give it to him now? The next tenant perhaps. And after a time she went back to plannings of her future.

As she stepped from the car a hand took her bag and helped her down. Without looking she took it to be the conductor. But, when she reached the platform, her hand was not released. "Mr. Fletcher!" she gasped.

"Yes," he said, slipping her hand through his arm and drawing her a little aside from the crowd. "I was coming to your house this afternoon, when I was through with that tiresome lunch party. I had something very important to tell you — and to ask your help about. A pretty chase you've led me to get a little quiet talk with you! You'll let me have it now, won't you? Let's take a cab and we can talk as we drive; and I'll set you down at your destination!"

If Nan had feared that he was going to try to persuade her to return to her old home, she was immediately disabused of the idea. His tone was absolutely businesslike; his whole interest was in the communication he had to make to her. He wanted her help. He should have it. "Go very slowly through quiet streets and keep on until I tell you to stop," he ordered the driver.

Seated beside Miss Darling, he began to speak as soon as they had got beyond the noise of the station.

"Possibly you noticed that until the other evening I had not been to your house for a fortnight?" he said. His eyes flashed at her assurance that she had noticed his absence. "I was trying to be sure of my own mind — my own heart," he went on! "The other evening I was sure. But I was not quite ready to — ask your advice and your help, Miss Darling. May I?"

"Can you doubt it?" she asked.

"After Mrs. Fletcher died, I resolved never to marry again," he said. She was so glad that he added no word of reproach or even of explanation. "But I have fallen in love — yes, desperately in love, although I am fifty years old," he went on! "Does it seem ridiculous to you?"

"No," she answered; and in a moment added, "It seems wise. You are fond of home life."

"I am. But I haven't asked the lady yet; I haven't told her how I feel.

I'm not sure of her; you see, my having a good bank account wouldn't influence her."

"Would you want to have it?"

"Certainly not. But it throws me back on myself and compares me with her; and — well, I kick the beam."

So he was going to be married. The pleasant times in the old house would be over anyway; it was not so hard to be leaving it. "But if you love her," she said.

"I have a fancy," he said, "and here is where you can help me. I want to be married — if I am so happy as to come to that event — in the dear old house with the hollyhocks; I have come to love it; it is just the place from which I want to take my bride, if I have one. I was coming over this very day to ask you if I might do this?"

A silence. He tried to look into her face, but it was turned to the window. "The house is at your own disposal," came a voice not so restful as usual, it seemed to him.

"Ah, but no one except you can prepare it to suit me; you alone can do this."

Another silence. Then she turned and looked at him squarely, coolly. "Is it Miss Vernon?" she asked.

He laughed out. "I am thinking of an ascension lily," he answered, "and you ask me about a peony! What a compliment to my taste! You have never seen her face, but you know her — or I don't think you know her very well, not as well as I do, though you've known her longer. She is so exquisite, so full of refinement, yet a strong character, humble and yet proud; you would know, if you saw her wrapped in sailcloth, that she was an aristocrat. Don't you see, Nan," he went on with sudden impetuosity, "that I can not be married in the house unless you come to it — or married at all unless you consent; don't you see, Nan, it's you whom I want for my wife, you

I'm in love with? You never even guessed, Nan?"

He had her in his arms. Then she drew away suddenly, resolutely, and looked him in the eyes. "You are doing this out of pity!" she cried; and the blush rose of her face had turned to pallor.

"True, Nan — pity to myself. Won't you give me that pity akin to love? As for you, I hold it better that you should earn your living in any hard way than marry a man who simply pities you — you with your sensitive pride — dear child! haven't you seen at all?" And once more he drew her close. After a time he asked, "Now, it's back to the station, and home, Nan?"

"I must stay here until I am — your wife," she said. "I cannot live in your house even for a year —"

"A week!" he interrupted. "Next week we will be married, darling, and go to California for the winter; and perhaps we will go on to Japan and come round to Europe that way. You must see the places I've told you about; your eyes will be better than mine. So, out with your purse and pay me on the spot a week's rent for the house with the hollyhocks. As it's yours in law now, you'll have to make it over to me, if you wish to be so very scrupulous, and on our wedding morning I return it to you by deed of gift, and you can make it into a rest for your people who need a change, if you like. But for my part, I don't see the need of lawyers and deeds about it. Why can't we settle the matter by word of mouth?" And he kissed her. "Clothes?" he went on in answer to a murmur which he did not allow to become plain. "Be married in your traveling suit, we shall be off directly. And don't you think you will buy any gowns after you are Mrs. Fletcher? What a funny notion! At last, I shall have somebody of my own worth spending money for!" he cried. "And now back to the station and we can catch the next train to

Wilboro. I told you I'd escort you to your destination," he laughed. "The key of the house is in my pocket with your precious little letter wrapped about it."

As they were whirled back to the station, for Fletcher was in haste now, he said, "It's my opinion little Jack

Morgan, if that's his name, ought to have a bouncing wedding gift. I'll remember him; he introduced us, you remember."

"I was so grateful to be content," she said as the carriage stopped. Then she added softly, but he heard her, "I never dreamed of being happy."

At Christmas-Tide

By Lucia W. Eames

O'er land and sea, o'er woodland and o'er wave,
O'er halls of mirth and o'er the silent grave,
O'er noisy city street and white-robed lea
Shines forth the Christmas Light triumphantly.

It gleams upon the gray cathedral old,
And turns its masonry to shining gold;
Then through the archéd windows streaming bright
It wreathes each bending head with mystic light.

It visits, too, the peasant's poor abode,
And sends him whistling down the winding road;
It wakes his dimpled babe to smile once more
Responsive to its mother bending o'er.

Into my heart it shines, and bringeth peace —
Stilling the conflict, bidding strife to cease,
And putting flight to each disturbing care
That stealthily had come and nested there.

Sweet Light of Love, from Bethlehem's manger flowing,
Peace and good-will upon the world bestowing,
Shine on through all the year with undimmed rays,
And brighten e'en as now our coming days.



THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter.

"We can think of nothing which would be more immediately quickening to the industrial life of the people and an antidote to the craze for building warships than the restoration of our merchant marine."

Mrs. J. R. Green, wife of the former well-known English historian, and president of the Association of Women Journalists of England, has been voicing a very natural demand that women be thought of by editors in terms other than those of the fashion page and the serial story. She argued for a higher valuation by editors of women's serious purpose in life and their desire to find material in the press especially prepared for them that would satisfy the increasing interest of women in civic questions.

A KINDLY REMINDER

THIS is the season of the year in which subscriptions are placed. We cordially invite our subscribers to renew their own subscriptions to the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, and to speak a good word for it to friends and neighbors as occasion offers. We call attention to the fact, which must have been already noted by our readers, that credit is no longer extended after a paid subscription has expired, as was recently the custom with this and many other periodicals. Hence renewals must be made promptly or copies will fail to be received and files will be broken.

The housewife, no one will gainsay, needs entertainment: she needs, also, incentive and encouragement to better efforts. "It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food as that you should read good books, hear good music, listen to good sermons, or look upon beautiful pictures." We feel confident no earnest and intelligent housewife, be she experienced or inexperienced, can afford to omit from her list of helps in the household a culinary work so special and reliable as the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE. This publication is strictly and exclusively devoted to the preparation and serving of wholesome, nutritious food, to hygienic and happy housekeeping. It ministers to the necessities of life, and other matters are made of secondary interest. We sometimes feel like making an apology to our readers for printing short stories on our pages — mild stories, indeed, and entirely free from sensational features. The reason for this, we frankly admit, is the difficulty we find in procuring really suitable, appropriate and interesting matter for the pages that precede our editorial columns. Preference is always given to subjects that pertain to domestic affairs.

In culinary matter, however, we

claim to carry the authority of an expert of long and varied experience. This one thing we aim to do better than it is done anywhere else. It has been well said that "we change men by changing their environment. To supply good water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food, served in a more dainty way—these are all tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them." And these are the very things that are kept constantly before the readers of the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

A COMPLAINT: OR, A PLEA FOR MINE LEFT HAND

Dearlly Beloved Magazine:

IN these enlightened days of culture, skilled labor, help for the deserving and equal rights for all, let me lay before you the following complaint, in the hope that by your influence and on your recommendation the existing lamentable state of affairs may be improved.

We are sisters — *twin* sisters — of the same station, in the same circumstances, and so much alike that at the first glance few strangers can tell us apart; our likeness is not only skin-deep but extends to every function, every ability as well, and, had I been given equal opportunities, I should — for I feel it in every bonelet, bone and muscle — be just as strong, capable and skillful as my sister. But from earliest infancy I have not only been neglected and systematically kept idle, but have even been punished when, with the impetuosity of youth, I made rash efforts for independence and higher things, the pencil with which I was scrawling hieroglyphics all over my slate, or drawing dogs and cats, having been rudely taken — not to say *snatched* — from me and pressed upon my frequently unwilling sister. At meals

spoon and knife have been rudely denied me, and even in play hours I have never been allowed to wield golf stick, mallet, or tennis racket.

As a natural consequence my twin sister is an educated, highly trained and valuable member of humanity; for even in the event of accidental injury and subsequent indemnity to both of us, my sister's claims on the offender's cash account are much more extensive than mine; while I, following her lead in all things, am only her humble assistant, only the *helping* hand. It has always been thus in literature, executive art, professions, trades, amusements and sports, and, unless you befriend and speak a word for poor, disused, weakened, neglected, enfeebled *me*, it will remain so till the end of time. And as I have grown direfully tired of my subordinate position, I now appeal to *you* for help; lend me your strong, far-reaching voice and put it to church and court, and to the world at large, whether it is right that one sister be taught and trained to the disadvantage and at the expense of the other.

In the sincere hope that, on sober reflection, you *will*, and in the firm belief that, if you *will*, you *can* help me to recognition and co-education,

I remain

Yours very cordially,

L. H.

THE SWEET TOOTH

SWEETNESS is to the taste what beauty is to the eye," affirms Dr. Woods Hutchinson in *Success* magazine. "Sugar," says this authority, "is one of the most universal flavors of food stuffs known. Over one-half of our real foods taste sweet or sweetish; that is, they contain sugar in some form. About one-third taste salty; not more than one-tenth taste either bitter or sour. The experience of millions of years, reaching far beyond even our arboreal ancestors, has taught us beyond possi-

bility of forgetting that, while there are hundreds of things that taste salty which have no food value and scores of things that taste bitter that not only have no food value but are even poisonous, and thousands of things, like leaves and sawdust and cocoanut matting, which have no food value at all, there are comparatively few things that taste sweet which are not real foods.

"It was only in comparatively recent years that we discovered and realized how exceedingly widespread sugar in some form was in all of our food substances. That universal and omnipresent primitive staff of life — milk — upon which every mammal that walks, or climbs, or swims, must begin its existence, whether it is to wear fur or bristles or clothes, whether it is to be carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous, or Fletcherite, contains sugar as one of its three most important elements. Nor is this, as is popularly supposed, a mere trace, barely enough to give the characteristic sweetish taste of milk, but it is a full-blown member of the great trinity of nutrient materials, sugar (*carbohydrate*), meat (*protein*) and fat, and constitutes nearly one-third of the nutritive value of this liquid food — the best liquid food, it may be remarked in passing, that has ever yet been invented, the only one on which life can be maintained for prolonged periods; while the utmost ingenuity of the chemist and the manufacturer has never yet been able to produce another liquid food, no matter what it may shine forth as in the advertisements, which, bulk for bulk, is equal in nutritive value to milk.

"One of the most interesting developments in the chemistry of foods has been the discovery that not merely do all staple vegetable foods either consist chiefly of, or contain starch-sugars, such as the grains, nuts, fruits, etc., but that our pure animal foods, meats, fish, game, etc. (*proteins*), contain from

twenty-five to fifty-five per cent of their energy in the form of animal sugar (*glyocol*) or animal starch (*carbohydrate*).

"All of which clearly proves from a scientific point of view what we have known by instinct for years, viz., that sugar is a full member of the three great indispensable food substances, meats, starch-sugars, fats (*proteins, carbohydrates, hydrocarbons*), without which no animal can maintain life or health. If any man is going to maintain an exclusive diet from which any one of these three food foundation-stones is to be omitted, in the first place, he will have to do it on laboratory or factory products; and, in the second place, he will have to eat considerable amounts of his tabooed substance without knowing it — or admitting it in public — if he expects to continue on this mundane sphere. Perhaps on the other side of the Jordan we may succeed in existing upon sugar-free, meat-free, grease-free, purin-free, or salt-free dietary, but never on this."

To banish imperfection is to destroy expression; to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort and the law of human judgment mercy.— *Ruskin*.

It is not the truth that a man possesses, or believes he possesses, but the honest pains he has taken to get at truth, which makes a man's worth. For it is not by the possession of truth, but by the search after it, that his powers are extended, in which alone his ever-growing perfection consists.— *Lessing*.

"The men who do things and not the men who merely talk about things are the men who bless the world."



CENTERPIECE FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE
 Gray moss, holly, etc., from Florida, Tangerine oranges in center

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Bretton Woods Leaf

(The Caterer)

CUT slices of stale bread three-eighths an inch thick in the shape of a maple leaf, spread with butter and let brown in the oven; lay a heart leaf of lettuce (cut in same shape as bread) on the canapé. Season smoked herring, smoked salmon and anchovy fillets, all cut in Julienne style, with French dressing; dispose these on the lettuce and finish with half a teaspoonful of caviar above and in the center. Serve on individual plates as a *hors d'œuvre*.

Consommé Talma

Prepare a consommé from beef, veal and fowl and clarify as usual. In each

cup or plate serve a spoonful of boiled rice and eight or ten diamond-shaped pieces of custard royale, made of almond-flavored rather than plain milk.

Almond-Flavored Custard Royale

Grind or pound one-fourth a cup of blanched almonds to a smooth paste; add one-half a cup of milk and let cook over hot water fifteen minutes, then press through a cheese cloth. Beat one whole egg and three yolks; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and the almond-flavored milk with enough cream to make one-half a cup in all. Turn into a buttered mold, set on several folds of paper and let cook — surrounded with boiling water — until firm in the center, then un-

mold, cut in thin slices, then cut the slices into diamond shapes.

Roast Partridge

Clean and truss two partridges in the same manner as fowl. Set into a

dripping over them. Serve bread sauce in a bowl apart. A little bread sauce may be spread over the breast and the whole sprinkled with bread crumbs that have been browned in a little hot butter.



GRAPE FRUIT READY TO SERVE; KNIFE FOR PREPARING GRAPE FRUIT

double baking pan, spread the breasts with plenty of bacon or salt pork fat, dredge with flour and let cook nearly an hour. Baste every fifteen minutes with hot fat. Being white, the meat needs to be thoroughly cooked. The breast is dry, and baking in a double pan with generous basting are both of use in rendering the flesh less dry. Dip two slices of toast in the dripping in the pan, spread them with the crushed liver (cooked in the pan), set the birds upon the toast, and pour a little of the

simmer an hour or two; add an onion, sliced, a tiny bit of bay leaf, a small carrot and a stalk of celery, both cut in bits, and let simmer half an hour longer. Strain off the broth. Grate a cup of cocoanut, pour over it a cup and a fourth of boiling water and let stand in a warm place while the curry is being prepared. Half a cup of blanched almonds, pounded smooth and soaked in a cup of hot milk, may take the place of the cocoanut. In a frying pan melt one-fourth a cup of butter; add to it

Curry of Chicken en Casserole

Cut a chicken in pieces as for stewing. Skin the feet by dipping them in boiling water, when the skin may be pushed off. Cover the feet, neck, pinions (last joint of the wings) and backbone, from which the meat has been taken, with cold water and let



ROAST PARTRIDGE WITH GRAVY AND BREAD SAUCE

half a clove of garlic, chopped very fine, and one or two white onions, cut in thin slices; stir and cook until the vegetables are a yellow brown shade; add two tablespoonfuls of curry powder and two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until well blended, then add about a pint of broth (that made from the trimmings) and stir until boiling, then turn it into the casserole. Put an ounce of butter in the frying pan (the pan must first be washed with care); dip the pieces of chicken in boiling water, then roll them in flour and set to cook in the frying pan; when lightly browned on one side turn the chicken to brown the other side, then transfer to the casserole. Add broth or boiling water if needed to cover the chicken. Cover the casserole and let cook in the oven at a gentle simmer an hour or two according to the tenderness of the chicken. When nearly tender add a bit of bay leaf, the "cocoanut milk" (the prepared cocoanut or almonds pressed in a napkin); let boil two or three minutes, then add one-fourth a cup of currant jelly, one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of

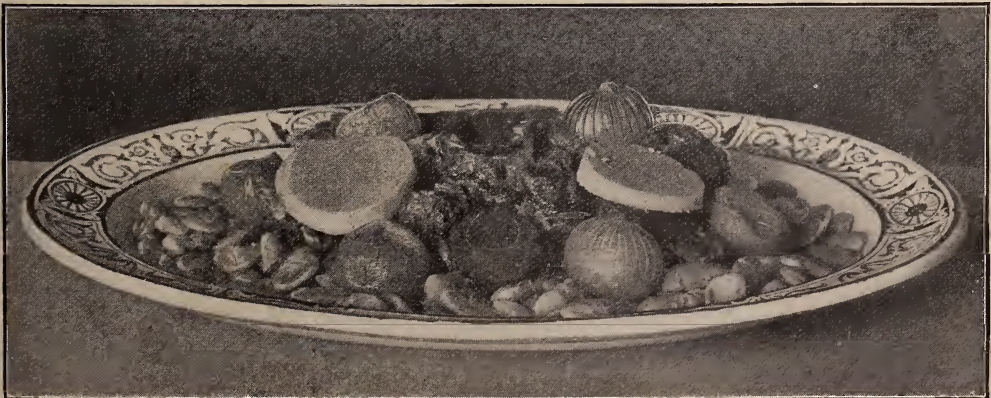
green ginger root grated, and salt to season. Serve in the casserole. Veal cutlets may be prepared in the same manner.



'BOILED CAULIFLOWER AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Lamb Stew, French Style

Cut three pounds of lamb, either the shoulder or the "scrag" end, in pieces suitable for serving, trimming them, meanwhile of superfluous fat or bone. Melt salt pork or bacon fat in a frying pan; dip the pieces of meat in boiling water, roll in flour and sauté in the hot fat, on all sides, to a brown color. Remove to a casserole, and add about three cups of boiling water and half a cup of red wine or tomato purée. Cover and let cook in the oven or on top of the range at a gentle simmer for an hour.



LAMB STEW, FRENCH STYLE

Add two small carrots, pared or scraped and cut in quarters lengthwise, two small turnips, pared and cut in quarters or sliced, eight button onions, peeled, blanched and fried in butter and salt, to season the whole. Again cover the dish, and let simmer until the meat is tender and the vegetables are cooked. There should not be a superfluity of liquid, when the meat and vegetables are cooked. Meanwhile have a cup of dried Lima or flageolet beans soaked in cold water and cooked in boiling water until the beans are tender and the water is nearly evaporated. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, and two

let boil rapidly until tender; add a tablespoonful of salt to the boiling water and do not cover while cooking. It will take about fifteen minutes to cook them. Drain as soon as tender.

Franchini Patties

This mixture may be served in either patty or Swedish timbale cases. Have a cup, each, of chicken breast and cold, boiled ham cut in cubes (half inch or a little less). Sauté the ham in two tablespoonfuls of butter until delicately browned, then skim from the butter. To the butter left in the pan add an additional two tablespoonfuls; when melted add three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper; let cook two or three minutes, then add one cup and a fourth of chicken broth; stir until boiling; add three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, three tablespoonfuls of Port wine, two tablespoonfuls of red bar le duc and one teaspoonful of lemon juice; when again boiling add the



CHRISTMAS DOUGHNUTS

or three tablespoonfuls of butter, and shake the pan to mix all thoroughly together. Turn the stew into the center of a serving dish, surround it with the beans and serve at once.

Cauliflower and Brussels Sprouts

Cook the cauliflower as in the recipe for cream-of-cauliflower soup. Then drain and dispose on a hot serving dish; surround with hot Brussels sprouts and serve with Hollandaise sauce in a dish apart. To cook the sprouts, trim off discolored leaves and the stem if needed, wash carefully and let stand in cold water to crisp a little; drain, cover with plenty of boiling water and

cubes of chicken and ham and when very hot it is ready to serve. Chicken giblets may be used in place of the chicken and ham.

Creole Patties

Replace the chicken and ham in the preceding recipe with chicken livers and mushrooms, fresh or canned, in small pieces, half and half; add two pimentos in bits and substitute tomato purée for the wine. Add also a few drops of onion juice.

Christmas Doughnuts

Sift together five cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one level tea-

spoonful of soda, two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of ground mace. Beat three eggs; add a cup of sugar, measured generously, three-fourths a cup of cream, poured from the top of a quart bottle or can of milk, and a scant fourth a cup of skimmed milk; mix together thoroughly, then turn into the dry ingredients and mix the two together. Take a small portion upon a floured board, knead slightly, using no more flour than is necessary, cut into rings and fry in hot fat; drain on soft paper and roll in sifted powdered sugar.

Marlboro Tarts

Pare and grate enough tart apples to make two cups; add two beaten eggs, one cup and a half of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of thin cream. Turn into small tins, lined with pastry. Wet the edge of the paste on each tin, put narrow strips of paste across the filling and press the ends

down upon the paste. Bake until the filling is set and the pastry lightly browned. Serve while warm or re-heat a little before serving.



MARLBORO TARTS

Jelly With Fruit and Nuts

Soften one-fourth a box of granulated gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve in three-fourths a cup of boiling water; add half a cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and half a cup of sherry wine or grape juice. Turn a little of the mixture into the bottom of four or five glasses; when firm set two halves of walnut meat and two candied or maraschino cherries on the jelly and against the glass in each cup, pour in a little more of the mixture and, when this is set, finish filling the glasses. Beat half a cup of double



JELLY WITH FRUIT AND NUTS

cream, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a tablespoonful of sugar until firm, then use to pipe on the jelly in the glasses.

spoonful of almond or vanilla extract, and turn into a mold rinsed with cold water. When cold and unmolded serve with sugar and cream, boiled custard or

preserved fruit. The whites of eggs may be omitted without any change in the other ingredients. Lemon or orange rind may replace the almonds.

Blancmange with Pears, Cardinal

Prepare blancmange as above, omit the almonds and flavor

with one-fourth a cup of Kirsch. Turn the mixture into oval molds. When cold and firm unmold. Set above each mold of blancmange half a pear cooked in syrup, flavored with vanilla; pour a thick raspberry purée (canned raspberries sifted to exclude seeds and cooked to a thick consistency with sugar and Kirsch) over the pears, and sprinkle the whole with blanched almonds, cut in lengthwise shreds. Pears, cardinal are flavored with Kirsch, but the dish will be more acceptable to many if both blancmange and syrup



BLANCMANGE WITH PEARS, CARDINAL

Potato Flour Blancmange

Scald two cups of rich milk over boiling water. Sift together one-fourth a cup of potato flour (Swedish potato flour comes in pound packages at ten cents each) and one-third a cup of sugar; stir into the hot milk and continue stirring until the mixture thickens. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of blanched almonds, chopped and pounded exceedingly fine. Let cook fifteen minutes; fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and half a tea-



CARAMEL BOMBE GLACÉ, FILLETS OF BLANCHED-AND-BROWNEED ALMONDS

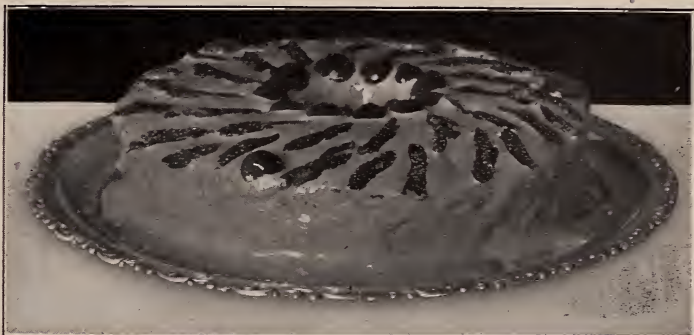
be flavored with lemon rind. Only the thin yellow rind should be used. Canned pears may be used without further flavoring.

Caramel Bombe Glacé

Cook one cup of sugar over a hot fire, stirring constantly, until the sugar is melted and becomes caramel; add half a cup of water and cook to a thick syrup, then add, to one quart of rich creamy milk, one cup of double cream and half a cup of sugar. Stir and let heat to nearly 100° Fahr., then add a tablespoonful of vanilla extract and one junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. Mix thoroughly and let stand in a warm room until the milk, etc., jellies. When cold freeze as usual. Have a three pint melon mold set in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Line the mold with the frozen mixture, fill the open center with a charlotte-russe mixture and cover this with some of the frozen mixture, filling the mold to overflow. Lay a paper over the top, press the cover in place and finish packing with ice and salt. When unmolded sprinkle with blanched almonds, sliced and browned in the oven.

Charlotte Russe Mixture for Bombe

Beat one cup of cream and one teaspoonful of vanilla till very firm



CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

throughout. Beat the white of one egg dry; fold in one-third a cup of sugar, then fold the whole into the whipped cream.

Christmas Fruit Cake

(Mrs. E. B. Jones)

Cream one cup of butter; beat into it one cup of sugar, two whole eggs, beaten light, one cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of grape juice or jelly, four cups of flour, sifted with one level teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Lastly, mix in from one pound and a half to two pounds and three-fourths of fruit. In the illustration a mixture of figs, cut in bits, raisins,



YELLOW CAKE, MARSHMALLOW ICING AND RED CANDIES

currants and candied orange peel were used. Dates are particularly good in this cake. Bake in two sponge cake or two bread pans in a very moderate oven about one hour and a half. Cover with



FRENCH CHOCOLATE CREAMS

boiled frosting and decorate with slices of figs or other fruit. Or cut in squares, two-thirds of an inch thick, cover with frosting and decorate with whole nut meats.

Yellow Cake

(Mrs. E. B. Jones)

Wash the salt from one cup of butter; beat the butter till white on the edges, then beat in one cup and a half of sugar and the yolks of eight eggs, beaten light. Beat the whites of two eggs dry; beat in half a cup of sugar, then fold the two mixtures together.

Sift together three cups and a half of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of soda, cream of tartar and baking powder. Add to the first mixture, alternately, with one cup of milk. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract or a tablespoonful or two of preserved orange peel, grated. Bake in a pan nine and a half inches square. Cover with boiled frosting. This is a very tender, fine-grained cake, similar to pound cake. It makes a large sheet of cake, but it is a very simple matter to divide the recipe and make but half of it.

Marshmallow Icing

Boil two cups of granulated sugar and half a cup of water to 240° Fahr., or until it spins a thread about three inches long, then pour in a fine stream over the well-beaten whites of four eggs, beating constantly, meanwhile. When cool add half a pound of marshmallows, each marshmallow cut in four pieces with scissors. The marshmallows should not melt in the icing, which should be exceedingly light and fluffy. Flavor to taste. Sprinkle small red candies over the whole.

French Chocolate Creams

Beat the white of an egg and an equal measure of cold water slightly; add a



MAPLE CHOCOLATE NOUGATINES, DIPPED AND IN PROCESS OF DIPPING

teaspoonful of vanilla extract, then work in sifted confectioners' sugar to make a stiff paste. Work a little of the paste into a flat round about one-fourth an inch thick; in the center set a little cube of crab apple, currant or other fruit jelly, enclose the jelly in the paste, pinch off superfluous paste and roll in the hollows of the hands to a symmetrical shape. Drop upon a plate on which sugar has been sifted. Using jelly or bits of candied cherries or blanched almonds or a whole sultana raisin as the center; continue making balls or other shapes. Let stand several hours or over night to become firm. Break a cake of "Dot" chocolate into bits, put into a small dish and stir occasionally while dissolving over warm water. Do not use hot water; the temperature of the water while the candies are being dipped should be considerably below 100° F.; 85° F. is about right. When a few candies have been dipped set them in a cool dry place for a few moments. A particularly good candy results from stirring chopped nuts through the cream before it is wrapped around the little cubes of jelly. After each candy is dipped a bit of nut or fruit may be set upon it. Figs, dates and raisins are all good for use in these candies.

Maple Chocolate Nougatines

Put one pound (two cups) of maple sugar, one cup of brown or granulated sugar, one cup of glucose and one cup of water on the back of the range, cover and let stand, stirring occasionally, until the sugar is dissolved. Then stir occasionally until cooked to the soft ball degree or about 238° Fah. Have ready the whites of two eggs, beaten dry; pour half of the syrup in a fine stream upon the eggs, beating constantly meanwhile. Return the rest of the syrup to the fire and cook to the crack degree, or between 280° and 290° F. During the last of the cooking

the mixture must be stirred constantly. Pour this syrup upon the egg mixture in the same manner as the first; add two cups of blanched almonds, chopped and browned in the oven, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract, mix thoroughly and turn into two bread pans, buttered or lined with paper. When cold cut in strips about an inch long and three-eighths an inch thick and wide. Dip these in "Dot" chocolate and finish as the French creams.

Hot Pineapple Soufflé

Scald a can of crushed or grated pineapple and a cup of water in the blazer; stir in half a cup of any quick-cooking tapioca, cover and let cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent, then stir in half a cup of sugar and fold in the whites of two or three eggs, beaten dry. Let stand, covered, until the egg is "set." Serve hot with sugar and cream.

Roulettes de Sardines

Pound the fillets of eight sardines, wiped free from oil, two tablespoonfuls of butter, ten drops of onion juice, half a chilli pepper, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and the cooked yolk of an egg to a smooth paste; add a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing or hollandaise sauce and mix thoroughly. Remove the crust or exterior from a loaf of hot brown bread (either fresh made or re-steamed), and cut the bread in slices thin as a wafer. Bread cooked in a brick-shaped mold cuts to the best advantage. Spread the slices lightly with the sardine mixture, and as soon as a slice is spread roll like a jelly-roll. Sift the yolk of "hard-cooked" egg or lobster coral over the top of the roulettes. Let chill and they are ready to serve as an appetizer. The roulettes should be about two inches in length and a scant inch in thickness. Served at a chafing-dish supper they might be made larger.

Menus for a Week in December

"Half the education of a woman comes through her fingers; there are wisdom and virtue at her finger ends."

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Oranges. Sausage. Creamed Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce Buckwheat Griddlecakes Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Curry-of-Chicken en Casserole Plain Boiled Rice. Creamed Onions Celery-and-Apple Salad Caramel Ice Cream with Almonds Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Oysters Creamed in Chafing Dish Toast. Olives Fruit and Nuts in Wine (or Fruit) Jelly, Whipped Cream</p>	<p>Breakfast Corn Meal Mush, Milk Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin French Fried Potatoes Baked Apples Bread and Butter. Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Gnocchi (or Italian Fritters). Cole Slaw Coffee. Apple Pie</p> <p>Dinner Lamb Rechaufée, Creole Style (Tomatoes, Macaroni, Peppers, etc.) Cauliflower, Boiled Carrot Fruit Pudding, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p>	WEDNESDAY
	<p>Breakfast Stewed Figs. Boiled Rice, Cream Salt Pork, Fried Country Style Baked Potatoes Cream Toast. Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Curried Chicken Croquettes Canned Peas Cottage Pudding, Frothy Sauce Tea</p> <p>Dinner Lamb Stew, French Style Lettuce Salad Baked Apples with Meringue (Creole Style) Jelly Roll Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Grapefruit Chopped Ham in Cream Sauce Toast. Fried Mush. Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Cream-of-Celery Soup Lamb-and-Potato Hash Stewed Tomatoes Apples with Rice. Tea</p> <p>Dinner Roast Duck Orange-and-Celery Salad Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style Canned Pears, Melba Fashion Crackers. Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p>	
MONDAY	<p>Breakfast Grapefruit. Broiled Ham White Hashed Potatoes Waffles, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Cheese Pudding. Cabbage Salad Squash Pie. Tea</p> <p>Dinner Roast Leg of Lamb Banana Fritters, Sultana Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts, Buttered Celery Hearts, Quince Preserves Potato Flour Blancmange Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Canned Pineapple (sliced) Salt Mackerel cooked in Milk Baked Potatoes. Baking Powder Biscuit Dry Toast. Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese Lettuce, French Dressing Cranberry Pie. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Lima Bean Soup Canned Salmon (made Hot in Can), Caper Sauce. Plain Boiled Potatoes Jellied Cabbage Salad Hot Apple Tapioca Pudding Vanilla Ice Cream (Junket) Half Cups of Coffee</p>	FRIDAY
	<p>Breakfast Hot Baked Apples Fish Cakes (Salmon remnants) Bacon. Corn Meal Muffins Dry Toast. Coffee. Cocoa</p>	<p>Dinner Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Boiled Turnips Baked Indian Pudding, Cream. Half Cups of Coffee</p>	

Economical Menus for a Week in December

(No eggs are used in the dishes given)

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup
Dry Toast. Coffee

Dinner

Boned Forequarter of Lamb, Steamed
and Browned, with Salt Pork
Raw Potatoes, Scalloped. Mashed
Turnips. Bananas, Sautéd
Potato Flour Blancmange, Milk and
Sugar or Orange Marmalade
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Smoked Halibut, Toasted
Bread and Butter. Canned Prunes
Ginger Cakes. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Scalloped Haddock
White Hashed Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Fried Mush. Coffee

Dinner

Beef Balls en Casserole
(tomato, macaroni, etc.)
Boiled Squash
Baked Apple Pudding
Tea

Supper

Bread and Thin Sliced Cheese
Made hot (not browned) in oven
Apple Butter
Tea. Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast

Bacon
Stewed Potatoes
Milk Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Lamb Pie, Baking-Powder Crust
Stewed Tomatoes
Rice Pudding with Raisins
Coffee

Supper

Stewed Lima Beans (dried)
Bread and Butter
Cottage Cheese
Apple Sauce
Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Wheat Cereal, Top Milk
Fried Bacon, Country Style (dipped in
boiling water, then in flour, fried very
slowly). Stewed Potatoes
Cinnamon Buns (made without an egg)
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Pork, Spare-ribs, Baked
Mashed Potatoes. Turnips
Cranberry or Apple Sauce
Cabbage Salad. Squash Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Cream Toast (Boston Brown Bread)
White Bread and Butter. Stewed Prunes
Cottage Cheese. Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Honeycomb Tripe
Baked Potatoes
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Coffee

Dinner

Boiled Fresh Haddock
Drawn Butter Sauce. Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Onions. Philadelphia Relish
Rhubarb Pie (home canned rhubarb)
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Succotash (kornlet and left-over beans)
Bread and Butter
Hot Dates. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Cereal. Top Milk
Country Sausage. Baked Potatoes
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes
Coffee

Dinner

Salt Mackerel Baked in Milk
Mashed Potatoes
Scalloped Onions
Apple Pie. Cheese
Coffee

Supper

Creamed Celery au gratin
Rye Meal Muffins
Apple Butter
Ginger Cakes. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Cold Spare-ribs
Mashed Potato Cakes
(fried or baked)
Fried Mush
Cinnamon Buns
(reheated)
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Hamburg Steak, Broiled
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage
Peanut Brittle
Coffee

Supper

Stewed Lima Beans
(dried)
Bread and Butter
Mock Indian Pudding,
Top Milk
(Bread, butter,
molasses, milk)
Tea

Formal Dinners for December

Menu I

Bretton Woods Leaf
Consommé Talma, Bread Sticks
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare
Franchini Patties
Roast Turkey, Creamed Chestnuts
Canned Stringless Beans
Romaine-and-Orange Salad
Coupe Bartholdi
Salted Almonds. Mint Leaves, Candied
Half Cups of Coffee

Menu II

Bonne Bouche de Caviare
Tomato Bouillon
(Garnished with noodles, flageolet and spaghetti)
Lobster Newburgh Patties
Roast Saddle of Lamb, Mint Sauce
Canned Pineapple Fritters
Cauliflower, Mousseline Sauce
Potato Croquettes
Roast Partridge, Bread Sauce
Romaine-and-Grapefruit Salad
French Dressing with Claret
Caramel Bombe Glacé
Lady Apples. Tangerines
Bonbons
Coffee

Spreads for Christmas Evening

I

Creole or Franchini Patties
Lobster or Oyster Salad
Caramel Bombe Glacé
Yellow Cake
Maple Nougatines
Coffee

II

Creamed Oysters on Toast
(Chafing Dish)
Partridge or Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Lady Finger Rolls
Olives
Macedoine of Fruit in Cups
(Pineapple (canned), oranges, white grapes)
German Crisps
Fruit Squares
Coffee
Bonbons

III

Cold Roast Turkey or Chicken
Creamed Potatoes in Chafing Dish
Olives. Celery
Tiny Hot Baking Powder Biscuit
Coffee
Lemon Queens
Vanilla Ice Cream, Preserved Ginger Stems
Bonbons. Tangerine Oranges

The Time and the Occasion

By Janet M. Hill

"A mixed diet, both in animals and man, is usually taken better and the nutrients are more completely digested and assimilated than when only one food is used. Variety in foods of the same nutritive value stimulates the appetite and prevents the patient from tiring of any special food."
—Dr. E. M. Sill.

WITH meat and all food products at present prices and no prospect of a change for the better, the only solution to paying one's bills is better cooking. Each item must be so cooked that no morsel is left on the plate, for, too often, it is the food wasted, rather than the food eaten, that keeps up the bills. Truly success in catering for a table depends more upon the art of the cook than upon the sums laid out in the market. At the start much depends on the eating habits of the family. If the family has a taste for dishes of a cosmopolitan character, all is well. A family that must have broiled or roasted meats three times a day is an expensive one for which to cater, and one that will eventually bankrupt health as well as pocketbook.

The table is the center of the social life of the home and we cannot afford to make changes in an arbitrary fashion. But very gradually less expensive foods, each article at its best, may replace all but an occasional roast and every one be satisfied. This is done more easily in the large than in the small family. Great care needs to be taken in the dishing and serving as well as in the cooking. Mrs. Loomis, director of household economies in one of our foremost institutions of learning, tells the whole story very succinctly: "A friend of mine said to her maid, 'Mary, when we have Hamburg steak for dinner always put on the prettiest china and light the candles.'"

Cultivate a taste for winter vegetables, green salads and bread. Let

the vegetables be well seasoned, the green salads crisp and inviting, and the bread of diversified form and materials. Bread alone presents an almost limitless field in which to give variety to a table. Outside of the flour or meal, nuts, fruit, sugar, eggs, shortening, spice and glazing can all be availed of to give variety and challenge the appetite and attention of the diners.

In many families a stew would not be relished, but the same meat cooked *en casserole* would be much appreciated. The average cook spends little time and less thought on such a common everyday dish as a stew. The foreign-looking dish, no less than its name, in which food *en casserole* is cooked and sent to the table calls out the interest and enthusiasm of the most indifferent cook, and meat and vegetables will be browned, to bring out flavor; slow cooking and other directions will be followed and the dish — though only in reality a stew — will be a pronounced success.

We are inclined to be incredulous when told of a certain housekeeper who cooked a fowl in boiling water, reserved the flesh to eat and threw the liquid away. Rarely is there any superfluity of broth after a sauce to serve with the fowl has been prepared. None will be thrown away by the cook who understands what an addition the flavor of chicken is to a dish of cream soup, macaroni, rice, hominy or vegetables, as beans or potato. Indeed when possible the skinned feet, with the bones from which the meat has been largely taken, will

be simmered to get flavor for these dishes. In like manner all broths may be used. A single cup of broth is an asset never to be despised by the true cook. The liquid in which a mild-cured piece of corned beef has been cooked is also available for soup and for moistening hashes and rechaufées. With such broth salt must be added sparingly, if at all.

In New England cities fresh-laid eggs now retail for sixty cents a dozen. Taking into consideration simplicity in cooking and high nutritive value, there is nothing that is quite equal to an egg for the main item in a child's meal, and, even at the above price, eggs must be provided occasionally for the little folks in the family. For general cooking, dishes calling for many eggs will be discarded for a time. A cracker rolled fine may replace the egg or eggs usually regarded as an essential in a squash or pumpkin pie. True, the nutritive value of the pie is lessened, but it is more than likely that the meal at which such pies are served is already over-provided with the principle in which eggs are rich.

In doughnuts the use of fresh eggs lessens the liability of the dough to absorb fat, and fat is an expensive item of food; thus the expense of eggs is offset and, as fat at a high temperature is particularly unwholesome, the eggs should be retained, even if these favorite cakes are seen less often on the breakfast-table.

Quick muffins—made with baking powder—the recipe for which usually includes an egg, may be made without the egg by simply adding a few spoonfuls of milk to the designated quantity of milk.

To the recipe for nougatines we call especially the attention of amateur candy-makers. The recipe may be divided, but candy is cooked in comparatively large quantities more successfully than in small quantities.

While boiling the second portion of syrup to be used for the foundation of the candy, the stirring must be constant or the syrup will burn. With care the cooking may be continued to about 290° Fahr., but the candy may be handled successfully if the syrup be removed at about 285° Fahr., or even a little below that point. While dipping nuts, fruit or any variety of "center" in "Dot" chocolate, keep the water surrounding the chocolate at about 75° or 80° Fahr. A piece of table oilcloth is the best thing possible on which to drop the candies. After dipping a few pieces, remove them to a cool, dry place, to become firm. With a very little experience one can dip candies that will look as well as those of the best makers. Take plenty of time to melt down the chocolate, and keep the temperature low. On this one point of temperature success in dipping depends. Beat the chocolate thoroughly and for some little time before attempting to dip the candies.

The Thanksgiving season, just passed, has brought to mind early ways of cooking in New England. It seems almost incredible that stoves for cooking were introduced within the memory of the passing generation. Less than one hundred years ago the open fire, with its spit, and kettles hanging from the crane, the big brick oven, heated once a week, and the little tin oven with its open front facing the fire, with a chafing dish here and there in a family of wealth, comprised the sum total of the means of cooking.

To-day one may cook breakfast on the table, with drudgery and bending of back eliminated. New contrivances for simplifying the cooking of dinner are springing up almost daily. One of these late inventions for cooking bids fair to prove the best yet devised. It is called the "Waterless Quick Cooker." In it may be cooked meats, fowl, fish, vegetables, cereals and fruit. It is hard to say

which of these it cooks best, but all are done to perfection and most of them in less time than in the ordinary utensils. The cooker, which is of armor plate steel, enameled, has three bottoms. The edge only of the outer or "protection bottom" rests on the stove, the bottom itself being lifted up so that hot air circulates beneath. Above the protection bottom is an asbestos mat; on this rests the bottom proper of the utensil. No water is used anywhere in the dish. The article

is cooked in its own juices. The conservation of heat below the utensil insures cooking with less than the ordinary degree of heat. The close-fitting cover and the fact that it does not need to be lifted during cooking mean the conservation of the full flavor and aroma of the article cooked. Food is steamed in its own juices, and the process is, at least, as much an improvement over ordinary steaming with water as that process is an improvement over boiling in water.

School Children's Luncheons

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

IN the schools of the present day a large proportion of the pupils either go home for an hour at noon, or are dismissed for the day at one o'clock, being able in either case to have a hot noonday meal at home. But many boys and girls, for one reason or another, must carry with them in the morning whatever is to form their luncheon, and the mother often finds the school lunch boxes, which must be filled day after day, one of her most difficult problems. At the opening of school in the fall she may take up the task with enthusiasm, and enjoy preparing and packing a dainty and appetizing meal, but by midwinter interest is apt to flag, and the provider to feel as if her ingenuity and the resources of her larder were alike exhausted. The children, too, may seem more difficult to please; colds and other winter ailments result in loss of appetite and over-fastidiousness; and the cold luncheon provided for a freezing winter day may be brought home half eaten. A little time spent by the mother at this season in planning new combinations, in studying the possibilities of her

private stores and the grocer's shelves, and in an effort to harmonize the likes and dislikes of her children, with her knowledge of the fuel needed to keep their vital fires burning well through the most trying months of the year, will be far from wasted.

The planning of the school luncheon cannot satisfactorily be left to untrained servants, as this would probably result in improper combinations of food, and a lack of balance between the different classes of food substances, all of which have their place in the diet which will best nourish the human body. The proteids, or nitrogenous foods, among which meat, eggs and milk hold the leading place, are sometimes spoken of as "tissue builders," and the carbohydrates, — sugars and starches, — together with the fats, as "force producers." The growing child, if he is to be a healthy man, needs a proper proportion of each, and also of the fresh vegetables and fruits which, though their nutrient value may be less, have an important place in the dietary. If the noonday meal, which for children taking it at home is often made the principal one of the day, is,

for the child who carries his luncheon to school, either deficient in quantity or poor in quality, the result may be lowered vitality and increased susceptibility to disease, instead of healthy growth of body and mind.

In many schools a lunch-room has been established, where, for a small sum, the students can obtain a glass of milk, a cup of cocoa, or a bowl of hot soup, to supplement their basket lunches, and this not only makes the meal a more appetizing one, but the hot soup or cocoa promotes digestion and provides a gentle stimulant after the morning's work. Where these things cannot be had, it is sometimes practicable for the pupils to obtain hot water, with which they can make bouillon or hasty lunch chocolate for themselves, by keeping a jar of beef extract or ready-prepared chocolate in their desks. Where none of these things are possible, if a child is delicate, and it is imperative that he have something hot for luncheon through the cold weather, the thermos bottle, a new contrivance, which will keep fluids hot for many hours, and which, in its metal case, can be carried in a book satchel, furnishes a possible solution of the problem.

The fitted luncheon basket, with its little baking dishes, bottle, cup, spoon and fork, is the ideal arrangement for the school luncheon, as it provides for carrying everything a youthful gourmand could possibly desire. The average youngster, however, does not possess one, and very likely would not carry it if he had the opportunity; he usually prefers the folding lunch box, which can be treated without ceremony. His sister, perhaps, may be willing to carry a dainty basket, which can easily be fitted up to serve every purpose of the expensive baskets especially made for such use. Goodies too soft for other modes of transportation may be placed in little glass or porcelain jars with screw tops, or in a half-pint pre-

serve jar or a jelly glass, if the other is not obtainable. The boy will care more for the quantity and substantiality of his luncheon than the daintiness of its preparation, but the girl, while she may have quite as good an appetite, will be more appreciative of pretty paper napkins, fancy-shaped cakes, and all such "frills." The Japanese napkins are much better for school use than linen, as they are very inexpensive and can be thrown away after using, so that there is no danger of losing or staining the household belongings. Paraffine paper costs very little, and is better than anything else for wrapping the different articles that constitute the luncheon, so that each will preserve its own flavor and remain in good condition.

The usual school luncheon consists of sandwiches, cake and fruit. The substantial foundation is the sandwich, and for boys and girls of normal appetite three or four sandwiches of fair size will not be found too liberal an allowance. The bread should not be too fresh, as new bread will not cut and spread well; it should be at least a day old, and should have been properly made and well baked, poor bread being not only unattractive, but exceedingly unhealthful. It should be cut very thin. Sandwiches cut into fancy shapes will sometimes appeal to a child whose appetite needs to be tempted, when the ordinary ones will not. For children who are poorly nourished the butter should be spread with a generous hand. In alternation with the usual white bread one may use Boston brown, Graham, whole wheat or gluten bread, and, though they are less easy of digestion, and are not quite so convenient to carry, rolls, baking-powder biscuit or Graham gems make a pleasant occasional change.

Sandwich fillings are numberless. The stand-bys are cold roast meats, chicken, turkey, beef, lamb, mutton,

and veal, either sliced thin and salted, or put through the chopper and seasoned. Cold beefsteak, chopped and seasoned, makes an appetizing filling. Cold boiled ham and tongue are old favorites. The potted meats, with their high seasoning, are best relegated to emergency use, though boned chicken and lunch tongue, when put up by a reliable packing house, are by no means to be despised. Peanut butter, especially that prepared at home, makes an excellent and nutritious filling. Salad sandwiches are delicious, and the addition of a French or mayonnaise dressing to the filling for a sandwich makes it more nutritious, the oil in the dressing being especially valuable for the poorly nourished child. Most of the cold meats make good fillings when minced fine and mixed with a little mayonnaise. Celery, lettuce and cress are appetizing, but cannot be depended upon to supply the amount of proteid necessary for a meal. Still another salad filling is made of chopped nuts in mayonnaise, and another of hard boiled eggs. Sweet sandwiches may be filled with almost any sort of marmalade, jam, jelly, or fruit butter, but orange marmalade is perhaps the greatest favorite. Most children enjoy an occasional slice of bread and butter spread with scraped maple sugar. Cream cheese or the home-made cottage cheese makes a good and very nourishing filling for sandwiches made either of bread or of saltine biscuits. Two kinds of sandwiches may be used together in one luncheon, if they are not too much alike; for example, part may be of white bread and cold chicken and part of brown bread and currant jelly, or part of whole wheat bread and lettuce with French dressing and part of saltine biscuits and cottage cheese. Plain bread and butter, or a handful of one of the many varieties of unsweetened crackers, occasionally makes a pleasant change from the daily sandwiches, and

if a boiled egg, plain or stuffed, or a little jar of a nourishing salad accompany it, the desired average of nutritive value is maintained.

The best kinds of cake for the school luncheon are plain loaf cakes and small cup cakes, as the fancy varieties made in layers with soft fillings do not carry well, and are less convenient to eat away from the table. The plain cakes are also easier of digestion, sponge cake and gingerbread being most easily digestible of all. Cookies of the simpler sort, gingersnaps and chocolate wafers, sweet crackers and unsweetened ones iced with a boiled icing, with or without nuts, or with a chocolate icing, all make a pleasant variation from cake of the ordinary sort. The younger children enjoy fancy scalloped cakes and cookies, shaped with fancy cutters, better than squares of loaf cake and drop cookies, and the same is often true of older children who have little appetite. A piece of sweet chocolate or molasses candy, occasionally, for dessert, will be much appreciated by children who are fond of sweets, and such things are least harmful when eaten at the close of the noonday meal.

Apples, oranges, bananas and figs are the winter fruits, which can most conveniently be carried. It is better not to carry an orange in the basket or box with other food, as its flavor is apt to be communicated to other articles. If a screw-topped jar is carried, the pulp and juice of orange or grapefruit may be carried in that, and eaten with a spoon. Apple sauce and any stewed or baked fruit can also be included among luncheon possibilities, when a jar is used.

Many articles of food besides fruit can be carried in this way; baked beans, salads of every sort, soft puddings, and almost any soft food that can appropriately be eaten cold, and that will combine well with the rest of the luncheon. If the luncheon is carried in such

a receptacle that there is no danger of overturning, articles such as macaroni, cup custards or tiny pies can be baked in ramequins to form a part of the next day's luncheon.

When attention is paid to nutritive value, proper balance between the different food substances, variety, digestibility, and daintiness of preparation, there is no reason why children who must carry their luncheon to school should not thrive as well as those who eat their noonday meal at home. Of course, every child's special needs and likings must be taken into

consideration. Some children require a steady supply of food with a laxative tendency; their luncheon should include such articles as Graham bread and crackers, oranges, apples, figs, prunes, molasses cake or cookies. While growing children should not at any time be given food that is difficult of digestion, it is especially important that they should have nothing of the sort during school hours; mental work calls the blood to the brain, and there should be no call for special effort on the part of the digestive organs, if these organs are to be in good working order in later life.

The Orange or "Golden Apple"

By Sara John English

THIS beautiful and luscious fruit, as its name signifies, is golden in color. It belongs to the citrus family. To the botanist it is the *citrus aurantium*; to us, commonly speaking, the orange; to the ancients, the golden apple. The orange is usually round in shape, composed of pulpy, juicy carpels, commonly ten in number, though nine, eleven and even thirteen sections are often hidden in the golden leathery skin. If you are clever enough to have learned nature's secret, you may tell before you open the orange the exact number of sections. Pull the stem off and with a pin count the little holes left where the stem was taken out. There are just as many sections as there are holes. In the seedless or navel orange, where the sections are irregular, so are the holes.

The entire orange tree, "root and branch," is invaluable to mankind, and should make us grateful to Hercules, who is said to have restored them to us by his eleventh labor, when he killed the dragon who guarded the garden of Hesperides and brought back

the orange or golden apple to mankind. The wood of the orange tree is much esteemed by cabinetmakers; its soft yellow color and fine grain make it adaptable to inlays. It also takes a high polish. The twigs are made into orange sticks, to manicure milady's nails. The leaves furnish a tea used in fevers by people of the tropics. The blossoms make orange-flower water, extract, and the orange-leaf preserves, which the Turks serve in their coffee; and who in all the world does not associate these beautiful fragrant blossoms with brides? Like all familiar customs, whose origin is lost in antiquity, the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. The following is a pretty legend from Spain:

An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so

great a curiosity in his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught he gave up in despair. The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair. Whether the poor court gardener lost his head, in consequence of his daughter's treachery, the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

The peel gives us the liqueur curacao and the essential oil so valuable in medicine; candied orange peel has been a favorite confection since our great-grandmother's time. Many dishes are given an added zest by a grating of orange peel. In "Merrie England" the plum pudding would seem poorly flavored, if it had not its share of candied orange peel. Dolly Madison always served it with her cakes and tea. Who would argue himself or herself so ignorant as to say they did not know the taste of orange marmalade, in which the peel and pulp combined form a sweet so delicious? Many a nauseous dose is disguised by the doctor or druggist by the infusion of dried orange peel.

But enough of this useful fragrant peel! We will taste and enjoy the cooling, refreshing juice distilled by nature and offered for our delectation.

From this cup of gold the poor man as well as the king may drink the most health-giving beverage, and the fever stricken quench their burning thirst. The mild citric acid, sugar and water make not only a pleasant tasting drink, but an invaluable antiscorbutic. Many skin diseases, notably scurvy, are said to be relieved by a free use of the orange. The juice, though acid, corrects the acid condition of the stomach, promotes digestion and purifies the blood.

Some writers claim we owe the orange to China, though most give Africa the credit of giving it to the world. Now our own America is fast forging her way to the front as an orange growing country. Florida has not only the climate and moist soil, but the calcareous marl that is most favorable for its growth, and California is also a fine orange district. We are said to rank favorably with the countries of the Mediterranean in orange raising. Spain seems to have brought the first trees from Africa and started the cultivation. The Seville orange is still noted. China has the mandarin, much like our tangerine, or "kid-glove" orange. The Maltese or blood orange comes from Southern Italy.

The English are among the greatest orange eaters, and their good health is attributed by many to this fact. Since 1290 Spain has sent oranges to Great Britain. Oranges furnished the ambrosia, the food for the gods. We have ambrosia, orangeade, orange ice, orange gelatine, and fruit salads and punches would be flat, were the orange missing.

"Here's to the orange,
The fruit divine,
Whose golden juice
Is better than wine."

Poets and artists have honored the orange. Even more honor is accorded the orange: for are not oranges and pomegranates used to adorn the altar hangings and vestments of the Church?



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

An Improvement for Roast Mutton or Lamb

A SKILLED housekeeper of Philadelphia prefers to heighten the flavor of mutton, and even lamb, by using a little piece of garlic with it. Insert it in the top of the roast and remove it before the roast is fully done. Members of the family often remark that roast lamb at home is better than that obtained elsewhere, even though the latter be a more expensive choice than theirs. Since the head of the house had declared he never ate or tolerated garlic, she does not state that it is garlic that improved the flavor of the lamb cooked at home.

Italian Salad

THE above-mentioned housekeeper uses a bit of garlic in her Italian salad, leaving it in the ice water in which the celery is chilled. To make the salad combine with the celery some tomato, cucumber, onion and every cooked and uncooked vegetable possible, not forgetting, just a little sprig of fresh mint, are used. Dress with French dressing and keep all the ingredients of the salad very cold and crisp. Canned or home-cooked asparagus is a pleasing addition, also water cress and peppers. The mint must be cut very fine so that a very little will permeate the whole.

Canned Goods

THERE are brands of canned spinach now that are excellent, and very suitable for wage-earning

households and light housekeepers in flats, since the labor of preparing spinach is often prohibitive, and some persons do not relish it after smelling it while cooking. Also canned beets may be bought to advantage. The whole Atlantic coast is being made into a vast "truck" garden for Northern markets.

Easily Made Mushroom Beds in the Home Cellar

THE hard work in preparing beds for mushrooms, which are always made from heating compost, has deterred women from undertaking the work, and the nature of the material has prevented the placing of mushroom beds in house cellars; they have to be put under a carriage house or wood shed or barn.

The following information was obtained recently from a man who has successfully grown mushrooms without special work and without compost. He is an Englishman familiar with horticulture in England, and since he has lived in the United States he has made many a successful bed by this method.

Though common grocer's boxes will answer for the purpose, he makes long narrow boxes, sometimes six feet in length and about six inches deep. In these he places two inches of straw, well pressed down, then the mushroom spawn, broken quite fine. This is covered with three to four inches of straw, very well pressed down, and about two inches of good, clean earth added to the top, and this must be

well pressed down. Covering is not needed, unless rats can get to the boxes and burrow in them. Water the beds with lukewarm water and watch them at intervals for about six weeks. During this time the straw will absorb considerable moisture from the air, but it will need gentle sprinklings of warm water whenever it shows a tendency to become dry.

Only the French spawn must be used, he says, the usual English spawn not being suited to these conditions; what the new "pure culture spawn" of the United States will do he did not know.

According to weather conditions expect your crop in about six weeks, possibly seven. When plucking them fill the holes with earth and press it down gently. After the bed ceases to yield, smooth the earth over, sprinkle well with warmish water and let it start again for a new crop, which it will bring forth in about six weeks. After that throw away all the material and begin afresh.

At one city florist's the earth is so full of the mycelium of the mushrooms, grown beneath the benches of flowers, that the wise purchasers of plants sprinkle this earth in suitable places about their homes, and get good crops of delicious mushrooms.

A good knowledge of where to seek for them growing wild often gives zest to a late summer or early autumn walk or a trolley ride. Great baskets of fine mushrooms are often gathered from pastures and meadows, and the wise ones look to the trees for the safe "beefsteak" variety, and the fringed, white hydnums resembling white coral. Under the oak trees look for the meaty greenish russulas, for a few of these are sufficient to make a good sauce for steak or omelet.

If afraid to trust your own judgment about varieties, and yet anxious to eat some new kind of fungi, instead of purchasing the familiar "champignons" in cans, look for "Cepes," "au naturel"

marked on the cans. These will be found very solid and yet very tender; also a great many are in a can. They come from France, but are purchased here for a reasonable sum, two good sized cans for twenty-five cents. These can be creamed, or used like any mushrooms. They belong to the boletus family, which has pores beneath instead of the more familiar gills. The beefsteak mushroom looks like a great piece of liver or round steak, when opened, protruding from the trunks of trees, usually the chestnut tree. It must be cooked like steak, but it somewhat resembles tripe in taste.

Try growing mushrooms in straw in your cellar and so avoid paying sixty and seventy-five cents a pound for them, or going without them. Extra mushrooms may be canned, dried, made into ketchup, etc. Often friends are only too glad to buy them fresh and in small quantities. J. D. C.

* * *

Ammonia in the Household

THE yellow stains left by sewing-machine oil on white goods may be easily removed by rubbing the spot with a piece of cloth dampened with ammonia. Do this before washing with soap.

By mixing equal parts of turpentine and ammonia together, it will take paint stains out of clothing. Saturate the spot as often as necessary, and then wash off with warm soapy water.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of lukewarm water; wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease will disappear. Shake the brushes and dry in the open air.

Blankets and flannels will keep soft and very white, and will not shrink, if washed with a tablespoonful of ammonia to the first water.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teaspoonful of water will clean any kind of gold or silver jewelry. A few drops of clear aqua ammonia, rubbed

on the under side of diamonds, will clean them immediately, making very great brilliancy.

Silver may be kept very bright by rubbing with a soft flannel, saturated with spirits of ammonia. Ancient brass may be made to look like new if treated in the same manner. Afterwards scrub the brass with a brush; rinse in clear water the last thing.

A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm water applied carefully will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Grease spots may be removed from all silk and woolen goods with diluted ammonia.

A little ammonia diluted in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Door plates may be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia and water.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to a pail of water will clean and polish windows better than anything else.

G. J. P.

* * *

Housewife Faces Problem of Prices

THE promise of the summer as to the prices of food-stuffs for the fall was fulfilled to the letter, and now it looks as if the promise of the fall for even higher prices this winter will be carried out.

We have all been well informed on the high prices of wheat and flour as compared with recent years, but have not as a rule reflected that high priced wheat must tend to increase the price of corn, and that the price of corn will in turn affect the cost of eggs and beef, also of all other meats and food supplies.

When we compare the living of people in America with the average in many and nearly all other countries, we must acknowledge that those who complain of hard times, justly, are those who are out of work and

have other misfortunes, such as sickness and unavoidable losses.

With better times and more profitable or more steady work, we will need to remember that we must prepare for the other lean times, which will surely come, and that means that the best of judgment and real economy will be needed to make safe the future and to repair the losses of the past.

True economies are largely of the habit variety, and such little naturally sensible things as turning down the gas when leaving a room for some time, also seeing that the food is taken from the stove and not burned to a crisp, at cost of fuel and material, are good illustrations of the comforts which can be really advanced by less waste.

As soon as you possibly can, clean up the old bills, if any. You will be surprised at the liberty which the cash paying habit will give in ability to secure the best advantages in prices and quality. There is in many lines a great tendency to consider the quality as poor if the price is low, but in most vegetables and fruit there usually is the season of plenty and low prices when the foods are of the very best possible quality.

Meats are now more of a problem each season, and the real economies in meats need only to be mentioned in print and, presto, there is the advance in the price, from increased demand, so that the economy of yesterday is the luxury of today.

—*The Boston Herald*

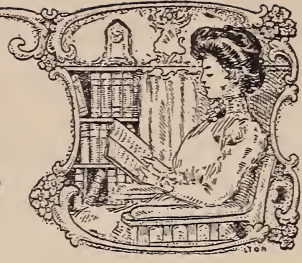
* * *

Hot Dishes

To make dinner plates and dishes hot before sending to the table, dip them in very hot water, instead of putting them in the oven. This takes only a little more time than putting them in the oven and is less liable to crack the china.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1530. — "Recipe for Salmon Cutlets made of cooked or canned fish."

Salmon Cutlets

$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of butter	1 egg, beaten light
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour	1 teaspoonful of lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt	2 cups of flaked fish (about)
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of paprika	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of onion juice if desired
1 cup of milk	
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of cream	

Melt the butter; in it cook the flour and seasonings, add the milk and cream and stir until boiling; add the egg and let cook until "set"; add the lemon juice and the fish and mix together lightly. Turn upon a flat dish. When cold form into balls in the hands wet with cold water, roll in sifted bread crumbs, then press into cutlet shapes, cover with beaten egg, then with sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, two or three at a time. One can of salmon is enough.

QUERY 1531. — "Ways of using Dried Mushrooms."

How to use Dried Mushrooms

Let the mushrooms stand covered with cold water several hours or over night. As they swell while lying in the water — becoming the natural size again — care must be exercised as to the quantity taken for a dish. One-fourth a cup of dried mushrooms with the water in which they are soaked

will flavor a large dish. They should be added to the dish which they are to flavor ten or fifteen minutes before it is removed from the fire. Dried mushrooms may be added to casserole dishes of all kinds, also to stews. They may be chopped fine and added to cannelloni of beef, veal loaf, veal balls and similar dishes. For sauces, after soaking, dry on a cloth, cut in rather coarse pieces, then cook in a little hot butter until slightly browned, and let simmer in the sauce about six minutes.

QUERY 1532. — "Recipes for Sponge Cake to be used for Jelly Roll, one that will not break when rolled."

Sponge Cake for Jelly Roll

4 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of soda
1 cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of potato flour
$\frac{3}{4}$ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar	2 teaspoonfuls of lemon extract
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt	

Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. Beat the sugar into the yolks, fold in the flour sifted with the salt, soda and cream of tartar, then fold in the whites and flavoring. This gives a cake with tender crust. Any recipe for sponge cake may be used. Turn the cake upon a piece of linen cloth, dredged with powdered sugar, trim the edges, spread with jelly, then keeping the cloth close to the cake roll

gently but firmly; keep the cloth around the roll until the cake is cold. The cake is less likely to break, if the edges be removed.

Cheap Sponge Cake for Jelly Roll

4 eggs		$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
2 cups of sugar		1 teaspoonful of lemon extract
2 cups of flour		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of hot milk
5 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder		

Beat the eggs until light without separating the whites from the yolks; beat in the sugar, then the flour, baking powder and salt; lastly, add the milk and extract.

QUERY 1533. — "Recipe for Salmon Jellied in fish mold, served with a Cream Dressing containing cucumbers and pimentos."

Jellied Salmon

2 cups of cooked salmon		Yellow rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon
1 quart of fish or chicken broth		1 oz. of gelatine
2 tablespoonfuls of butter		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ an onion, sliced		1 teaspoonful of salt
2 branches of parsley		Crushed shell of 1 egg
6 slices of carrot		White of 1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of tomato		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of white wine
		Truffles or pimentos
		or capers and
		cooked egg

Separate the fish into flakes while it is hot. Use the broth in which the fish was cooked or other white broth or consommé. Cook the onion, carrot and parsley in the butter; add the tomato broth and lemon rind and let simmer twenty minutes; strain and when cold remove the fat; add the gelatine, shell and white of egg and salt; stir constantly over the fire until boiling begins; let boil five minutes, draw to a cooler part of the range and let stand for fifteen minutes to settle. Strain through a piece of linen wrung out of boiling water; let cool, add the wine if used and the fish. Chill the mold in ice water, decorate with slices and strips of truffle or with bits cut from pimento, to simulate scales; dip the bits of material in a little of the jelly and set in place. They will adhere to the chilled mold. Turn in the fish mixture. Set in a

cool place to become firm. Dip in warm water and unmold on a chilled serving dish. Surround with whipped-cream salad dressing. Serve at luncheon or at evening company.

Whipped-Cream Salad Dressing

1 cup of double cream		$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of pepper
2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice		1 cup of diced cucumber (fresh)
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt		$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of diced pimento

To the cream add the salt, pepper and lemon juice and, with Dover egg beater, beat until solid to the bottom of the bowl. When ready to use add the cucumber, chilled in ice water and dried on a cloth, and the pimento.

QUERY 1534. — "I use the following ingredients in a pumpkin pie: one cup of pumpkin, one cup of milk, two eggs and seasonings, and sometimes a nice skin forms over the top in baking, but more often the skin is wanting. Is not this appearance due to albumen in the milk and why doesn't it always form?"

Skin on Pumpkin Pies

We have noted the appearance referred to on pumpkin pies. Think it is more often seen on pies in which a generous measure of pumpkin and no eggs or cream are used. We can not speak with authority on the subject, but probably the "skin" is nearly identical to that seen on the top of scalded milk.

QUERY 1535. — "Recipe for Cheese Cakes."

Cheese Cakes

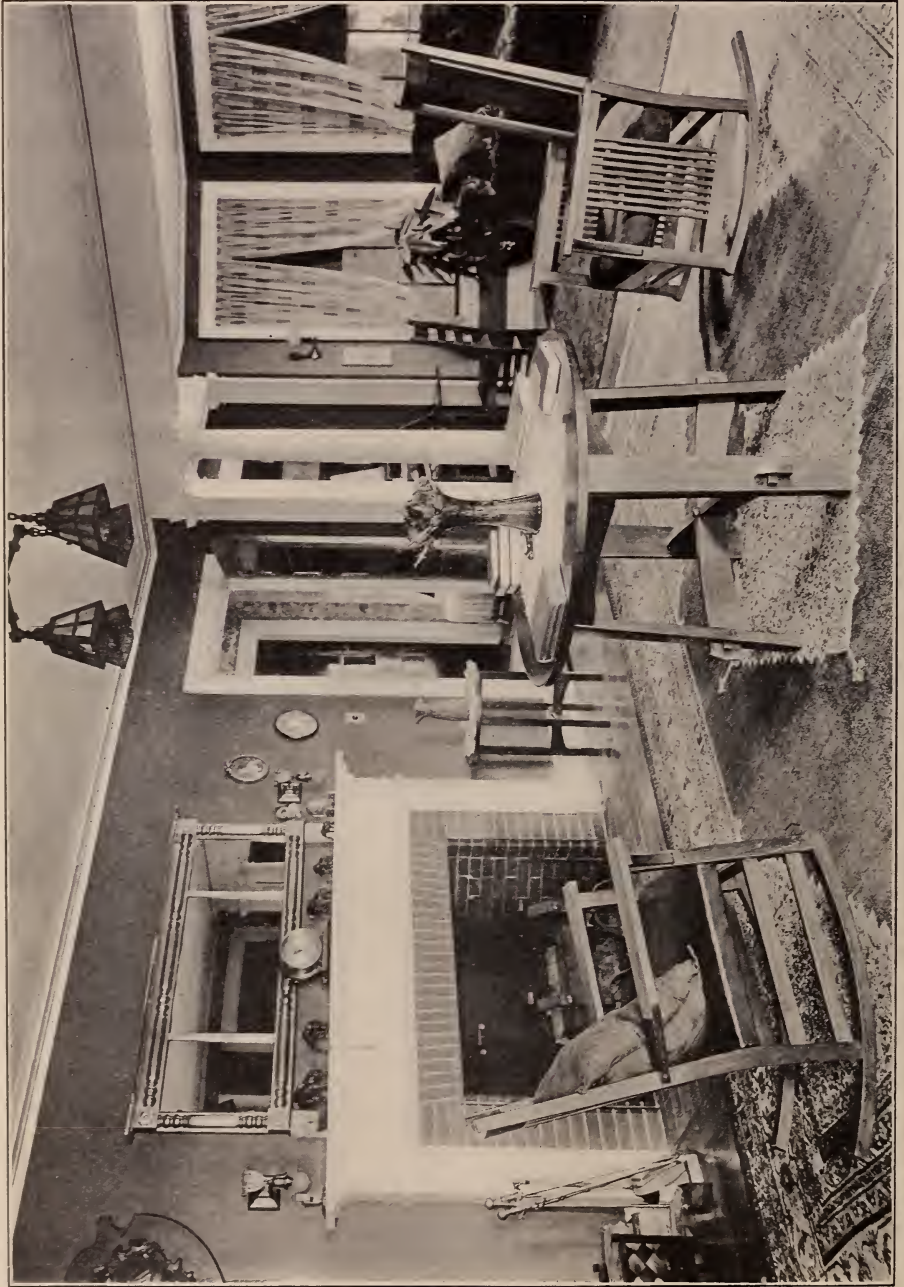
Beat two eggs and gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of ground almonds and one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Turn into individual tins lined with rich pastry and let bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes, or until firm in the center. Brush the top of the mixture with a little white of egg, reserved for the purpose, dredge with granulated sugar and return to the oven to color

The Glad New Year

By Ruth Raymond

Hail! hail! the New Year, ring the bells
Till music echoes o'er the dells,
Play merry tunes, sing merry songs,
For joy to this New Year belongs.
Let every grief and every fear
Be banished with the sad Old Year.

Rejoice, rejoice, forgive, forget,
There is no time for vain regret
Or sorrows o'er the past and gone;
Rose tinted is the bright first dawn
Of this New Year, and Hope awing
Speed on her way some bliss to bring,
While Faith and Love come very near
As thus we hail the glad New Year.



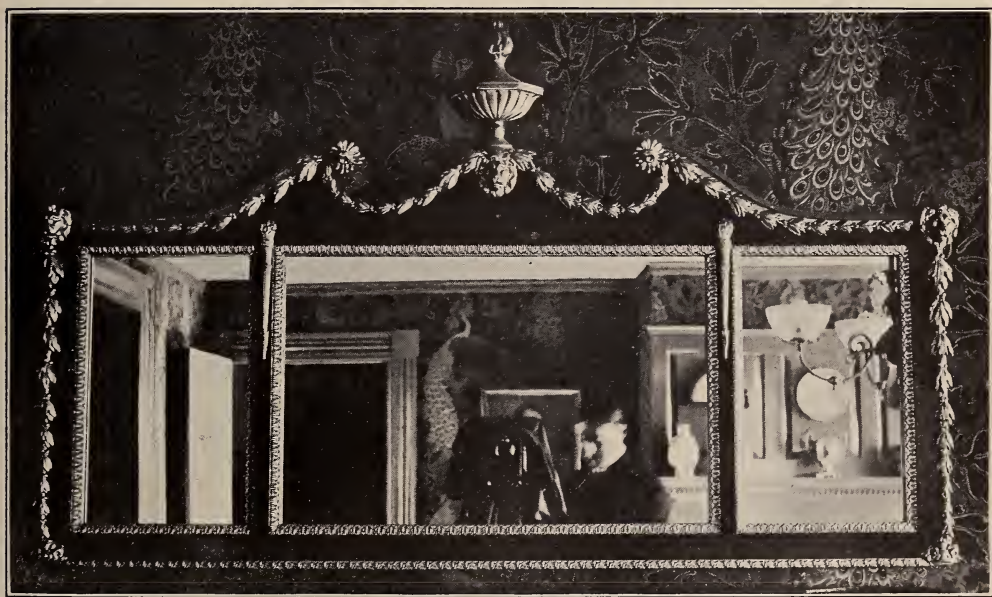
A MODERN LIVING-ROOM, SHOWING COLONIAL MANTEL MIRROR

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

JANUARY, 1910

No. 6



MANTEL GLASS, OSGOOD COLLECTION

Some Quaint Old Mirrors in Bay State Homes

By Mary H. Northend

MIRRORS may vary with the progress of the age, but surely those which have been produced amidst the numberless improvements of the twentieth century cannot surpass in beauty and elegance the old-time mirrors which are seen today in many a modern home. These differ widely in form and decoration, representing, as they do, various periods of time, but all genuine old-fashioned pieces have one quality in common,



A GIRANDOLE

gracefulness combined with practical utility.

Perhaps some people may wish to take exception to this statement upon learning that, according to an old authority on the subject, "a mirror is a circular convex glass in a gilt frame." With such strict limitations in regard to the glass, they may wonder how a mirror could be of much use; but, as such glasses were almost invariably of no small value as ornaments, and often played an important part in the decoration of some stately drawing-room or magnificent assembly hall, they can scarcely be considered of no account.

True to this early conception of a "mirror" is the splendid old girandole which now hangs in an ancestral home in Salem, Massachusetts. The heavy gilt frame is ornamented with a graceful acanthus leaf design, and a fluted rim of ebony is fitted around the inner edge next the glass. A large golden eagle perched on a pedestal surmounts the frame and shows that the mirror belongs, in all probability, to the period immediately following the American

Revolution, when that bird was adopted as our national emblem.

From the eagle's beak are suspended four chains ornamented with gilt balls, while a quantity of similar balls, arranged in a circle, decorate the frame itself. The name "girandole" arises from the fact that attached to the lower part of the mirror there are four branching candlesticks adorned with glass pendants, which must have sparkled magnificently on state occasions when the candles were lighted. Interesting, indeed, would be the tales this old mirror could tell of fair ladies in powder and patches and courtly gentlemen, had it a tongue, but not more so than the memories connected with its mate,



A BILBOA

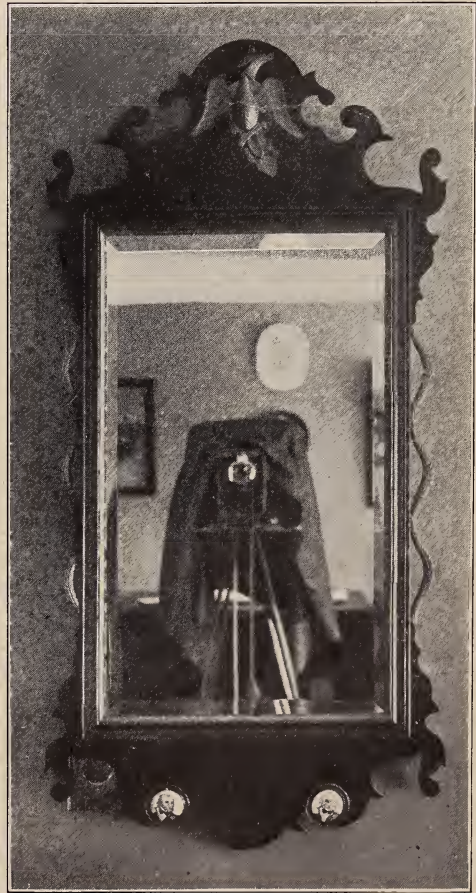
which looked down on many a grand ball from its place in Salem's historic old Hamilton Hall.

Far more common than the old-time "mirror" is the "looking-glass," which, it must be understood, was not at all the same thing. In our modern usage of these two terms, interchangeably, we have lost sight of the sharp distinction which originally existed between them. In the early days of their manufacture the word "mirror" designated a convex or occasionally a concave glass, while the name "looking-glass" was applied strictly to plain glasses having perfectly flat surfaces. For many years the secret of making plates of beveled glass was known only to Venetian workmen, and practically all looking-glasses, dating farther back than 1670, are of Venetian manufacture. In that year a number of artisans were persuaded to leave Venice and go to England, where glass works were established at Lambeth. This naturally meant the end of the Italian monopoly, for English workmen were not slow to learn the coveted art, and the secret of it was soon transmitted to the countries of continental Europe as well.

Among the numerous fine examples of these old looking-glasses, upon which collectors pride themselves, is a most interesting specimen known as the "Bilboa" glass. This is one of a number of glasses of very similar design which have been found in New England, principally in the state of Massachusetts, and have been traced back to Marblehead. According to a popular legend, long in circulation among the old wives of that quaint seaport town, these looking-glasses were brought across the seas from a city located near the Bay of Biscay, and were given by sailor lovers to their sweethearts. Some people less sentimentally inclined insist that the so-called "Bilboa" looking-glasses were imported from Italy and paid for with that typical New England commodity, dried fish. However this may

be, they are certainly excellent illustrations of the early craftsman's skill.

The distinctive feature of the "Bilboa" glass consists of a column of salmon-colored marble on either side of the gilt frame. This marble is glued or cemented in small sections to the wood, and in some cases thin strips of marble form a border entirely around the frame. The particular glass in question, which is reckoned among the treasures in a Chestnut Street home, is ornamented on top by a broken arch surmounted by an urn, while grotesque, grinning heads top the marble columns. A narrow beaded moulding surrounds the glass itself and the same bead de-



A CONSTITUTION MIRROR

sign is carried out in the scrolls decorating the lower part of this old looking-glass.

In striking contrast to this highly wrought frame is the exceedingly simple one encasing another old looking-glass which has been handed down for several generations. This glass belongs to that class known among collectors of antiques as "Constitution mirrors," although properly speaking they ought not, perhaps, to be termed "mirrors" at all. The eagle, which is the predominating characteristic of this particular division of the mirror family, is found at the top of the frame and is in this case a rather crudely made bird, denoting the early manufacture of the looking-glass. Another noticeable feature in connection with this mirror is the queer, carved snakes on either side of the frame. No further decorations were used in the construction of the frame, for the graceful shape into which the mahogany itself was fashioned is quite in keeping with the simplicity found in other articles of furniture of the period which it represents.

As was customary with mahogany-framed glasses, this one rests upon a pair of mirror knobs fitted to the curves in the lower edge of the frame and screwed securely into the wall. Brass was sometimes the material used for these knobs, but the more fashionable ones were those made of copper overlaid with Battersea enamel and framed in rings of brass. Among the most popular designs carried out on these quaint mirror knobs were heads of historical personages, such as Washington, Franklin, Lafayette and Lord Nelson. Bright-colored flowers, landscapes, the American eagle and the thirteen stars representing the original colonies are also found, while the queer design of the funeral urn and weeping willow, which evidently appealed so strongly to our ancestors, seems to have been a great favorite.

One remarkably beautiful old looking-glass of the gilt frame type has an added interest to the person who is fond of antiques because of the historical associations connected with it. This splendid mirror was originally the property of General Knox, a commander renowned for his share in the American Revolution, and is a fine example of the simplicity and dignity which mark so large a number of the relics of olden days. Slender, fluted columns on either side support the slightly overhanging cornice and an exquisite panel of conventional design is just above the glass itself. A golden eagle surmounts the central pedestal and from its beak to urns on right and

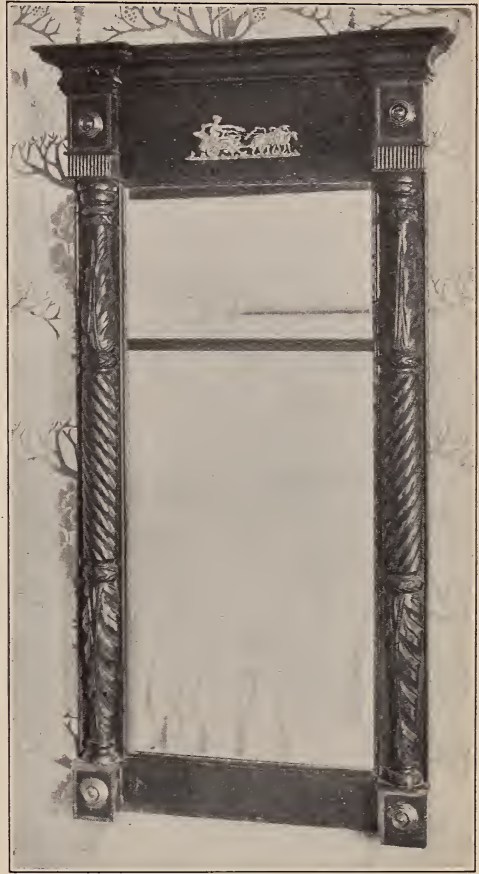


THE KNOX MIRROR

left extends a gilt cord strung with little balls at regular intervals. Like the "Constitution mirror" just described, this glass rests upon small enameled mirror knobs, picturing in this instance a fair Colonial maid and a spruce young beau of olden times.

The overhanging cornice, which came into vogue in mirror-making in the early years of the nineteenth century, is a characteristic feature found in an old mirror at Byfield, Massachusetts, and likewise in one of a rare collection belonging to Mrs. Charles A. Lord of Newton, Massachusetts. A glass panel, painted in white and gold, harmonizes well with the heavy gilt frame on the former and gilt mirror knobs take the place of the rather more elaborate enameled ones. The latter glass, on the other hand, has a splendid old mahogany frame with handsomely carved columns on either side. The panel beneath the cornice is of mahogany simply ornamented with a golden figure of a goddess sitting in a chariot drawn by two rams. A peculiar thing about this mirror is that the glass is in two sections, the smaller of which is placed at the top and separated from the larger by a fluted band of mahogany.

These were not the only styles of looking-glasses which were popular in the days of our forefathers, however. Early in the eighteenth century the mantel mirror came into favor, first in England and later in America, and especially from 1760 until the beginning of the nineteenth century they were in great demand in both these countries. Some of these glasses were oval in shape, others were made of large oblong plates of glass, but the majority consisted of three panels of glass separated only by a narrow moulding of wood. This style was probably originated by some economical cabinet maker, in order to avoid the heavy expense which the purchaser of a large plate must of necessity incur. Certain it is, at least, that these three-section mirrors were most



A RARE OLD MIRROR

favorably received upon their introduction, and that many of the most beautiful old looking-glasses to be found at the present day are of that style.

In a splendid old Chestnut Street mansion in Salem, Massachusetts, are two fine specimens of mantel mirrors after the eighteenth century fashion. One of these beautiful glasses has a heavy mahogany frame ornamented with gilt. Narrow gilt moulding surrounds the three panels of glass and runs across the base of the frame, while a design of laurel leaves outlines the rest of it, including the broken arch at the top. Lions' heads decorate the upper corners of the frame and the device of the flaming torches, which are between the panels of glass, is repeated



A FINE MANTEL MIRROR. DATE 1783

in the quaint fire-urn surmounting the broken arch.

One of the most valuable of the many old looking-glasses still to be found within the limits of the Witch City is the splendid mantel glass which has been situated for a century and a quarter in the Pierce-Nichols house on Federal Street. The fame of this mirror has spread far and wide and it has become well known by collectors of antique mirrors in all parts of the country, for it is one of the few glasses the date of whose make is positively known. 1783, according to good authority, is the year in which this noted mirror was built, to please the fancy of a young bride just entering her new home. Finished in white and gold it harmonizes admirably with the beautiful white woodwork, adorned with exquisitely wrought garlands and delicate trailing vines. A noticeable feature in connection with this mantel

glass is the use of slender fluted columns twined with acanthus leaves, which are again found in the decoration of the capitals. Above the glass, which in this case, as in most others, is in three sections, are white panels ornamented with designs in gilt, while still higher is a broad band of gilt lattice-work against a background of white.

Probably there are but very few of these old mirrors that have not in times past had numerous traditions and interesting stories connected with them. Unfortunately, however, in a great many cases these tales have been entirely forgotten and one can only picture in his imagination the varied scenes of joy and sorrow that have been reflected in their clear surfaces. Nevertheless, in spite of this deplorable lack of mirror legends and historic associations, there is an indescribable air of mystery and romance about these quaint old glasses.

New-Year's New Hopes

By Mrs. Charles Norman

NEW-YEAR'S day was approaching and something was about to happen in the little white house which stood within a street full of large red brick residences. In this cottage a pretty good-sized family lived, for it is true that the largest families usually occupy the smallest quarters. A man who has a wealth of children ought not to expect any other wealth, unless it be a wealth of affection.

In the little house was a little mother, and it is she my story is about; for what should she do in those busy, weary days which followed Christmas but plan for a desertion? She was going to leave her husband and her family—a faithful husband and a family of helpless children, who had never so much as got a meal for themselves. She was going to forsake them for a whole day.

The explanation of the matter was that she had been so long in the thick of events—domestically speaking,—so long giving of her spiritual strength, that she felt a need of revival, a longing for an hour of solitude. Indeed, she began to think approvingly of a nun's life of prayer, though she was not planning to flee to a convent. She did not wish to see her neighbors, her friends or relatives; she was suffocating to be alone; but where should she go and how should she escape? She could not betake herself to the forest and spend several consecutive hours sitting upon a snow bank. She sighed that January could not be changed into June; for, in that case, she might commune with God direct, with nothing interposed between herself and "the divine sky."

It really seemed impossible for her to get away, but she must; so she

called the children in solemn council and explained the case. They did not take it solemnly at all, but were decidedly jubilant at the suggestion of getting a holiday dinner for father, and it was immediately decided that they should have nuts and big bunches of white grapes and "everything."

"Couldn't we get canned turkey, so we sha'n't have the trouble of cooking one?" said Lazy Bones.

"No," snapped his sister, self-appointed Mistress of Ceremonies. "We will substitute chicken. I think I am big enough to handle a chicken."

"You may be big enough to handle a dead chicken," said her brother, contemptuously, "but you might not enjoy handling that big meat pan when it was red hot."

His sister retaliated by turning up her nose. She was too dignified to quarrel, now that she, the eldest daughter, was about to be intrusted with full charge of the culinary for a day.

"But I really haven't any place to go," said mother.

"Then you'll have to go to the hotel," said the eldest son, an unusually sympathetic lad and quick to solve a problem. "That is the only place people can go when they are not invited anywhere. Get a good hotel, mother, American plan, then you can have something to eat without having to order. It must be sorter tiresome— isn't it—having to order all the meals and cook them and serve them, and never have a surprise about the dessert, and always knowing just what every spoon and fork and sauce-dish is going to be used for, and thinking about washing dishes and wondering if everybody has enough to eat?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Stuffey, whose

appetite was good at all times. "Guess mother worries more about us eating too much. I'd rather order my own meals."

"After all," thought mother, when the interview ended, "children give us good ideas sometimes;" and when New-Year's day came she acted upon the suggestion of her eldest son, choosing the best hotel in the city. There, amid hundreds of guests, she was lost and alone, and that was what she desired.

She was served with a satisfactory meal, to the component parts of which she gave little heed; and, though she was aware that there were a good many dishes with which she had no previous acquaintance, yet she was not curious and really thought little about her dinner till days after.

She seemed to be interested in an unseen companion, her other self, a stranger! Who was she that she should be doing as she pleased instead of as she ought? Had she no family to whom every instant was engaged?

When dinner was over, however, and she began to feel the tonic air of the streets and the remedial effects of food, she and her companion were no longer morbid and got on more happily. They moved, as if by prearrangement, straight toward old Trinity Church, whose doors were always open to any one who needed rest or meditation. Not a person was present. She might have her choice of seats, and she sat down beneath the sublimely lighted dome. Presently she began to feel again that she was not alone. That strange other-self, whose companionship she had not at first quite relished, had become the very spirit of God, and just as the sunlight fell through the rose-window that spirit entered and lighted her soul. For a long time she sat and waited till her heart was fully immersed and then began a sort of prayer, praise and thanksgiving! God had regarded her low estate and had made her the keeper of souls. She

did not pray that her husband should be called great among men, that her boys should be always good and considerate, that her daughters should be wise and beautiful, but that she herself might be worthy of them, that despite the annoyances of labor her spirit should mount up like the eagle in flight, that her love should never fail but be renewed every morning, that it might bear any burden and hope all things till the accomplishment of its inevitable miracle.

She was sure God heard that prayer. She had spoken it in His very ear. Then she sat and waited, till at length she was aware that the early winter twilight was coming on. A high wind had risen, the rafters were creaking and the pipes of the great organ gave out a hollow tone that was echoed by the high altar. Then the sounds ascended and united under the vast dome and there they talked in accents now subdued, now strong. It all seemed the voice of God. The whisperings told His gentleness and sympathy, the louder intonations spoke His power. Never had His mercies seemed so great nor His almightiness so certain, and the mother rose and went out strong with the strength of God.

The family to which she returned had seen no beatific vision. Those individuals were real, alive and practical, and as mother kissed them all they heaped upon her the report of the day.

They had had a fine time or rather a "dandy" time. They had had a good dinner. They had made beaten biscuit, because the boys were bound to hammer something, and father suggested biscuit. They had washed dishes and hadn't broken "anything much." Father had played all sorts of games, and he had had fun, too; indeed he looked somewhat worn out at the business. They had all missed mother, but they had forgotten all about her; but why was it, oh, why was it, that

mother looked so beautiful? First father mentioned it, and then the little ones began to quiz her about the light in her eyes and how it got there; but mother only said, "I love you all."

This is only half the story; but the other half is shorter.

Next morning every one overslept, and when mother opened her eyes she did not even have time to pray, for the order man was rapping on the back door. Father must be prepared for the office and the children got off to school, and not a child knew what garments to put on or where to find his books. Then the clothes had to be got ready for the wash and a separate bundle tied up for the laundry, and everything really should have

been done first, and a general disorder of the house made all progress slow.

Holidays come high to mothers; and there was confusion which contrasted strongly with the quiet hours of New-Year's day. If any thought entered the mother's mind, it was only a query, "Is there any soul so pious as to keep its serenity always?" It was evening before order was fully restored, but when father came home he again noticed the new light in mother's eyes.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "It is nice to go away sometimes, especially if one may go to heaven; but it is so perplexing here that sometimes I almost forget my name; yet, on the whole, I like it even better than heaven, for here I can *do* something for you and the children."

Philosophy and Housekeeping

By Estelle M. Hurl

ONCE upon a time it was supposed that housekeepers were born, not made. Moreover, they consisted of odd materials unfit for any other purpose. A plain, stupid woman, for instance, with no taste for society and without sufficient education for any intellectual pursuits, would do well enough for housekeeping. Heaven evidently intended her for this. The housekeeper herself was satisfied with her status. She usually got a husband, and that was more than many of her brainier sisters could do. Her housekeeping became in fact an absorbing passion. It crowded out all other interests, until she ceased to care for anything else.

The march of progress has changed all this, or, rather, is rapidly bringing about a change. The various branches of housekeeping have been set upon a scientific basis, and schools of domestic

economics have raised the pursuit to a high intellectual level. Some of the finest scientific minds have been devoted to the problems of the kitchen and nursery. One has no longer to contend that housekeeping requires brains. Much remains to be done, however, before old prejudices are entirely overcome and old mistakes corrected. Science is not the housekeeper's only need or highest desideratum. Scientific methods, as we all know, may in themselves become a bondage. The housekeeper wants to be raised out of domestic ruts into a larger life. To produce the perfect art of housekeeping, science must be combined with philosophy. No other walk in life requires more thoroughly the philosophic spirit, and none other profits more fully by it.

For housekeeping consists of an enormous amount of detail which, if not mastered, will surely have the mastery.

The household without law and order is chaos, indeed. Only careful system and method can keep things running smoothly, with a clear, logical mind at the helm. And herein lies the paradox of housekeeping, that it is governed by rules, yet the rules can never be literally followed. More than any other occupation it depends upon system, while more than any other occupation it is subject to accident. Every detail of the routine depends more or less upon outside conditions, — the weather, the market, the trains, the telephone, and a thousand and one circumstances which no single individual can control. The day's menu may have to be rearranged a half dozen times by the failure of the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the milkman or the ice man. A rainy day prohibits window cleaning and rug beating, unexpected visitors postpone the mending, the children's illness brings cleaning to a standstill, and so on through the list. The way in which the housekeeper meets all such accidents is the test of her calibre. It requires philosophy in the first place to make plans, and more philosophy to break them. If a woman is determined to carry out her original intentions, willy-nilly, woe to the household. When the passion for rule has her in its grip, she is ready to move heaven and earth to go through her routine. No less rigid than the law of the Mosaic Sabbath is the law of her wash-day, her sweeping day and her baking day, while certain great events like house cleaning, dressmaking, painting and planting are regarded as sacred festivals. Should circumstances prove too much for her, she yields only with bitter complaining. Nervous and irritable, her unhappiness casts a gloom over the whole family. The domestic machinery being put out of gear by a single mishap, she seems powerless to readjust it. This type is too familiar to need description. We are trying to get away from it to a saner standard.

The ideal housekeeping scheme runs systematically, but not mechanically, smoothly, but not carelessly. It has the flexibility of a living organism, rather than the rigidity of a machine. It hits the happy medium between the hard-and-fast and the happy-go-lucky. The ideal housekeeper believes that housekeeping was made for man, and not man for housekeeping; that cooking and cleaning are means to an end, and not ends in themselves. She has cultivated the two great qualities of adaptability and resourcefulness. When one thing fails, she adopts an alternative, and no one is the wiser. She takes things as they come and makes the best of them, turns accidents to good account, is unruffled by disappointment and undaunted by disaster; in short, she is a philosopher. Inwardly she may be chafing with irritation, or all a-flutter with anxiety, but she realizes that her own safety and the family welfare depend upon her self-control. Her philosophy includes a theory of repose. Of course this paragon is not quickly made. Many failures must contribute to her perfection, but there is great gain in the way when one sees clearly this ideal. Temperament has no doubt much to do with a smoothly-running house, and an "easy" husband must be reckoned an asset. But the woman with brains and character ought to attain a self-control which is better than a natural disposition.

The philosophic spirit affects one's relations to persons as well as to things. It studies the proper management of children, the wise direction of servants, the tactful dealing with tradesmen, and thoughtful consideration of all in the household. We are apt to expect too much of others and not enough of ourselves. The perfect home is a co-operative institution.

Housekeeping requires, at times, intense mental concentration, and this is doubtless the reason why the women of a bygone generation attempted noth-

ing more. It is for the modern woman of larger culture and training to learn how to relax the tension when the need is past. There is a time for everything, as a wise old writer has told us, and the mind should be flexible enough to attack different subjects by turns. The housekeeper may be none the less skillful in domestic lines, that she is also an accomplished musician or artist, perhaps even a business woman or lecturer. She has time for church, clubs, charity and society, provided that such combinations are in suitable proportions. She is slowly working towards the ideal of an all-around womanhood.

It is the function of philosophy to see things in their true relations. This is the crowning achievement of the successful housekeeper. She distinguishes the major from the minor, the rule from its reason, the main issue from the subordinate point, the essential from the trivial, not only in the concerns of the household, but in the relations of the household to other interests in life. She knows where to draw the line between household drudgery and true domesticity. Her philosophy converts a house into a home. For after all, in the last analysis, philosophy is glorified common sense.

While Bells Are Ringing

By Lalia Mitchell

Across the snow the New-Year bells are ringing
 Their message of good cheer,
 And to each heart the joyful promise bringing,
 Behold another year!
 Another twelve months for a new endeavor,
 Another season for our best intent;
 Thank God the tolling bells closed not forever
 The chance to do the things we meant.

Across the snow the New-Year bells are ringing,
 And in each note we hear
 The promise of an angel chorus singing
 A birth-song sweet and clear.
 New-born ambition, hope and good intention,
 New-born resolve to help our fellow men,
 New-born the dreams, too sacred e'en to mention,
 Save as we breathe them for our God to ken.

Across the snow the New-Year bells are ringing
 Their message of good cheer,
 And somehow surcease they at last are bringing
 To griefs of the Old Year.
 Repentance and regret last not forever,
 What was we may not hope to blot away,
 With all our tears, but in a new endeavor
 We win forgiveness, on this New-Year's Day.

Fads

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE girl without a fad finds herself at a loss in today's social environment, for, with little to do, any kind of a thing is better than nothing. It is the era of specialities, and fads are specialities. Keep in line by having one, even if you have another tomorrow. Don't bother about equilibrium for spasmodic enthusiasms, it is the "go," that's the thing, and fads keep one on the "go."

Of course a fad is inferior to a purpose, but many of us are too unmoral or too physically weak or too mentally ineffective for a purpose. Then, too, a purpose is apt to be burdened with the weariness of permanence, against which the elusive, fleeting charm of temporary fads seems beneficent. No matter how inferior may be the fad, it gives one something to live for while it lasts, and that is what we all need. Yet so many are forlorn from lack of a fad!

The light-heartedness of youth so invests a fad that it compels an experienced, normal person to wait patiently until the faddist learns what it all means, viz., this substitution of one fad for another or of any fad for purpose or duty. To a casual observer it is all so pretty; the girls look so happy and fluffy that it does not seem worth while to tell them it wasn't so once and that it is not meant to be so now. But if one is ever so slight a mentor, the girls quickly look distraught, grouchy, self-pitiful, as much as to say, we are not being comprehended! It is a hollow, common delusion that parents cannot understand their children, as if those very parents had not been lovers and enthusiasts, only in advancing years holding their memories respectfully in check before the bristling snubbing of their children, who can't, won't understand them.

Here comes in the use of a fad; it is an employment that can be taken up and laid down; it relieves family pressure and the ignominy of not being understood. A purpose one would have to talk about with one's family; that's enough against it. A fad is just a light pursuit, not worth mentioning, an employment; and there its case rests.

Said a daughter of some fifty years, speaking of her mother, "I love to wait on her and keep her looking pretty, though she is so deaf it takes more of my time than if she heard easily." The mother knew she had become her daughter's fad, a kind of circumambient excuse for not doing other things the woman still less wanted to do, and the mother was canny enough to be grateful she was even a fad, instead of a purpose or duty, when she would have been a burden. Both mother and daughter were wise in the wisdom of diplomacy, but not in the grace of just pure loving — that couldn't have been with them.

Of course, when personal attentions to a mother are a fad, it should be a permanent one, relieving the tension of relationship. We talk as if incompatibility justified divorce, but why not make laws for the protection of the family's inability to get away from each other? Better the narrowest of single, hall bedrooms for mother and daughter alike, than one big room shared by both.

Each needs the shelter of her own room in which to brace herself for the daily recurrence of unexplored appreciation. Alas, most mothers are not their daughters' fads! And yet, when young, those very daughters have no end of what are called "mashes," by which two girls suddenly become very

intimate and adoring, can't live without seeing each other daily — and then a strange, sudden awakening — she wasn't what I thought her — and — another mash comes, each having dissipated in the vortex of imagined comprehension just so much of the freshness of honest calm affection. Mashers usually increase in demonstration, holding hands, etc., until like a house of cards they fall down. Still the mother unselfishly rejoices when each new mash makes her girls happy.

Possibly fads belong to social strata. The hard-working girl has no time for them, save as one may have a series of mashers, though the rigor of self-support teaches her economy in pleasures. To such girls club life, with its classes and changes, affords a safe and sure fad.

Yet, after all, is it not the impecunious (just enough to get along with), respectable, elderly, single women or widows to whom fads are important? It takes money and youth to have a purpose. No one wants you, if you are old and unimportant, and yet you must have something to do, you have only your time to give. There are hundreds of thousands of such women all over this country who lack an aim, a fad.

There used to be room and occupation for them, now scientific research has taken the place of sympathy. It brightened them and others to drink weak tea and chatter, and from neighborly talk to advance to knowledge and sympathizing. That's now called waste of time. Vocational and industrial training are to the fore, which may entangle in their meshes some of these supernumerary women who would be all right, if they just had fads. Better

to put all one's pictures into shell frames, to have platoons of picturesque postal cards, to be silly about a dog, than to have no fad.

Specific fads, however, belong to specific years. Each one, picture puzzles, bridge whist, game of letters, solitaire, embroidery in all its phases, are temporary absorbents, beneficent as opposed to total lack of interest. Will it do to include attendance on a Current Events Series as a fad? Let it be judged by its friends, and their range is wide. If there chances to arise a rich philanthropist, who tries to supervise the life of a city, she will have a knack at gathering in all these people hungering for short-lived aims and will utilize each one's fad, until such faddists find that positions of importance, carrying a good salary, are only given to college-trained women. All the same this classifying method of subsidizing individual fads for social welfare is an important factor in political and philanthropic success.

Judge Grant, in "The Chippendales," says it is no longer the convulsive question, "What shall I do to be saved?" but, "What shall I do in order to do something?" That's why a fad, as an elementary probationary factor in self-adjustment, is useful as it advances into an active, dominant, permanent purpose.

Only when you are old you will find yourself behind the times and pushed aside. Meanwhile and always let us be optimistic about fads, recognizing that they have their definite work to do, in home life and social service and in philosophy, stepping stones only, but mighty helps against stepping down into the stampede of cross-purposes.



In the Phipps Model Buildings and What Happened

By Helen Campbell

"PLEASE, ma'am, I mean Madame la Marquise, Mr. Fletcher didn't hold up his hand."

It was a small Hebrew who spoke, her black eyes dancing, though almost eclipsed by the enormous red bow on her curly head, and half rising as if the matter must have immediate attention. Madame la Marquise, absorbed in preparing an oyster stew for twenty-one, had not heard, and the little speaker being pulled down into her place forgot her complaint, or rather postponed it, while she examined a ring on the finger of her next neighbor, and compared it with that on her own, a circle set with red, blue, green and yellow glass.

"Yours ain't so good as mine. Yours is just a cent thing from out there on the corner. But mine come out of a prize package and it's shinier. Don't you see?"

In the exciting argument that followed the Marquise had turned; she was very slender, very blonde, and dressed for her part, that is, in a spotless print frock of the latest style, and a frilled white apron equally spotless. Now she beckoned to three small boys, also Hebrew, who came forward reluctantly, whispering to each other as they came.

"What is it?" said the Marquise cheerfully. "You look unhappy."

"We are, because it isn't our lunch," responded the oldest with tears in his eyes.

"But why not, you foolish child? There is enough today for two helps all round," she said. "I took special pains, because last time you were all so hungry there wasn't one scrap left of that big beef stew. We ought to allow a little for a possible guest, you know."

"Yes, I know," responded the small Hebrew mournfully. "That was good, but this we are forbidden to eat."

"But this is 'kosher follish,' boy. It couldn't be cleaner, either the oysters or the enamel thing I cook them in."

"But why do you not understand?" said the child, now very serious. "They are forbidden, forbidden."

"Fiddlededee," said the Marquise cheerfully. "That is just a notion." But at this point a howl of mingled rage and anguish issued from the protesting child, and his comrade took the floor.

"It is The Law he means. The Law we must obey. The Bible," he added, seeing the look of amazement on his hearer's face as the Law was added to the problem already before her. "I repeat it to you. It is the Law;" and now the speaker took a devout attitude and intoned:

"These ye shall eat of all that are in the waters, all that have fins and scales shall ye eat. And whatsoever hath *not* fins and scales ye may not eat. It is unclean."

"There isn't anything else or time to go out and get anything else," began the Marquise; but now a voice from the back of the room pronounced:

"Take it out in crackers and maple syrup. The rest of us want our oysters before they are spoiled with too much stewing."

"But he didn't hold up his hand this time either," protested the small child who had made the first complaint; and at this point Mr. Fletcher burst into a laugh and sat down, still shaking.

"You are perfectly right, my dear child," he said; "but in a crisis we can-

not always keep the rules. If they cried Fire! in the hall, which by the way couldn't happen because the whole thing is absolutely fireproof, you wouldn't stop to hold up your hand before you ran, would you?"

"If I kept the rule truly I would," said the child solemnly; and Mr. Fletcher, after a moment's examination of the reproving face turned toward him, said, "I really believe you would," and sat down cheerfully.

Where, why, what were they all about? It is a plain story and now almost an old one, since all New York knew what was going on and wondered how it would turn out, that is, all of New York that reads the papers and sees notices of strange projects that fail and strange projects that succeed, and wonders what Fletcher will do next. In the mean time the next has come.

First of all the great new buildings on East Thirty-first Street, known as the Phipps Improved Tenements, had drawn to them many workers in social settlements and other associations for the improvement of conditions amongst the poor, and there followed on their steps another corps of literary and journalistic workers, young artists, etc., who found here cheap rent and such finish as is unknown in many an apartment house renting for thousands. Fireproof absolutely, plain surfaces for all woodwork, so that not a dust-holding, bacteria-breeding crack or crevice or grooved moulding was to be found at any point in the immense buildings; that was one charm. Then the one big living-room had to be kitchen as well as living-room, a living-room in truth, for the gas stove which did the work of cooking was of as perfect finish as the woodwork, and they who loved Italy and France and the methods of life over the sea had their shining copper saucepans for the work and did not grudge the time needed to keep them bright, since time was saved in so many other ways in

which it usually goes. It was dining in one of these "three-rooms-and-bath" apartments that first turned the mind of Horace Fletcher toward their suitability for carrying out the plan he had been meditating upon. It required two of them and permission from the manager to do what he would, so long as things were left in the end as they had been found. A lease for a term of years settled this question, and in number sixteen, on the third floor, Mr. Fletcher had the partitions taken out from the main rooms, reserving a small bedroom, which was fitted up with a gymnastic apparatus, for he is an athlete as well as trained chewer and authority on dietetics, and he meant that his guests should have a fair chance at unexpected knowledge of more than one order.

All this took time, and though the planner had his own little apartment higher up and worked at his desk each morning, he also took daily walks in the region round about, always talking with the children, remembering the faces and bowing as suavely and serenely to the smallest child as he did to the Marquise or any other lady. For the Marquise was also installed in her own apartment in the building, an American girl who had married a French marquis, and who, on losing him, decided to return to the old home and take up some philanthropic work as occupation. Crossing in the same steamer with Mr. Fletcher, she heard him talk of his plan and became eager to see how the experiment would work. It did work, and thus to these small Italians, Germans, Hungarians, etc., and many orders of Hebrews, she became to the smaller ones "Madame la Marquise" and remains so; a creature of unflinching tact and good nature meeting singular emergencies with a calm born of long experience.

As the days went on the whole ward came to know the gentleman who remembered all the children and took

off his hat to each with a courtesy that compelled theirs. To shake hands with him was the next fact, and one told proudly at home, and presently it seemed to be quite in order that this surprising gentleman should suddenly announce that he was going to give a party.

"Not exactly a party," he explained. "It's a lunch party really, for about twenty of you, a good many to come at once, but of course you all know how to behave at a lunch party, just like ladies and gentlemen, as you do with me, you know."

Dark suspicion had been in some of the older faces, turned toward him, but it vanished as he ended and a shout went up, "When? When?"

"Saturday morning, because then you are all free. Saturday at noon and everything 'kosher,' so your fathers and mothers will feel it is all right." And now the speaker laughed as he made his way homeward, watching the excited children who sped from tenement to tenement to tell the astonishing news.

Until Saturday petitions were sent in or made in person, begging to bring cousins from other streets and cities, but it was steadily explained that this could not be, only children from the neighborhood, known to Mr. Fletcher, being invited, though later, if more room could be had, others might be included. And so with Saturday morning at eleven, the Marquise and Mr. Fletcher received, bowing and shaking hands with each one, the majority nine or ten years old. In the meantime, after the boys had looked about, they were shown how to get out the boards and trestles and set the table, and this was done with extraordinary expedition, while the Marquise stirred a huge and most savory stew of 'kosher' beef and every order of vegetable. Cocoa bubbled in a big pot, and eyes danced as a long platter filled with peanut-brittle took the center of the

table. Bread and butter, piles on piles, were also there, and as the soup plates of stew were placed before the guests Mr. Fletcher from the head of the table made a little speech, the gist of which was that what they were all going to do was to get the very last good taste out of every mouthful, and that meant chewing it a good many times; in fact, what might seem to them a *great* many. Deep solemnity fell upon all, yet there was a sense that this was a small price to pay for this most uncommon lunch, and for a time silence reigned. "Shall we always have to chew so much?" said one, the owner of the prize-package ring, and Mr. Fletcher answered cheerfully, "Oh, a good deal more than this. You are all going to take the same time that I do."

Now the fact is that Mr. Fletcher has so mastered his present trade of showing as well as telling people how to eat to the best advantage, that he chews almost imperceptibly yet rather rapidly and with huge enjoyment of his favorite dishes, all simple ones it may be added. The stew disappeared too soon, but the peanut-brittle compelled slower methods, and as they ate it Mr. Fletcher talked, explaining that this was the way never to have stomach-ache or dyspepsia or any of the things that make people take medicine all the time. The owner of the prize-package ring put up her hand at this point. "I have to take many, oh, many pills," she said, "and so does our family. People have to take pills;" and on this text followed discourse as to why and how chewing would be much better than pills. Then a man came out of one of the bedrooms, or what had been bedrooms, and said, "Everything ready, sir," and the boys opened their eyes wide as they saw the gymnastic apparatus.

"Now you are all going to be measured and weighed," said Mr. Fletcher, "and then we will have some stunts. There are prizes ahead, by

and by, for whoever does the best work. We're going to be the healthiest crowd on Thirty-first Street or any other."

To be entered in the big book, a page to each, and know that name, age, weight and chest measure, etc., were all there was too solemn a matter for discussion, among the girls at least, but the boys made the most of their opportunity, and as the pulling test of weight was tried on them all and then entered in the book, their strength number of pounds on that day also entered, each watched the other jealously to see that all was fair. When the hour struck they shook hands and bowed carefully with a "Thank you and good bye, Mr. Fletcher and Madame la Marquise."

Thus the first lunch began a work with wider reaching results than any of its subjects could know. And on the happy morning in which I first watched the Saturday lunchers, all the little rules as to manners had become almost second nature. In the beginning, to save confusion, whoever wanted to speak to the Marquise or ask for more must first hold up a hand as in school, Mr. Fletcher setting the first example and following it punctiliously thereafter. His failure on this one occasion seemed to confound the children till he explained that he was absent-minded just then and thought he was somewhere else. In the meantime it was suddenly discovered that the third table held only boys. "But we like it that way," the bigger ones protested. "Why

can't we have a good time together?" "Take your good time together in the street at play, but here you are ladies and gentlemen and you must be partners with the girls, a girl and a boy as it would be at a dinner party, you know. That's the way we all learn how to behave, and we have to learn, you know, because knowing how saves lots of trouble and makes us all happier."

The protester did not look entirely sure of this point, but smiled back into the speaker's kindly face and soothed his feelings with more peanut-brittle.

Story on story could be told of individual children, their comments on life in general and their passage out toward the very evidently better health as well as manners that the winter brought. The sum of the experiment, which no longer comes under that head, but will go on next season in the same manner, is already clear to the originator of the plan.

"The whole street, indeed a large part of the ward, is becoming a place of better manners than I find in any other part of the city," said Mr. Fletcher. "The children are teaching the parents decent table manners, and they bow and shake hands as naturally as those who have been taught from the beginning. I am convinced that this experiment of mine is one of the surest means yet adopted to alter standards of living ethically as well as dietetically. I believe it, because I find it proving itself every day."

Greetings of the Season

Alice Phillips Aldrich, in THE BOSTON COURIER

Far o'er the hills and valleys,
Over the lands or ocean drear,
I send you Christmas greeting,
And wish you a glad New Year.
May not a care or sorrow
O'ershadow your sky today,

But a glow of heaven's splendor
Illumine your earthly way!
I wish you a Merry Christmas,
With wealth of joy and cheer,
And pray that God may send you
A happy and glad New Year.

The Story of the Three Princesses

By Amy R. Morton

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had three daughters. When the first was born, the king and queen called upon the Fairy Bountiful and asked her to be godmother to the little princess. She consented, and at the christening appeared, stately and beautiful in a wonderful gown, shining with gold and silver embroidery.

She stood beside the cradle where the royal baby lay, and, while the court stood in solemn silence, she said, as she touched with her wand the little one's forehead, "I name thee Favorita, and these gifts I bring thee. Beauty is thine and shall ever be thine. Riches thou shalt have. Health is thine until a good old age. A wonderful voice thou shalt have, and by thy song shalt thou win all hearts."

The king and queen were delighted with the gifts which the good fairy had showered on their darling little one, and expressed their thanks many times during the elaborate festivities which followed the christening.

For five years the little princess ruled the king and queen and all the court, and then there was another little daughter born to the queen. This time, feeling that the Fairy Bountiful had done all that could be expected of her, they asked the Fairy Common Sense to be godmother.

Of course the festivities were not so great as at the christening of the Princess Favorita, but the court had a holiday for three days and made merry at the king's expense. On the first day the king and queen and their courtiers and ladies-in-waiting were assembled in the state drawing-room, when Fairy Common Sense appeared, richly but plainly dressed in a gray silk gown. Going to the cradle, she said, touching

her wand to the hands of the little princess, "I name thee Philada, and these gifts I bring thee. Thou shalt have many friends and no enemies. Thy voice shall be soft and sweet to the ear, thy face and form shall be pleasing to the eye, and with thy hands thou shalt do many things for those thou lovest."

The king and queen warmly thanked the fairy, and won from her a promise to visit them often. This she did, giving good advice to the queen and the royal nurses about the training of the Princess Philada. Truly a more lovable little princess never lived, and for five years she and her sister Favorita were the pets of the court, and then another little baby daughter came.

By this time the king remembered that, although Fairy Common Sense had given many good gifts to the Princess Philada, she had not been so lavish as had the Fairy Bountiful. So one evening he said to the queen, "My dear, Fairy Bountiful has a sister; much younger, 'tis true, but still with much fame as a godmother, and I think she would act as such to our youngest daughter, and if you consent we will ask her."

The queen thought it over, and the next morning she sent for the king and asked him to send for the Fairy Folly.

So Fairy Folly came to be godmother to the youngest princess. Her dress was of the thinnest of gossamer silk, over satin embroidered with flashing jewels, and as she came in there were hundreds of little butterflies seen fluttering all about her. She waved her wand over the smiling baby. "I name thee Gay," she said, "and I give thee the gift of joy. Never shalt thou know care or sorrow, and thy life shall be one long pleasure."

The king and queen congratulated

themselves on their wise selection of a godmother, and heaped their thanks on the fairy for her good gifts. Then began the merry-making, which lasted as long as at the christening of the eldest princess. "For," said the king to the queen, "we are getting old and I don't believe there will be any more christenings, so we may as well make the most of this one."

As time went on the three little princesses grew and were made much of, but when the Princess Gay was three years old the good queen died and the king mourned so much that he neglected affairs of state, and things began to go wrong at the court. The kingdom was one of many small ones, and long, hot, dry seasons ruined the crops, and the poor peasants, who had never been so very poor, now had to beg their bread.

The good old king ordered the keeper of the Royal Treasure to open the bags of gold and distribute the wealth to his subjects. But things were going from bad to worse, and, at last, there came a time when even the king had no money to give, and the poor little princesses were told to take good care of their dresses, for there was no telling when they could have new ones.

Then the king sent an ambassador to the three fairy godmothers, asking them to come and help him with their advice.

Bountiful and Common Sense came, but Folly said that her advice could just as well be sent, and she thought the best they could do was just to be merry and things would come all right again.

Bountiful asked for the Princess Favorita, and, when she appeared, nodded her head approvingly. At this time the princess was eighteen years old, and, truly, she was beautiful; tall and stately, with pure complexion and wavy golden brown hair.

Her godmother took her by the hand and led her to a little platform where there stood a golden harp. She began

to play, a soft dreamy melody, and then turned to Favorita.

"Sing!" she commanded.

Favorita stood for a moment listening to the chords, and then, with a far-away look in her eyes, she began to sing. The old king gazed at her in astonishment while he listened, hardly believing his ears, for never before had he heard a voice so beautiful as that of his eldest daughter. When the song was ended, Bountiful turned to the king.

"There!" she said triumphantly, "give her to me for a few years and her fortune is made. I will see that she has a wardrobe fit for a princess, and that will be one off your hands and you can look after your subjects. I shall take her to the court of King Werlda, and there we will stay until she has chosen a husband. I will watch over her and guard her carefully."

"Would you like to go, Favorita?" asked the king.

"Yes, papa," said the princess, delightedly.

"Then go, my child," he said sadly, "for here your talent is hidden."

So the Princess Favorita said good-bye to her father and sisters, and went with Fairy Bountiful to the court of King Werlda, where her beauty and wonderful voice immediately made her the most popular princess in the whole kingdom, although there were many other beautiful princesses there.

In the meantime, while Fairy Bountiful and Favorita were traveling to the court of King Werlda, Fairy Common Sense was giving good advice to the king.

"You see," she said, "I am not so wealthy as Bountiful, and I am not such a favorite at the great court, but I can tell Philada that which will help you all." So the king sent for the Princess Philada and her godmother looked long at her.

Continued on page xvi.

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c

FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR

TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the old address as well as the new.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

MAKE THE INQUIRY
THOROUGH

Senator Crawford of South Dakota moves in the right direction in calling on the Secretary of Commerce and Labor for a statement of facts concerning the advance in the cost of living, no recent official statistics on that matter being available. The problem deserves to be handled by a special commission of experts, who shall be given sufficient authority to probe to the bottom of causes to which they may trace the facts of increased living cost. There is no need of statistics to demonstrate the fact of this increased cost. What is wanted is the causes behind these facts. Whether tariff or trusts, whether government or individual extravagance, let the facts be established that the proper remedies may be applied.—*The Boston Herald.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

ON account of the common and widespread custom of placing subscriptions to periodicals at the beginning of the year, many of our subscribers will find a colored blank in late numbers of this magazine as a notice of the time of expiration, and a convenience for making renewal. We sincerely trust our old subscribers will not needlessly fail to renew their subscriptions, and so allow the files of their culinary journal to be broken.

This magazine, as a culinary publication, is strictly utilitarian; it should be regarded as an essential addition to the necessary appliances in the household. It is universally thought wise, in these days, to place the very latest and best tools in the hands of workmen of every class.

Practical cooking is our specialty. The contents of our pages are adapted to the needs of housekeepers in every community where home and kitchens exist. In Canada, California or Georgia, our readers are no less appreciative of our work than are those in New England or Massachusetts. We aspire, first and always, to be helpful to the housekeeper everywhere, in the matter of wholesome, appetizing and economical cookery.

Do not try to get along this year without the best of practical culinary publications. If we must economize, let us not begin with those items that make directly for prudent, healthful living.

EXPERIMENTAL TRUTH

EDUCATIONAL processes are moving today along practical rather than theoretical and general lines. Experience has been proven to be the great teacher and experimental knowledge of greatest worth. Theories are not often of lasting authority, and they do not always make good. People are coming to

look upon all training, whether physical or mental, as a preparation, not so much for the life beyond as for wise and prudent living here.

Education and real life are part and parcel of the same piece, and the passage from one to the other should occasion no jolt or friction.

Dr. Franklin was, perhaps, the greatest genius America has produced, and Franklin had little of the education of the schools, but his experimental knowledge of men and things was far more versatile and extensive than that of any man of whom we read. He not only became a great scholar, but a most successful printer, author, statesman, diplomat, philosopher and philanthropist, by far the most eminent man of his age. The influence of no man in our history is more far-reaching than that of Franklin. He gained recognition, at home and abroad, as a practical philosopher and wise man. And Franklin was eminently and always a man of affairs. He originated and carried to successful issue things that contributed to the everlasting benefit of mankind.

Is not the final test of any and all educational training this: What useful thing can you do? The time has gone by when young people can trust to luck or chance for a living. They must be qualified to do at least one thing well, better if possible than any one else. In these days of unavoidable competition trained energy is called for. The expert is in demand.

Hence may we not justly infer that women, who are ever to be the homemakers, are not to be exempted from some special training along practical and experimental lines? And this is the meaning of the widespread renaissance in all that pertains to sanitation, pure food and hygienic living in the home.

Scientific knowledge has given a new meaning to healthful living and wholesome housekeeping. The matter has been placed in our own hands: whether

the issue be for good or ill depends upon ourselves. "Give me the man who, instead of always telling you what ought to be done, goes ahead and does it."

COST OF LIVING

THE cost of living is the ever-present and ever-increasingly vexatious question. Our Department of Agriculture is wrestling with this subject, but is unable, as yet, to give any satisfactory solution of the problem. Upon the wiles of the retailers in trade the burden of blame seems at present to be placed. The manipulations and tricks of trade certainly "passeth all understanding."

A correspondent said recently, "My problem has become one of how to provide, rather than how to cook, the food for a family of six people." This statement, we fear, holds true in far too many cases. We cannot see how the average family of small income can possibly provide, at present prices, the very necessities of life and at the same time safeguard health, to say nothing of making the least provision for the future.

The cost of living is a matter of pure economy; in its treatment the nations are all brought face to face with the same distractions. Economics has to do with armies, navies, pensions, tariffs, etc., and, as long as we advocate and support these abnormal accessories of government, we must pay for them.

For a lifetime Franklin was steadfastly teaching the advantages of both private and public thrift and economy, and he practised most successfully what he taught. Let us once more take counsel of the precepts and practices of Franklin, and hope for better things. As for the present excess in the cost of living, will some one suggest where and how relief can be found, unless we reform both our public and private customs and habits of living?

HUMAN COMBUSTION

THE human body is a furnace; everything put into it, even its own tissues, are burned or oxidized. Experiments conducted on animals tend to show that this marvelous oxidizing process is due to the active affinity of the element phosphorus — which is abundant in all the tissues — for the oxygen which with every breath is introduced to the system.

Phosphorus is believed to have the power to temporarily store oxygen in the animal economy.

The large excretion of phosphates, as found in the secretions of the body, notably that of the kidneys, would seem to prove that phosphatic elements figure largely in all the waste processes of the system, as the result of all activity, whether physical or mental, and it is evident that excessive activity in any direction produces exhaustion as much from the loss of phosphorus as from anything known.

From these premises we might suppose that proper attention to diet might enable one to so fortify the system as to sustain less extensive injury from any inordinate loss of phosphorus as the result of prolonged physical or mental effort.

The foods that supply phosphorus generously are by no means uncommon or scarce, among them being beans, peas, barley, whole wheat flour, beef, fish and milk, while the various vegetables supply it in smaller amounts.

Conditions in which a phosphorized diet should be beneficial are nervous debility or exhaustion, neuralgia, rickets, and skin eruptions.

Phosphorus as contained in foods may be intelligently and harmlessly used by the laity, but phosphorus as a drug and a medicine should never be taken except under the direction of the physician.

On general principles a phosphorized

diet should ameliorate and retard that condition in elderly people recognized as due to degenerative changes in the blood vessels leading up to Bright's disease, some forms of heart weakness and "shocks."

—A. P. Reed, M.D.

MODESTY

[*Ambassador Bryce, in Harper's Magazine*]

IT does not consist in a low estimate of one's own abilities nor in disparagement of one's own achievements, but rather in a perception of how little each man knows or how little he can do compared to the mass of things he does not know and cannot do. In particular it implies, and this is what makes it an attractive quality, a freedom from jealousy and an appreciation of what others are and what they have accomplished. It is the absence of hauteur, the disposition to meet others on the common human level, which is winning and beautiful when one finds it in a great man, and which then becomes a crown of his greatness. Such forgetfulness is rightly taken to mean that he is working for the discovery of truth, if he be a man of learning or of science, or working for some worthy cause, if he be a statesman or otherwise engaged in practical effort. This kind of modesty Darwin had in amplest measure.

ENDOWMENT OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING — A sum of money, said to be very large, has been presented to the Teachers' College of Columbia University by Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins for the endowment of a department for the post-graduate instruction of trained nurses to qualify them for the carrying out of the sociological side of their profession. The chief purpose is to provide especially trained nurses to do house-to-house and settlement nursing among the poor, and give instruction in the theory and practice of hygienic living.



PREPARING CORNED CODFISH SOUFFLÉ

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Banana Cocktail

PEEL fully ripe bananas and scrape off the coarse threads. With a potato scoop of small size cut out balls from the prepared bananas and sprinkle over these a little grape-fruit or lemon juice, to keep them from discoloring. Add grape-fruit pulp or bits of orange or canned pineapple and dispose in cocktail glasses. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and finish with a candied cherry. Serve as a first course at dinner or luncheon. Wine must not be used with raw bananas. In the illustration grape-fruit pulp was used with the banana balls. Made with skinned-and-seeded white grapes, orange or pineapple pulp, use also a little lemon juice, to bring out the flavor of the fruit as also to keep the banana balls from dis-

coloring. Use the banana trimmings in one of the recipes on page 289.

Bonnes Bouches de Caviare

From stale Boston brown bread cut tiny rounds and squares an inch and a



BANANA COCKTAIL

half in diameter. Cut out the center of each, to form a case. Brush lightly with butter and let brown a little in the oven. When cold mix caviare, sifted

browned, add it to the soup kettle. Rinse out the frying pan with some of the cold water in the kettle and return it to the soup kettle. Heat slowly to the boiling point, then let simmer two hours; add a fowl, carefully cleaned and trussed for roasting, and let simmer until the fowl is tender. Remove the fowl, rub it over with bacon fat or dripping, dredge with salt and flour and let cook in the oven until nicely



BONNES BOUCHES DE CAVAIRE

yolk of egg, chopped olives and whole capers with a little mayonnaise dressing. Use this mixture to fill the cases. Put a figure, cut from cooked white of egg, above. Dispose on individual plates, or in a pattern on a serving dish. Decorate the dish with olives and gherkins or pass these on separate dishes.

Bouillon, Parisienne

Cut four pounds of beef shin (hind quarter) into small pieces. Remove the marrow from the bone and put it into a frying pan; when melted, brown in it part of the meat. Put the bone and rest of the meat into a soup kettle with five pints of cold water. When the meat is well

browned. Serve hot. To the soup kettle add half a cup, each, of sliced onion and carrot, a stalk of celery, two sprigs of parsley and a soup bag, and let cook half an hour; strain off the broth and set it aside. When cold remove the fat, reheat the soup, add slices or strips of cooked carrot and celery and a few flageolet, also salt and pepper as needed. Pass at the same time rolls, cut in halves, spread with butter and browned in the oven. There should be five pints of soup; if less add water to give that quantity.

Corned Codfish Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour,



SMALL SAW AND CLEAVER FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper; add two cups of milk and stir until boiling; add half a cup of soft, fine bread crumbs, two cups of corned codfish and the beaten yolks of three eggs, mix thoroughly, then fold in the whites of three eggs beaten dry. Set the blazer into the hot water pan, put the cover in place and let cook until the mixture is "set" and firm. Or, bake in a dish of hot water in the oven. In the oven do not cover the dish. Serve with or without a sauce. Other fish, as finnan haddie, salt mackerel or salmon, freshened or canned crabflakes, or salmon may be used in the same way. Peas, string beans, creamed potatoes or hot biscuit accompany this dish. Also sour pickles, a green salad or olives.

Chine of Fresh Pork Roasted with Apples

(Anna Studabaker)

Peel and core three or four apples; cut these into thick slices and dispose them on the rack of the roasting pan, and dredge lightly with sugar. Set the chine of pork, bone side up, on the apples. Let the meat cook twenty-five minutes to the pound in a moderate

oven, basting frequently with the dripping in the pan. Remove the meat to a second pan, putting the bone side down, sprinkle with soft bread crumbs,

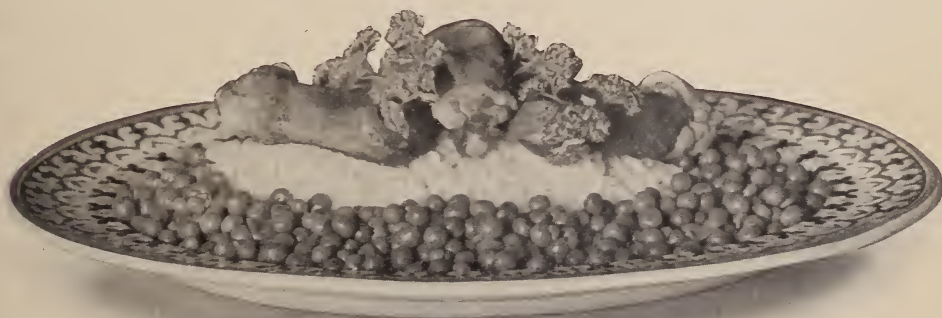


SUPREME OF CHICKEN

mixed with butter, salt and pepper, and let cook until the crumbs are browned. In the meantime pour the fat from the dripping, press the apples and dripping through a sieve, and use this with water and two tablespoonfuls of flour in making a cup of sauce for the meat.

Supreme of Chicken

For this dish only the breast of chicken is used. Allow one chicken for two portions. Remove the skin from the breast on both sides, and from the first joint (next the breast) of the wings. With a sharp knife cut through the flesh of the breast, along the breast bone, from end to end. Then carefully remove the flesh on



FRICASSÉE OF POULTRY WINGS, PRINCESSE

each side with the first joint of the wing attached to it. This gives two large pear-shaped pieces of white meat (fillets), each with a wing bone attached that may be covered after cooking with a "chop frill." On the under side of each fillet is a small fillet, easily detached. Remove these, carefully preserving the shape. Scrape the flesh from the sinew running lengthwise through these and discard the sinew. If left in it will shrink during cooking and spoil the shape of the fillet. Slice two small truffles, cut the slices in rounds and one side of each round in points. Make five or

or butter, a glass of wine if desired, also a little salt and pepper. Cover with a buttered paper and let cook in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. For each fillet prepare a slice of toast, the length and width of the fillets, spread this with butter and dip the edges in the liquid in the baking pan. Draw chop frills over the wing bones and dispose on the toast. Serve perigueux sauce around the toast or in a sauce boat.

Perigueux Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; add two slices, each, of onion and carrot and let cook, stirring often, until lightly



IRISH SWEET BREAD

six equidistant slits across the small fillets, dip the plain sides of the rounds of truffle in white of egg and insert in the slits. Brush over the large fillets with cold water. Press the decorated fillets upon the larger fillets. Set the fillets in a baking pan, trim if needed and press into perfect pear shape with the fingers. Pour in half a cup of broth, a few bits of bacon

browned. Add one-third a cup of flour and continue cooking and stirring until browned. Add two cups of consommé, or one cup, each, of beef and chicken broth, and one-third a cup of thick tomato purée. Stir until boiling, then strain. Reheat, add salt and pepper as needed, one-fourth a cup of white wine and two or three tablespoonfuls of chopped truffles.

Fricassée of Poultry Wings Princess

This dish is particularly adapted for economical service in lunch-rooms, etc.,

each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and half a cup, each, of thin cream and chicken broth. Put the wings



CHEESE CUSTARD

where many roast fowls are served. In roasting the wings are practically wasted, and when carving is not done at the table there is no reason why they should not be removed from poultry before it is cooked. The fricassée as given is particularly delicious. The wings may also be served to advantage in a pie. Cover the wings with boiling water and let simmer until tender. Do not renew the water unless necessary. For each four wings make a cup of sauce, using two tablespoonfuls,

into the sauce and let stand over hot water, closely covered, until ready to serve. Beat the yolk of one or two eggs, as is convenient, for each pint of sauce; add a few tablespoonfuls of cream and stir into the sauce. Have ready a cup of rice, blanched, cooked tender and well dried 'out; turn this into the center of a serving dish, dispose the poultry wings and sauce on the rice and turn a can of peas, seasoned with butter, salt and black pepper, around the whole.



SALAD OF TOMATO CREAM GLACÉ

Irish Sweet Bread

Soften a cake of compressed yeast (one-half a cup of home-made or brewers' yeast may be substituted) in one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, and add to one cup of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature; stir in nearly two cups of bread flour, beat until very smooth, cover and set aside to become very light and puffy. Add one-fourth a cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of melted shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of cleaned currants, two eggs (additional color is often added by means of saffron)

send to the table, and alternate the layers of bread with thin shavings of cheese. If the cheese be dry, it may be grated. Beat two eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika and three cups of milk and pour over the bread and cheese in the dish. Let bake in a very moderate oven until the mixture is firm in the center and the bread is slightly browned. Serve hot at luncheon or supper.

Frozen Tomato Cream

Cook one can of tomatoes, a slice of onion, stalk of celery, branch of parsley and half a soup bag forty minutes or until the water is well evaporated.



CREAM BAKING POWDER BISCUIT

or, if convenient, four yolks are preferable, and enough flour to make a soft dough that may be kneaded. Knead until very smooth, cover and set aside to become light. Shape into two loaves and, when again light, bake in two rather small brick-loaf bread pans. Glaze with white of egg just before removing from the oven.

Cheese Custard

Cut the crusts from enough slices of stale bread to make two cups when cut in inch squares. Butter the bread before cutting into the squares. Put the bread into a baking dish suitable to

Press through a sieve; there should be a cup of thick purée. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika and let become cold, then fold in one cup of cream, beaten solid. Turn into a mold or empty baking powder box, partially lined with strips of waxed paper; cover securely and let stand in equal measures of salt and crushed ice for three hours or longer. Serve, cut in slices, on lettuce hearts, with French dressing.

Cream Baking Powder Biscuit

Sift together, three times, two cups of sifted pastry flour; half a teaspoonful

of salt and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add thick cream and mix with a knife to a dough that can be handled on a board. It will take about three-fourths a cup of thick cream. Turn the dough upon a floured board, and with a knife turn, to flour the outside, then knead lightly with the hands to a smooth mass. Pat with the rolling pin, then roll into a sheet half an inch in thickness; cut into small rounds and set close together in a buttered pan. Bake about fifteen minutes. This dough may be rolled to one-fourth an inch in thickness, cut into rounds an inch across, baked in a quick oven and served without butter at afternoon teas, etc.

Graham Cookies

Beat one egg; add two level tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, a grating of nutmeg, one cup of sour cream, into which a teaspoonful of soda has been sifted and mixed, and two cups and a half of Graham flour. Mix all together thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon upon a buttered baking pan, keeping the rounds two

inches apart. Put a raisin or half a blanched almond in the center of each, sprinkle with granulated sugar and let bake in a moderate oven.



GRAHAM COOKIES

Cocoanut Squares

Bake any white or yellow cake mixture in layers that when baked shall be three-eighths of an inch thick; cut in squares and trim off the crisp uneven outer edges; cover with boiled frosting, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and finish with a cherry in the center or leave plain white. The following recipe for a plain white cake may be used for this or for chocolate nut-squares.

Plain White Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then, alternately, half a cup of milk and two cups of pastry flour, sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.



COCOANUT-AND-CHOCOLATE SQUARES

Lastly, beat in a teaspoonful of vanilla and the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Tins the equivalent of $10\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches will give the right thickness.



MACAROONS WITH FONDANT, CHERRIES, ETC.

Boiled Frosting

Boil one cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water to 240° Fahr. Stir until the sugar boils, cover and let steam two or three minutes; uncover, set in the thermometer, if it can be used, and let boil undisturbed. A long hair-like thread will hang from a spoon, dipped into the syrup and lifted, when the sugar is of the right degree. Pour the syrup in a fine stream upon the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Set the dish into cold water and beat the frosting until cool enough to use. Cooked to 240° Fahr. it will not run from the cake.

Boiled Chocolate Frosting

Melt one cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate and one-third a cup of thin cream over boiling water, beating meanwhile. Let boil, stirring occasionally, to 240° Fahr. Pour in a fine stream upon the whites of two eggs, beating constantly meanwhile.

Macaroons with Fondant, Cherries, Etc.

When using fondant for candies and a little is left over, drop a round upon the bottom of macaroons, sponge drops or other small cakes, press it out nearly to the edge and finish with half a cherry or nut meat.

Apples with Rice, Winter Style

Put a cup of rice over the fire in about three pints of cold water, and shake or stir until boiling; let boil three minutes, then drain off the water, rinse the rice in cold water and drain again. Add three cups of milk to the rice and let cook until tender and dry; when partly cooked add half a teaspoonful of salt, and when fully cooked one-fourth a cup, each, of butter, cream,



APPLES WITH RICE, WINTER STYLE

and orange marmalade or candied peel, shredded fine, also from one to three egg yolks as is convenient. Mix all together thoroughly. Dispose in rounds on a serving dish, having the round in the center higher than others. On these rounds set cored-and-pared apples cooked in syrup; reduce the syrup by cooking, to pour over the apples and rice, and sprinkle the whole with candied or maraschino cherries, cut in shreds. Serve hot.

Banana Sponge

Soften one teaspoonful of gelatine in three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Press enough bits of banana through a ricer to fill a cup, stir and cook the cup of pulp, the juice of half a lemon and half a cup of sugar over the fire until boiling throughout, and add the gelatine; let cool in ice and water; when beginning to set fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. When cold enough to hold its shape dispose in glass cups. Decorate with whipped cream or with blanched pistachio nuts, chopped fine.

Banana Pie

Pass enough peeled bananas through a vegetable ricer to fill a cup. To this add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, or the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg, one-third a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a cup of milk, and one-third a cup of cream. Mix all together thoroughly, and bake until firm in a pie plate lined with pastry as for squash pie. This makes a particularly good pie. It is most suitable for luncheon or when a light dinner has been served.

Cottage Pudding

Beat half a cup (four ounces) of butter to a cream; gradually beat in a cup

of sugar, one whole egg and the yolk of another, beaten together, and, alternately, one cup of milk and two cups of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda and a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in a sheet or in a muffin pan. Serve hot with any hot pudding sauce.

Frothy Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in a cup of sugar, add the white of an egg, beaten dry, and half a cup of boiling water, and mix thoroughly. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla or two tablespoonfuls of wine.

Choice Corn-Meal Muffins

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream, and two eggs without separating the whites and yolks, then gradually beat three-fourths a cup of sugar, half and half, into the butter and the eggs, then beat the two together. Sift together, two or three times, two cups of sifted pastry flour, one cup of corn meal, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; add this to the butter mixture, alternately, with one cup of milk. Bake in a hot buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes. This makes twelve large muffins.

Orange Jumbles

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, then one egg and the yolk of another, the grated yellow rind of an orange and one-fourth a cup of orange juice; lastly, beat in two cups and one-fourth of flour, sifted with half a level teaspoonful of soda and a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar. With pastry bag and tube shape the mixture in S's on buttered tins, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven.

Menus for a Week in January

Providing fuel or heat food abundantly, acids to cut or emulsify the fats, proteids to build and repair tissue, and a good measure of inexpensive food to give the requisite bulk.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Baltimore Samp, Thin Cream, Sugar Boiled Bacon. Baked Potatoes Irish Sweet Bread, Toasted Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Bouillon, Parisienne Chine of Fresh Pork Roasted with Apples. Squash. Mashed Potatoes Cabbage, French Dressing Orange Jumbles. Banana Sponge Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cream Toast Stewed Prunes Cocoa</p>	<p>Breakfast Sausage, Hot Apple Sauce Creamed Potatoes Choice Corn Meal Muffins Dry Toast. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Frozen or Canned Salmon, Caper Sauce Plain Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Onions Lettuce, French Dressing Cream Cheese. Evaporated Peaches, Stewed. Maryland Beaten Biscuit or Crackers</p> <p>Supper Succotash (dried Lima Beans and Kornlet) Buttered Toast Cocoanut Squares. Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY	
	<p>Breakfast Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream Corned Beef Hash with Chilli Peppers Buttered Toast Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Cold Chine of Fresh Pork Scalloped Potatoes Stringless Beans. Celery Lemon Jelly, English Cream Custard Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Stewed Lima Beans Choice Corn Meal Muffins Apples en Casserole. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Grapefruit. Salmon-and-Potato Cakes (cooked in salt pork fat) Cinnamon Buns. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Loin of Lamb, Roasted Potatoes Cooked with the Meat Cranberry Jelly Spinach or Brussel Sprouts Plum Pudding (carrots as foundation) Hard Sauce. Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Hot Cheese Custard Cold Spinach molded, French Dressing Yeast Rolls, Parker House Graham Cookies. Tea</p>		THURSDAY
	<p>Breakfast Grapefruit Creamed Corned Beef (flavored with Celery and Onion) Baked Potatoes. Baking Powder Biscuit Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Hamburg Steak, Tomato Sauce Potatoes fried whole in deep fat. Boiled Onions. Celery and Apple Salad Cottage Pudding, Frothy Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cream-of-Tomato Soup Toasted Crackers. Drop Cookies Canned Pears. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Grapefruit. Corned Codfish, Creamed Baked Potatoes Yeast Rolls (reheated) Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Large Fillets of Haddock, Baked (Oysters in Crumbs between) Oyster Sauce Cole Slaw. Creamed Potatoes Baking Powder Biscuit Grapefruit. Coffee</p> <p>Supper Tomato-and-Cheese Rabbit Canned Pineapple Slices Orange Jumbles. Tea. Cocoa.</p>		
<p>Breakfast Haddock-and-Potato Cakes (left over, fried in salt pork fat) Baking Powder Biscuit (reheated) Baked Apples, Thin Cream Coffee. Cocoa</p>	<p>Dinner Cream-of-celery Soup Chicken en Casserole Cold Stringless Beans French Dressing Mince Pie. Coffee</p>	<p>Supper Stewed Lima Beans (dried) Bread and Butter. Grapefruit Marmalade Graham Cookies Cocoa. Tea</p>	SATURDAY	

Company Dinners and Luncheons

(Recently served by a hostess with the help of one maid.)

Dinners

I

Grapefruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing, Giblet Sauce
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions
Chestnuts in Cream Sauce
Apple-and-Celery Salad in Lettuce Nests,
French Dressing
Squash Pie
Brick of Vanilla Ice Cream, Preserved Ginger
Macaroons
Coffee

II

Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon, Dinner Bis-
cuit. Olives
Sirloin Roast of Beef au Jus
Potatoes Cooked with the Meat
Home-Canned String Beans
Fruit Macedoine Salad
(Apple, Celery, White Grapes and Dates)
French Dressing
Junket Ice Cream (Vanilla)
Caramel Syrup and Chopped Nuts
Champion Biscuits
Roquefort and Cream Cheese
Coffee

III

Grapefruit and Banana Cocktail
Chickens Baked with Salt Pork
Mashed Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes, Southern
Style
Lettuce, French Dressing
Vanilla Ice Cream (Junket)
Vanilla Chestnut Preserves
Lady Fingers
Coffee

Luncheons

I

Canned Salmon Cutlets
Creamed Potatoes
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce
Chicken Timbales, Bechamel Sauce
(raw Chicken Breast, Egg, etc.)
Sweet Pickled Pears
Crabapple Jelly
Parker House Rolls
Fruit Cup
Sponge Cake
Coffee

II

Cream-of-Kornlet Soup with Kornlet Timbales
Buttered Crackers, Browned in Oven
Baked Halibut Steaks, Oyster Stuffing,
Drawn Butter Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Stringless Beans
Jellied Philadelphia Relish on Lettuce Hearts,
French Dressing
Salad Rolls
Cream Cheese. Bar-le-duc Currants
Butter Thins
French Fruit Bombe Glacé
Cocoanut Squares
Pistachio Rings
Coffee

Menu for a Choice Midwinter Dinner

Grapefruit-and-Banana Cocktail
—
Consommé Talma
French Endive. Olives. Salted Pecan Meats
—
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare
Saddle of Mutton, Roasted, Currant Jelly
Potatoes Anna. Egg Plant Fritters

Supreme of Chicken, Perigueux Sauce
Tomato Cream, Glacé, Lettuce Hearts,
French Dressing
—
Pineapple Sherbet
Sponge Drops. Macaroons
—
Coffee

Menu for a Luncheon

Halves of Grapefruit
—
Fried Oysters, Sauce Tartare
Salad Rolls
—
Truffled Supreme of Chicken Timbales,
Bechamel Sauce
Stringless Beans
Cranberry Jelly

Cheese Croquettes
Lettuce Hearts, French Dressing
Champion Biscuits
—
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Sponge Cake
Coffee

Menus for Midwinter Receptions and Teas

Elaborate Menu for Reception

Bouillon
Oyster Croquettes
Salad Rolls
Chicken Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

Cafe Parfait
Biscuit Tortoni
Assorted Cakes. Bonbons
Coffee

Menus for Club Teas

I
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Noisette Sandwiches
Tiny Coconut Squares
(one inch square)
Almond Bars
Preserved Ginger Chips
Tea. Cocoa

II
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Oatmeal Macaroons
Sponge Drops
Peanut Clusters Coated with Chocolate
Nougatines
Tea. Cocoa with Whipped Cream

Tea at Private House

I
Lettuce Sandwiches
Cream Cheese-and-Honey Sandwiches
Sponge Cake
Turkish Paste, Mint and Orange Flavored
Tea. Cocoa

II
Hot English Muffins, Toasted
White Bread-and-Cress Sandwiches
Spiced Tea
Candied White Grapes. Salted Almonds

III
Beaten Biscuit
Graham Bread-and-Nut Sandwiches
Angel Ladyfingers
Candied Grapefruit Peel
Stuffed Raisins
Tea

IV
Bread, Pimento-and-Cream Cheese Sand-
wiches, Mayonnaise Dressing
Bread-and-Olive Sandwiches,
Mayonnaise Dressing
Nut Meringues. Tea. Cocoa
Stuffed Dates



VIANDS FOR MIDWINTER ENTERTAINMENTS

By Janet M. Hill

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE short midwinter days are filled with social diversions of varied character and, when evening comes on, still other and often more elaborate affairs replace the simple entertainments of the day. For most of these social calls, visits and gatherings food of some kind is usually provided. The selection and preparation of this food should be a diversion and pleasure rather than a task. By a wise selection of dishes the work need not be arduous nor unduly tax the pocket-book.

When the dishes are to take the place of one of the regular meals of the day, quite substantial articles are called for; also a greater variety of food is essential, when a large number is to be served, than when simply two or three extra covers are to be added to the home table. Still, as a rule, we are apt to overdo the matter. A few well-selected and carefully prepared and served dishes are always much more satisfactory than a larger number of viands carelessly put together and presented neither hot nor cold.

For hygienic reasons, perhaps, fruit cocktails are largely superseding the raw shellfish once so popular as the prelude to an elaborate dinner. The *bouches de caviare* in our seasonable recipes are given to our readers as more of a novelty, perhaps, than the fruit cocktails. These tidbits may be varied indefinitely.

Bouillon, or uncleared broth, or consommé, a clarified broth prepared from three varieties of meat, are suitable for a dinner soup, though the consommé is more often given the preference. Either may be varied almost indefinitely by means of a garnish. With the soup, especially if game has been used in preparing the broth, nothing is more appropriate than French endive, cut in the same manner as celery when dressed "club fashion"; *i.e.*, cut lengthwise of the head (and root), according to the size, into halves or quarters.

For a fish course the superfluity of good things now provided for us — no matter where we live — rather embarrasses and makes a choice difficult. Clam broth and clams, seemingly more tender and as fresh in flavor as those eaten at the shore, cannot be ignored. Then shrimps and crabflakes are suggested, followed by lobster and salmon, either fresh or canned. But before we can decide, smelts and other fresh-taken fish, which are superlatively good in so many localities, are called to mind, and one cannot say offhand what variety it were best to fix upon.

But having decided on the kind of fish that will probably be most pleasing to the guests bidden to this particular dinner, the style of cooking becomes a matter that cannot be settled in a moment. Much depends upon what is to follow, but fish fried in deep fat with

sauce Tartare scarcely ever comes amiss. Under this "head" may be grouped any sort of fish or shellfish, plain or in croquettes. For simpler dishes there are fish au gratin, deviled or Newburg, and baked in turbans, but remember that in most fish dishes the sauce completes the dish. Potatoes in some fancy style, as potato diamonds with creamed peas in the center — a recipe given many times in this magazine — or peas or stringless beans might appear with some dishes of fish; but when sauce Tartare accompanies the fish, bread in some form is acceptable and is quite enough.

As the *pièce de resistance* of a formal dinner we would naturally expect a dish of considerable dignity, — a roast of beef, lamb, poultry or venison; but after soup, fish and, perhaps, a light entrée, a substantial entrée, like the "Supreme of Chicken" given in our seasonable recipes, will amply fill the bill as the dish to which all preceding it have led up to. Served as the main dish of the dinner let it be accompanied by a vegetable, as mushrooms, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, egg plant, string beans or peas — if the two latter have not appeared before — and currant jelly. It would be difficult to find anything in this connection more delectable than stuffed mushrooms or, in season, stuffed tomatoes.

Birds or game of some kind with an orange or a celery salad, or hot cheese croquettes, soufflé or balls, with a simple green salad, bring us to the sweet course. With dark fleshed meat, as venison and duck, a salad of celery goes well. This is often dressed with mayonnaise. With partridge, quail and other white meat, lettuce with French dressing is preferable.

To many a fine dinner without an ice would lose all claim to fineness. Ices are quite frequently ordered from a caterer, but those are one of the dishes that can be easily made at home. While the home-made ices are not always as

handsome as the creations of the caterer, any well-trained cook is able to turn out really artistic frozen dishes, and such as in flavor are rarely equaled by those sent out from even the highest priced places. The bombs, with sherbet outside and a charlotte russe filling within, are always satisfactory. Lemon sherbet, with fine-chopped French fruit mixed through the whipped cream filling, is quickly made, at comparatively small expense, and is delicious. A three-pint mold, which would call for six or seven lemons, two cups of sugar and a half pint of cream, will serve eight bountifully.

The dinner referred to above is elaborate enough for any possible occasion. But dinners that will be given unstinted praise by all partaking of them may be prepared at less than one-fourth the cost. Broths from remnants of roasts, enriched with extract of beef, will give a soup not to be despised by an epicure. Sauces for entrées, made of leftover meat or of macaroni flavored carefully with vegetables and extract of beef, may be so made as to challenge the praise of those who are chary of their appreciation. At this season snow-ice or ice made by setting a pan of water out of doors over night may cut down the expense of a frozen dessert; and snow-ice does away largely with the work of crushing the ice. Frozen apricots, which call for a quart of water, a pint of sugar and one can of apricots, cut into bits, will when frozen serve twelve or fifteen people. This is certainly not an extravagant ice. Bavarian creams rank next to frozen desserts. The following, made from choice pineapple, — such as can now be gotten in cans, — will prove a choice and handsome tidbit, a fit crown for any dinner. All unnecessary work has been eliminated from the recipe and, with a little snow or ice to hasten the "setting" of the gelatine mixture, the dish may be made in a very few minutes. Here is the recipe.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

To one cup and a half of crushed pineapple add one-third a cup of sugar, the juice of a lemon and one-fourth a package of granulated gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolved by setting the dish in hot water. Set the mixture into a dish of snow or crushed ice and water; stir constantly until beginning to thicken, then fold in one cup of cream, beaten firm. Half a cup of double cream and half a cup of single cream, with one-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen, beaten until very light, but not dry, will give a texture preferred by many. Chill in a mold. Serve with the rest of the pineapple from the can, cooked three or four minutes with one-fourth a cup of sugar and chilled, turned round the unmolded cream.

Food at Club Teas in Church and Hotel Parlors

The tea and sandwiches served by women's clubs in church and hotel

parlors often bring on digestive disturbances that last at least until the next meeting of the club. One often wonders if tea is served at the homes of the members in the same fashion. A waiter, at a fashionable city hotel on the occasion of a club tea, being asked to remove the grounds from the silver teapot before more tea was served, said, "Yes, if you really wish me to, but the ladies usually have the teapot replenished with hot water without removing the grounds. Often one hundred and fifty cups of tea are poured without taking the teapot from the table." Lettuce is unwholesome unless crisp; thus lettuce and cress sandwiches are to be provided only when they can be served the instant they are prepared. They should be taken from the hands of those who prepare them to the plates of the guests who are to eat them. Other sandwiches given in our menus can be prepared some time in advance. They will not dry out, if they be kept, closely covered, in an earthen jar or bowl.

Teaching the People How to Eat

By Winifred Stuart Gibbs

ONE day in 1906 a tired-looking woman entered the office of the oldest philanthropic association in New York City; evidently she was not an *habitué* of such places, quite as evidently had she suffered in her encounter with the world.

The woman's story came to the ears of the man at the head of the association's staff, and this is what he made of it. He learned that the weary mother had spent her girlhood in a factory, and that her parents had been sufficiently comfortable to allow her to expend what she earned on her own adornment. The hours of factory life

made it impossible for her to take part in the housekeeping, and the good-natured indulgence of her parents accepted her evenings at dances and cheap "shows" as a matter of course. "Mary must have her little pleasures — after the work, she is young," said they; and this was all very well, since Mary had a head level enough to keep her out of the various snares spread for young girls; but, when the day came which was to whisk Mary away to her own home and her own husband, a different problem was presented.

The new home was begun in a comfortable flat in Harlem, and so long as

her husband's wages came in regularly Mary managed to make her family comfortable in spite of her inexperience, although there were occasional protests from John that other men could save on his wages and why couldn't he?

This state of affairs continued until one day John was numbered with the "army of the unemployed," when he and Mary gathered up the children the years had brought and shifted the scene of family life to a crowded tenement in Sullivan Street; then, when the payment for an occasional day's work was the only available asset, the house mother was to find that not only had they no money to draw upon, but that their health account was also overdrawn. Years of improper food, badly cooked, had given to her husband a weak digestion, to herself "nerves" and, worst of all, to the children, soft bones and flabby muscles.

Now the association's chief was a student of conditions and keenly alive to the fact that theorizing was valuable up to a certain point, but that it would not help John and Mary out of their difficulties. Furthermore, he reflected, if the children of John and Mary went to school with an insufficient breakfast, it was to be of but temporary assistance to give those children "charity breakfasts" at the school building. Such a course would not reach backward over the years of ignorant feeding, nor onward to help the children weather the storms attendant upon those to come.

Swift came the questions to this man's mind: If this woman had been taught the fundamental laws of right living, if she had learned that wisely selected and properly prepared food was good working capital, if she had been taught to make her food allowance bear a proper relation to other items in the family budget, how far would the present situation have been avoided? If this knowledge were to be given her now, how and to what extent

would it prove remedial and preventive of further disaster?

If the same knowledge were to be conveyed to yet other housewives of less intelligence and more health-destroying habits than Mary, what then? In short, what part did ignorance play in the problem and what part would enlightenment play in the solution? "Will you," said he to a dietitian, "go into this field and find out what direct personal instruction in the house kitchens with the home resources as your sole dependence will do?"

The dietitian agreed, and this paper will give some account of what the three years have brought in the way of observation and plans.

To dispose, first of all, of what seemed to many an insuperable objection to this method of instruction — the difficulty of obtaining the coöperation of the women themselves.

That bugbear was dispelled almost at once. The teacher found the house mother not only ready but desirous of being taught. It is a simple matter to approach a woman straightforwardly and take for granted that she is intelligently interested in vital problems, and the glow of response that shines back at once from tired eyes is very gratifying. Women, who would resent being treated as abstract "cases," are ready to respond cordially to the suggestion that they discuss the question of the best kind of food for husband and children and the most profitable way of spending the family income.

What does it matter that they do not realize the wideness of the problems in economics or dietetics? It is the teacher's business to adapt her instruction and choose her words in such a way as to interest her pupils and to give them what they really need.

To any who may become interested in this work I should say, "In your intercourse with untaught minds, keep to everyday language and practical questions, with an actual bearing on the

particular family life being considered; take your problems in sociology, in economics and in dietetics to your own desk and wrestle with them there as best you may."

At first, the attempt was made to depend on family resources as material for the lessons. It was an easy matter to get a woman to promise that she would provide certain things for next day's meals. When that day arrived, one was met with the information that there was a death, or some one had been sent to "the island," or still another had needed shoes, the story always having the same ending — "the money is spent, and we ate tea and bread." The method now used is this: after a decision as to possibilities has been reached, these possibilities are illustrated by a course of lessons for which the material is provided by the association. That the suggestions are followed has been proven, and a group of concrete examples may be of interest.

Maggie T. is a girl of seventeen employed in a world-known factory; her mother is taken to a hospital, a hopeless invalid. Maggie's father earns fourteen dollars a week, the family pays ten dollars a month rent, and after the mother's departure numbers seven, five of the number being children under fourteen years of age.

Questions drew from Maggie the information that she had left the factory and had been keeping house for several weeks at the time of the teacher's first visit. From further questions it was learned that Maggie's chief dependence in feeding her family were bread, tea and some meat, such as ham or sirloin steak. She spent money enough to provide a wholesome and adequate dietary, but the result of her ignorance was a very one-sided one, viewed from the standpoint of bodily efficiency.

It is not the purpose of this paper to set forth the working details of these experiments, so it will be sufficient to outline results in this and the other

cases cited. So then, after instruction extending over a period of about six weeks, the teacher has seen Maggie change from a pasty-faced girl to a rounded, clear-eyed person, who has relentlessly taken away the tea of her young brothers and sisters, who uses the fifty cents a day she was accustomed to spend for bread, for cereals and inexpensive cuts of meat, and who spends the surplus for fresh vegetables, and, best of all, one who is preaching the gospel of health to her neighbors, converting several of them to better ways.

Mrs. B. is a young mother with a child of two who is on the point of leaving this troublous world, finding a severe and chronic intestinal disorder too much for his baby strength. Here again there is money enough to feed the family properly, the woman herself admits it, but she has the inconsequence of her associates, and after weeks of careful teaching which has been thoroughly understood, as shown by the woman's conversation, the teacher goes in to find the baby being fed fried fish, reeking with grease, and cabbage.

The time for gentle measures has passed, and a forcible setting forth of the fact that the baby's very life is a question of but a few weeks, if such a diet is continued, at last frightens the mother into heeding, and today the child is cured.

A very important part of the work is the coöperation that is given the district nurses. In many cases the nurse cannot stay after acute illness has been treated; here the dietitian steps in and does her part in restoring the bread winner to a state of efficiency. Numerous cases of this kind might be described, but one will serve.

The visiting nurse found a woman who was a cripple from rheumatism; two things were absolutely essential, the proper baths and a long continuous course of "feeding up." The kindness

of a well-known physician provided the one, to the dietitian fell the task of supervising the other. The woman was taught the kind of food that was best for her. She was shown how to prepare it. She gained twenty pounds in a short time, and is now doing all her own work.

A child of ten was housekeeper while her mother went out to work; the child drank beer, etc., and ate whatever atrocities were consumed by the family. Not long since that child said to the teacher, "I like to cook things to make me strong," and she is learning to provide simple, wholesome food for all the family.

Whenever possible the women are taught in groups, but always in a home kitchen with utensils at hand, and always the subject matter of the lessons deals with actual sums at hand, actual prices of food-stuffs and actual needs of the people. To quote one woman: "When first I heard of the plan I did not approve, as I thought you would teach things too expensive for us, but now that I find you speak only of what is possible, I highly approve."

A typical group consists of five women, each having a husband and large family of children to provide for, and all eager to contribute experiences at the discussion of this new kind of "cooking school."

They are ready to enter little conspiracies to "fool" their husbands into eating what is good for them, and it gratifies them tremendously to show results in the matter of wise expenditure of their housekeeping money.

So much for the conditions in this comparatively new field. The experimental stage of the work is passed, the existence of the field has been proven, and the next step is to spread knowledge, multiply the number of workers and extend the work.

* * *

Newly graduated students of domestic science are apt to bound their view-

points by academic lines. They listen sympathetically to a recital of the hopes and fears of those classmates who will wrestle with public school classes; to those who plan to preside over the housekeeping of institutions they speak encouragingly and say, "It will be fine experience, and some day you will have real teaching." (Heaven save the mark! As if training a staff of servants with untaught minds in household affairs, covering laundry work, sanitation and ethics were anything but "real teaching"!)

The daring souls who elect to be hospital dietitians are regarded as beings of special energy, while the Mecca of all, the goal of each ambition, is an instructorship in a college department. When we consider, however, that the number of graduates far outnumbered vacancies in academic fields, and the various needs of humanity, unto which "domestic science" may minister, outnumbered either, it would seem that there might be parallel fields of usefulness for the teacher of home economics.

At a recent congress called for the purpose of organizing a national association of home economics, the real meaning of this term was discussed. One speaker set it forth somewhat after this fashion:

"You feel the influence of a knowledge of home economics in the touch of the bed linen, as you open your eyes; you meet it on your way down to breakfast; you have three meals a day under its sway, and it ministers to your comfort as you fall asleep."

No doubt this speaker had in mind the varying comforts of homes, where a certain amount of this knowledge, formal or informal, is taken for granted, and if the field were restricted to these homes, it would still be a tremendous one. The experimental work outlined in the present paper takes the student into quite a different environment, however.

Suppose a home dirty and ill kept,

in a neighborhood untouched by municipal improvements; people this home with a family each member of which shows the effects of generations of utter lack of dietetic knowledge, and then set yourself to devising methods for bettering conditions and see whether it is a task to be tossed off in an hour.

The policy of relief associations is becoming more and more educational, and social workers were among the first to realize that the instruction of a visiting dietitian had distinct economic value. As the work is all done in the workingman's home, the aim is threefold, palliative, curative and constructive.

Palliative first, if need be, since the relief of present suffering is essential, else were it idle to tell of the permanent building up of a body, physical or civic. The social worker realizes that the dietitian can give material aid to the district visits by teaching the housekeeper to make the best possible use of the supplies that are sent in for the purpose of bridging a gap in the family income.

Curative measures come next, and the district nurse is glad to avail herself of services, which may save her many an hour's work in the future, and, lastly, looking at the subject in the large, the dietitian's work should be constructive, for she should give such instruction as will help to keep families on the rugged edge of the so-called "poverty line" from slipping back, and such as will ultimately give the determining touch, which is to push them up to the firm ground of self-support and cause them to contribute their share to the betterment of society. Social workers in at least three other large cities are interested in this work and will, no doubt, work out their problems in their own way.

Mention has already been made of the interest shown by those in the nursing profession. When the Tubercu-

culosis Exhibit was held in New York City, the work of the visiting dietitian formed the subject of one of the papers read, and the official organ of the Nurses Association was glad to lend its paper to help in spreading a knowledge of this work.

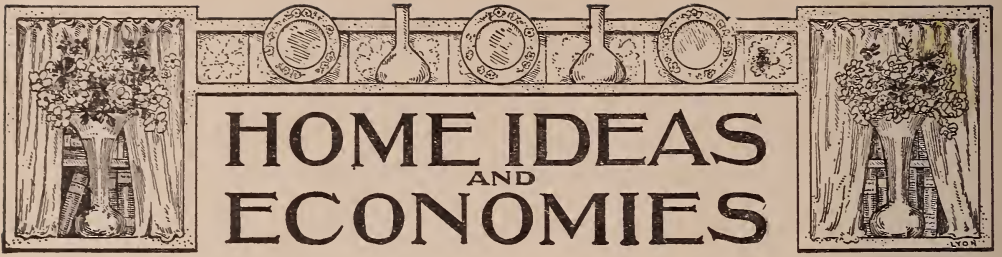
The generosity of one of New York's philanthropists has provided a "Mothers' Rest," and here women of the tenements go to recuperate after childbirth, to breathe pure air, and, best of all, to learn how to care for the health of their husbands and children. The visiting dietitian is on the staff of this unique institution, and, after enlisting the women's interest, follows them into their homes in the city, to carry forward the instruction begun at the Rest.

The present year bids fair to be a crucial one in the development of this work of popular education in home science.

The School of Household Art newly opened at Teachers' College, Columbia University, says to its students: "If you wish to combine your interest in sociology and in home science, let us give you real tenements in which to work off your knowledge of sanitation, actual incomes of workingmen on which to sharpen your wits in the field of economics, anæmia and tuberculosis embodied in white-faced men and women, to set you delving into the subject of nutrition, and wraiths of babies to illustrate your studies in the 'Future Health of the Race.'"

All this is to be done as part of the regular college work under the supervision of the instructor.

The agencies which may cooperate in the future development of this work are many. If municipal authorities, the public schools, health department, settlement teachers and others fall in, much may be accomplished by combining the wisdom of many minds and bringing to bear upon the problem the experience of many workers.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

To Save Fuel

WHEN the coal range is not in use, I save long fires in the oil stove in several ways. Instead of making the Graham bread in a loaf, I place it in the gem irons and it bakes in twenty minutes, whereas the loaf would have required an hour. The "loaf cake" is baked in patty pans in a correspondingly short time. The steamed breads and puddings are placed in the six shallow cups of an egg poacher and will steam in thirty minutes, instead of requiring two or three hours. These are little things, but they make a big difference in the long run.

Cold Weather Washing

LINEN should never be hung out in freezing weather, as the stiffened threads crack with the movement by the wind or in removing from the line. If there is no attic or other room where they can be dried in a current of air without freezing, have a line suspended near the ceiling of the kitchen and hang them there.

A convenience for cold weather, where the clothes must be hung out of doors, consists of a reel with removable lines. The lines are taken into the house, fastened upon convenient hooks, and the clothes pinned on; they are then carried out in a basket and hooked in place on the reel. The lines must be very short, however, as a line full of wet clothes is by no means an easy thing to carry or handle, and it re-

quires more than the ordinary woman's strength to stretch it in place, if it is more than a few feet long.

If the clothes must be carried out and hung upon a line outside, keep on hand several pairs of white canvas gloves that can be bought for a few cents, and, each time a basketful is carried out, protect the hands with a dry pair of gloves. Place the clothes pins in the oven until they are quite hot just before using and they will save the fingers many tedious aches.

The placing of a couple of handfuls of salt in the bluing water will keep the clothes from freezing before they can be pinned in place.

Art in Dishwashing

MOST women dislike dishwashing, yet few ever give a thought to simplifying the unpleasant and oft occurring work. Yet this is one branch of housework in which modern compounds and appliances help greatly.

Preparing the dishes for washing should be almost half the work. Scrape the dishes carefully — a thin bladed or palate knife is good for the purpose, but a rubber scraper does the work better and quicker, while some prefer soft paper crumpled into a ball. Rinse out dishes and glasses that have contained milk with cold water. In a small deep pan pour a little hot water and add a spoonful of ammonia; in this rinse all greasy dishes and silver. Ammonia chemically does away with grease. Into utensils in which food has stuck or burned shake a quantity

of scouring powder and then pour in warm water. Pour the ammonia rinsing water into greasy pans and kettles.

Use two pans or wooden tubs and a draining basket for the dishes; if rather small and deep they retain the heat of the water longer. In the first pan place a small quantity of soap powder, and over it pour very hot water; when the powder has dissolved reduce with cold water to a comfortable temperature. In the second pan pour hot water for rinsing. In the bottom of the draining basket fold a soft cloth. Sprinkle a bit of powdered borax in each pan; borax is a great cleanser and purifier, and renders the water pleasanter to the touch as well.

With a soft clean cloth or mop wash the dishes in order, rinse quickly in the hot water, and drain in the basket. When ready to wash the cooking utensils, which should be left soaking until washed, scrape briskly with a wire scraper or wire "dishcloth" and pour out the water; they will rarely require any more scraping, but may be washed as easily as the china. If, however, any roughness remains on the inside, sprinkle a little of the scouring powder on a damp cloth and rub lightly. If the bottom of the dishes have become discolored or smoked with the cooking, scour at once with scouring soap or powder, and it will not be difficult to remove.

This method, even with the "fussing" as one woman expresses it, is much better and quicker than the old tedious way of "beginning at them and going straight through."

A. M. A.

* * *

To Cook Cereals Perfectly

TO cook oatmeal or any kind of cereal as thoroughly as it needs to be cooked requires more time than can usually be given in our hurried breakfast getting, and not all of us are blessed, as yet, with a fireless cooker to do the work over night.

So the best substitute is to put the cereal on the stove at supper time, let it come to a good boil, then turn the fire out and leave it in that same spot until breakfast time *without lifting the lid*. The heat already generated will finish cooking the grains so that all that needs to be done in the morning is to stir it from the bottom, add a little water possibly, and reheat for serving.

Of course the vessel must be of crockery, enamel (in which there are no breaks) or aluminum, for the food to be left in it so long, and the lid must be as tight as possible, to retain the steam which does so much of the work. But this method is a great time and gas saver, and the cereal is much more digestible than when cooked by quick boiling. It is the fireless cooker idea applied to common utensils.

Egg Nests

Toast a slice of bread for each person to be served, then beat the white of one egg, for each slice, very stiff. (The whites may be beaten separately or all together and then divided.) Pile this on top of the toast, make a little depression in the center of each, in which to drop a bit of butter and the unbeaten yolk of an egg. Place the slices in the oven until the egg is sufficiently cooked.

This is not merely an appetizing breakfast dish, but delicious to the taste and exceedingly healthful. If the bread is toasted beforehand, the rest is easily done while the guests eat their fruit. It should be served hot from the oven.

Merely a Difference in Counters

When a woman wants to buy a plain linen collar for herself, let her seek a men's clothing store or department and ask for *boys'* collars of the proper size. Not only will she get a collar perfectly cut and of the best material, but she will pay from five

to ten cents less for it than when she purchases the same sort at a woman's neckwear department. I have tested this in "the largest stores south of the Ohio River," and am convinced that it will hold good elsewhere as well. Try it and see.

L. M. C.

* * *

Soft Ginger Cakes

ONE cup of lard and butter, one cup of molasses (Orleans), one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of soda, one cup of boiling water, salt, two eggs, five scant cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and two of ginger. This batter *can be kept* for a *fortnight* and baked in the gem pans at the shortest notice, even after the company are on the porch. Have used it for over thirty years.

An Apple Dessert

MAKE a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar (one and a half cups) and a scant pint of water. In this cook until tender twelve medium-sized apples, pared and cored. When cooked lift them carefully upon a plate to cool and in the syrup cook one pound of apples, peeled and cut into thin slices. When cooked press through a sieve, stir in one teaspoonful of orange extract or the grated rind of an orange, and set aside to cool. Have ready one ounce of raisins, seeded, and one ounce of prepared cocoanut. Put these through the chopper twice, then put them into the centers of the cooked apples. Make a pyramid of the apples on a flat dish, pile the apple sauce around the base and in the spaces between the apples. Then set in a cool place. At serving time beat the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth. Place this around the base of the apples, partly covering the sauce. Above this put a row of bright jelly and serve. This is a very pretty and a delicious preparation of apples.

S. B. P.

A Memory Shelf

PUT up a memory shelf in the cloak-closet. It takes but a minute to place there the things that need attention, when you're going out, such as borrowed books, list of things you want to purchase, etc.

Poison Bottles

TO mark bottles containing poison and prevent accidents, buy some tiny bells, and every time a bottle of poison comes into the house tie a bell to the neck. Even in the dark the bell will give its warning.

For Mending

AN embroidery frame will be found a great help in many instances. Underwear if put over the frame will be easier to mend. The three-cornered tear in a skirt will be more easily repaired, if the frame is used. Be sure to press the mended place well on the wrong side of the goods. J. J. O'C.

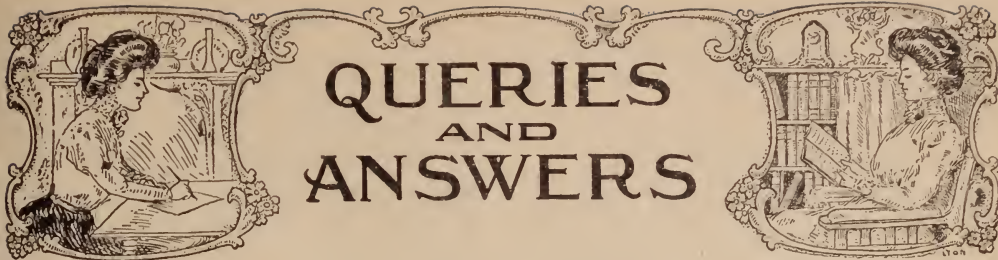
* * *

Squash or Pumpkin Pie

1 cup of squash or pumpkin, after sifting.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of sugar.
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk.
 2 eggs.
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ rounding teaspoonfuls of ginger.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of cinnamon.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of chocolate.

Mix the squash, sugar, yolks of eggs, salt, milk and ginger. Put a little more than half of this into the crust. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and add to it the cinnamon and chocolate, then pour the other half of the mixture slowly onto the whites of eggs, etc., and pour it also into the crust. This will rise to the top and you will have a pie that is light, in color, at bottom and dark on top. I mix my filling in a quart measure because it just fills one of my deep pie tins.

J. L. P.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1540. — "Recipe for large size Fruit Cake."

Ten-Pound Fruit Cake

1 lb. of butter (2 cups)	2 teaspoonfuls of mace
1 lb. of sugar (2 cups)	1 teaspoonful of soda
Yolks of 12 eggs	Whites of 12 eggs
2 cups of molasses	2 lbs. of seeded raisins
1 lb. (4 cups) of sifted flour	2 lbs. of sliced citron
1 teaspoonful of cloves	2½ lbs. of currants
2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon	¼ a lb. of candied orange peel
	¼ a lb. of blanched almonds

Beat the butter to a cream; beat in the sugar, the yolks of eggs, beaten light, the molasses, flour sifted with the soda and spices, the whites of eggs, beaten dry, and, lastly, the fruit and nuts. This may be baked in two hours and forty minutes in tube pans 8½ inches in diameter. The cake will be three inches thick.

QUERY 1541. — "Recipe for Salad Rolls."

Salad Rolls

2 cups of scalded and cooled milk	Flour for batter (about 3 cups)
1 cake of compressed yeast	1 teaspoonful of salt
½ cup of lukewarm water	2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
	Whites of 2 eggs
	¼ to ½ a cup of butter
	Flour for a soft dough

Make a sponge of the first four ingredients. Beat till very smooth, cover and let stand, to become very light.

Add the other ingredients. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic, cover and let stand, to become light. Shape into balls. Cover closely on the board until light and puffy. With the floured handle of a small wooden spoon make a deep crease in the middle of each ball of dough, brush the crease with melted butter and press the buttered surfaces together. Set the biscuit close together in a buttered pan, cover and let rise about ten minutes. Bake about twenty minutes in a hot oven. Brush the top of the biscuits with slightly beaten white of egg and return to the oven to set the egg.

QUERY 1542. — "How may cold roast pork be served other than sliced thin?"

Creamed Roast Pork

Scald two cups of milk, a thick slice of onion and two stalks of celery. Stir in one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, mixed smoothly with one-fourth a cup of milk; continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Strain over two cups of roast pork, freed from fat and unedible portions and cut in small cubes. If the pork seems dry, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter may be beaten into the sauce before the meat is added. Or buttered cracker crumbs

may be spread over the mixture, turned into a baking dish, then set the dish into the oven to brown the crumbs.

Roast Pork Rechaufée

To a cup of brown sauce, made in the pan after the pork is roasted, add one-fourth a cup of well-reduced tomato purée, a slice of cooked onion, pressed through a sieve, or half a teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of beef extract, one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a chilli pepper, chopped exceedingly fine, and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Let boil up once, then add one cup and a half of cold roast pork, cut in cubes. Serve very hot with boiled rice or baked potatoes.

Other Uses for Cold Roast Pork

Cold roast pork, cut in small cubes, may be used with half its bulk of crisp, sliced celery or chopped cabbage as a salad. Marinate the pork with French dressing. When ready to serve, drain, mix with the green vegetable and either boiled or mayonnaise dressing and serve at once. Slices of the pork may be used in a pie. Dissolve a little beef extract in boiling water and thicken or not, as desired. In this heat the slices of meat, turn into a baking dish, cover with pastry or baking powder crust and let bake about twenty-five minutes or until the crust is done. Use potatoes, a green or red pepper pod, and both fat and lean pork; chop fine and turn into a hot and well-buttered frying pan; add a little broth, sauce, or hot water, mix thoroughly, spread evenly over the pan, cover and let cook till well browned, roll like an omelet and serve at once. Cold roast pork chopped with apples, etc., makes good mince meat.

QUERY 1543. — "Recipes for Grape Juice and Grape Wine."

Grape Juice

Wash the grapes and pick them from the stems. Set them in a preserving kettle over the fire, crush with a pestle and let them slowly heat to the boiling point. Let cook until the skins are tender (about fifteen minutes), then strain through two folds of cheese cloth, pressing out all the juice possible. Heat the juice to the boiling point and turn into sterilized jars, filling them to overflow; put on rubbers and sterilized covers; or store in sterile bottles with sterile corks and sealing wax.

Grape Wine

(Fletcher-Berry)

To a gallon of stemmed grapes allow a gallon of boiled rain water. Mash the grapes and let stand in the water a week. Strain, and for each gallon of liquid take three pounds of sugar. Put the juice and sugar in a clean cask. Set it in a warm place, cover the opening with cheese cloth. When fermentation ceases close the bung or store in bottles, sealing tightly.

QUERY 1544. — "Recipe for Scalloped Vegetable Oysters. The cause of Canned Cucumber Pickles becoming tough and shriveled."

Scalloped Vegetable Oysters

Scrape the salsify roots, and, as scraped, drop into cold water, to which two tablespoonfuls of vinegar has been added. Stir a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth, thin paste with cold water, then stir, while gradually pouring on a quart or more of boiling water; let the whole boil, then add the prepared salsify, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cook the salsify until tender, replenishing the saucepan with boiling water as needed. Drain the vegetable and press it through a sieve. To each cup of salsify add a teaspoonful of butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, the beaten yolk of an egg and

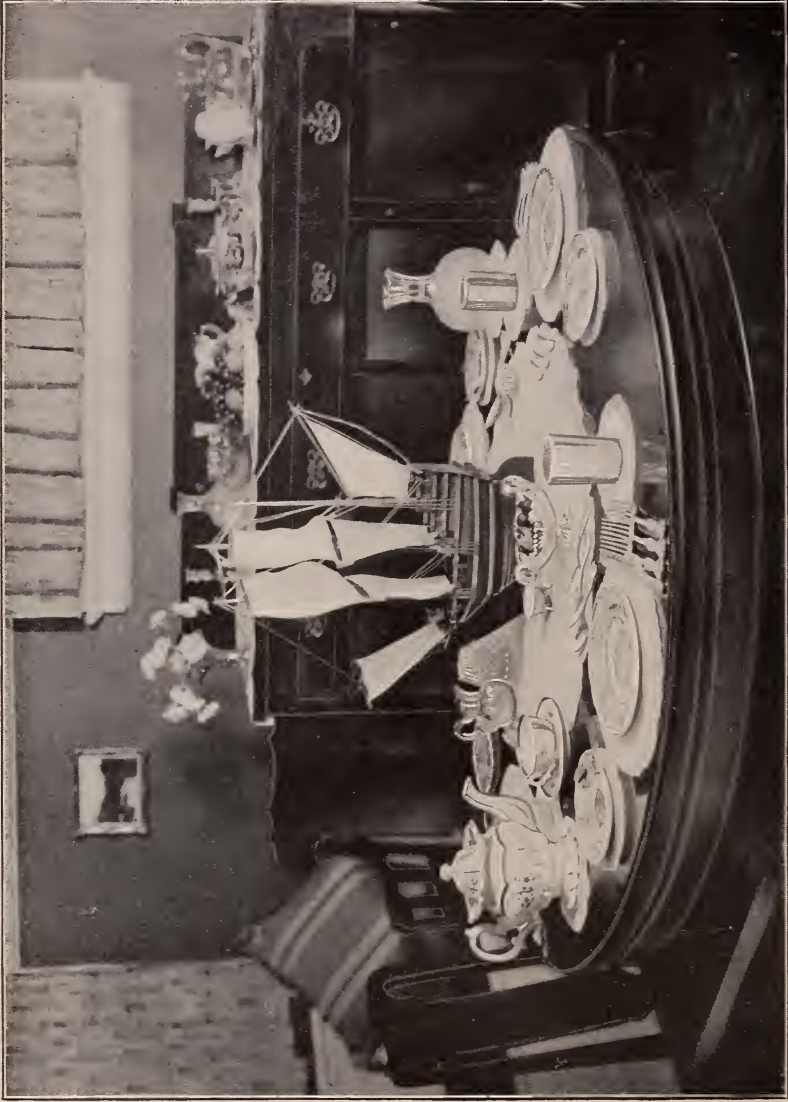


TABLE LAID FOR MAYFLOWER LUNCHEON. MODEL OF THE MAYFLOWER AS CENTERPIECE

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 7



Going to Market on the FRENCH RIVIERA

By
Blanche
McManus

and
Isabel
Floyd-Jones



NOT the least of the attractions of the French Riviera for the stranger are the fruit, flower and vegetable markets. Going to market on the Riviera, if one is keeping house in a flat or villa, is one of the pleasurable *divertissements* of life on the luxurious Côte d'Azur, where the skies are always blue and the climate

is always mild. The occupation is more pleasurable here than anywhere else on earth, and, if one is only a passing tourist, the round of the famous markets of Nice is still a most interesting *passe-temps* of a radiant morning just before that obligatory constitutional on the Promenade des Anglais.

Nice being the largest center of popu-

lation of the region, it comes naturally to be the *entrepôt* and distributing point of the products of the whole Riviera. It has the most extensive, varied and best conducted markets; also they are the most picturesque, save that all continental markets are picturesque, whether it be only an isolated, wide spread umbrella or a greengrocer's stall backed up against the Renaissance portal of some great church.

The markets of Nice begin at the quai-side, where the fishing boats disembark their catch under the very palm trees of the promenades. They end only with the fruit and flower stalls several squares inland, after having run the gamut of most things edible.

It was usually between seven and eight o'clock, just as the pale winter sun was creeping up behind Mont Boron, before the streets had dried out, after their nightly washing down by a

paternal city government, that we used to stroll down into Old Nice to find ourselves in a few moments in the midst of a forest of great umbrellas of all the colors of Joseph's coat. They were the thickest just in front of the Préfecture, and it was here that we usually began our purchasing bout.

Under each umbrella sat a market-woman, usually aged and wrinkled, but sometimes of the buxom, good-natured and jovial class that one likes to associate with such things. They stood guard over their little stores of specialties, perhaps onions, perhaps tomatoes, or leeks, or artichokes, or what not, and were as proud of their wares as if they were the pearls without price of the Rue de la Paix. Each confined her stock to comparatively few varieties. An old woman who sold eggs might have a pigeon or two, in a basket at her feet, and perhaps a rabbit, or a



THE FISHING BOATS AND NETS ENCUMBER EVEN THE PALM-LINED PROMENADES



THE OLD WOMEN AND THEIR WARES

few *petits oiseaux*, but in general the stocks were seldom greatly assorted.

Even in the middle of winter what we know as spring vegetables were the regular offering, and their prices to us from across the seas seemed astonishingly low, though for a fact, Nice being a large city, the standards of prices, we were assured, were city ones; yet celery at two *sous* a bunch and lettuces and cauliflowers at a *sou* a head looked cheap and good to us. The seeming great charm of the markets of Nice was that one of moderate income might fare as well as the richest, for those who came in sables and an automobile — and they were not a few — apparently paid the same prices as ourselves. Judgment and care and a little bargaining were all that were necessary to be able to fill the family larder on a very exceptional basis of outlay.

As we passed along this multi-colored row of umbrellas and stalls, the market-women would call out, "What will you have this fine morning, *ma belle*?" (it was always *ma belle*, even

if your hair was white). If you but smiled and passed on, being merely on your first tour of inspection, to find out where the best and cheapest of things were to be had, it was just the same, a smile and a cheery *bon jour* was always their first offering. This gracious solicitation was a relief from the importunate demands we had been accustomed to elsewhere. It was the same with the fruit and flower stalls, as we made our way along through the center of the market where the little *porteuses* foregathered in front of the Préfecture. This was our usual morning procedure for a period of many weeks, and we came to know well the open-air markets of Nice, as indeed the market people themselves came to know us. It is to their credit and reputation for fair dealing that in all that time we had no complaints to make of overcharging or underselling.

The little *porteuses* of the Nice markets are a unique institution and a most serviceable one. Chiefly these basket carriers are the youngest and

freshest-looking of trim little girls, and, seemingly, all of them were Italians, or, perhaps, the genuine Niçoises, who are often difficult to distinguish from their Ligurian sisters. They stand about the market with their large, flat baskets at their feet, waiting to be hired to accompany you on your marketing round and carry your purchases home.

While one selects the day's provisions, the *porteuse* holds her tray-like basket before you, and, after she has loaded up hoists it handily up to the crown of her head, where it rests as she starts off with a firm, quick step like the classic Greek figures one imagines of the days of old.

From a group of these young girls we chose one who addressed us as we passed with the simple words, "*Portez Mesdames?*" "*Portez Mesdames?*" smiling the while and holding out her basket towards us. Our *porteuse* was a dark-eyed little thing, whose pretty face and gracious manner had attracted us more than any of the others. Her costume

was gay and varied, a very full skirt of bright-hued cotton stuff and a blouse of another color, all mostly covered with an ample apron, while about her shoulders was a party-colored Italian scarf. Her hair was brushed smoothly back and plaited in two tight braids that were crossed in the back and passed under a wide velvet band, which encircled the head like the classic Greek *bandeau*. On the top of the head was kept, most of the time, a pad, like a small toque, of tightly twisted rough toweling, upon which her loaded basket was to rest. It would have been an admission of incompetence for a *porteuse* to attempt to carry her basket under the arm; indeed, it were hardly possible because of its dimensions, hence she was obliged to acquire the art of balancing it on her head.

Attached to the basket of our little *porteuse* was a numbered plaque, showing that she was one of a recognized group of servitors. This number was evidently a license plate, of a similar sort to those worn by the porters at the railway station.

"And what will your charges be to serve us every morning?" we asked.

"Whatever the ladies wish to give," she replied, smiling ingratiatingly.

We pressed the question more definitely and she answered again, "Well, it all depends on the extent of the ladies' purchases and the distance which I have to cover." As the responsibility was thus thrust upon us we offered her twenty-five *centimes*, a bagatelle of five *sous*, which must have been very good pay, for she accepted it eagerly. A frugal French housewife would have bargained for two *sous*, no doubt, but we were content.

Our little *porteuse* followed us about from stall to stall with her rapidly filling basket poised nicely on her head, balanced occasionally with a slight touch of one hand. She bent down, from time to time, to add to her load, like a camel; the simile hardly does the





THE MARKETS OF "OLD NICE"

graceful little girl justice, the operation was more like the old-fashioned English courtesy.

If it happened to be a head of lettuce that we had just bought or a stalk of celery, the market-woman with an expert twist of the wrist would toss it aloft into the basket, and thus the whole procedure became more or less automatic.

We were doing more or less light housekeeping and our purchases were made on a comparatively small scale, so our little helper was not overburdened, as were many of her companions, who were often so loaded down with their heavy baskets that they could scarcely move in a straight line. One little *porteuse*, following a couple of French women, was so heavy-laden that she just wobbled along under the great weight. Her basket was filled to overflowing and, in one hand, a live hen was hanging, head downwards, and in the other a rabbit, while over the edge of the basket on her head we saw a couple of snub-nosed little creatures

with shining black eyes, which could have been nothing but guinea pigs. Why guinea pigs in a market basket? we wondered, and inquired into the matter at the next opportunity.

The opportunity soon presented itself, for the very next stall held rabbits and *guinea pigs* for sale.

"What are they bought for?" we asked.

"Oh!" said the young girl who had charge of the stall, "*pour manger*. Here is a nice fat one, and very tender; will you not have it?" she continued as she held out a plump little wad of animality not unlovely to look upon by any means. "They are a great delicacy, and cheap at a franc," said a French woman who was passing. But the very thought was enough for us. It would be like eating white mice.

Another little *porteuse* passed us, her basket heaped up with most of the products of the goddess Flora, not omitting a string of garlic a yard long and a good supply of *patates*, or sweet pota-

toes, as they are known in America. They are not considered a great delicacy here; indeed, few but the Italians eat them, but all the same they were the real thing and we found them good when we laid in a supply ourselves. There were always to be had large purple figs, and oranges of all sizes and shades of sweetness and sourness, and scarcely a basket went by that was not topped off with a great bunch of carnations, which, if not the favorite flower of the Riviera (one does not readily cast aside the violets of Nice) have certainly come to a profusion and elegance here that are unknown elsewhere.

The flower markets had more attraction for us than those which purveyed live stock, for you buy your hens and chickens and rabbits and guinea hens and guinea pigs all alive, you know. We seldom returned without having added a big bunch of carnations to our purchases of the morning. A most beautiful lavender shade most attracted us; the flowers seemed to be something quite out of the common, though a large bunch could be had for four or five *sous*. The big purple violets of Nice seemed cheap at two *sous* a bunch, and enough orange blossoms could be bought for the same sum to perfume one's apartment for a fortnight, with their languorous odor. The roses were the dearest flowers in the Nice markets, and were chiefly to be found only as tight little buds, which could, in consequence, be counted on to endure a long time, for it is in this state that they are cut for shipping

abroad to such widely separated points as London, Saint Petersburg and Vienna.

Take it all in all, in spite of Nice being the chief metropolis of the Riviera, a city of a hundred thousand souls, the center of the gay whirl, low prices and prime quality seemed to be the characteristics of her markets; and then all is set out in such an inviting and attractive manner, small wonder it is that the gentle art of marketing becomes so engaging an occupation. Elsewhere we would have sent the cook or the maid out to do the marketing, but here we would not have thought of such a thing for a moment.

Sometimes, when we went for a stroll on the Promenade des Anglais, we sent the little *porteuse* on alone, with our purchases for a headdress, and, sometimes, at a distance we remarked that she looked little enough like a market girl, for the general scheme of her basket *coiffe* was not unlike some of the latest things in spring hats that we recalled having seen in recent seasons.

Regularly as was our custom, we picked up our little handmaiden at her stand near the Préfecture and as regularly, after the first morning, she had a tiny bunch of fresh-cut violets ready to thrust into our hands as a donation towards the amity of nations. Needless to say she did not lose by her thoughtfulness. Not all the tradesmen and people one meets on the world's most luxurious playground exploit the stranger unduly, no more than are all the strangers on the Riviera members of the families of milords or millionaires.



The Beef Crop and the American Woman

By Helen Campbell

"**B**EEF famine? Why of course there will be a beef famine, at any rate, of porterhouse steaks. It's you women who make all the trouble. You turn up your noses at the cheap cuts, because in this country nobody knows how to cook them, or only one in a thousand, if there is even that percentage. I admit the look of a perfectly cooked sirloin or porterhouse steak means a good deal, but to get just those cuts you reject eighty per cent of the animal. That is part of the reason for climbing prices, and for despair among the wage-earners, spoiled by American methods and too thick-headed to try any others. I've watched lots of the women, and I've talked with some of them, and I've never yet been able to persuade one of them that there are other ways with beef besides frying."

"What can you possibly know about cooking?" said the college girl, at her father's old home for vacation and studying this Western uncle with unceasing surprise. There was a reason. The big, broad, soldierly-looking gentleman, who smiled as he met her puzzled look, was not in the slightest her idea of the owner of a cattle ranch, but then neither did he look as if he had been born in this far corner of northern Maine, in the grandfather's house to which the city grandchildren came in summer. Now he was considering her with a look she could hardly define; interest, curiosity and even pity, it seemed, and she flushed a little, not certain what might come next. But his quick laugh reassured her and she repeated her question.

"We ranchmen learn a good many things; have to, you know, to keep alive. I was an utter greenhorn when I began, but now our Colorado and other far Western high schools, with

a manual training annex, give a course in camp-cookery to all the boys, so that they start out perfectly fitted to cope with the ranch ration. As to all that, I'll tell you some other time. It's the meat question I am thinking about just now, and it is one the women have got to handle. You are at Pratt, they say, getting ready for Domestic Science work. How much do you know about cheap cuts?"

"You are the most astonishing of relatives," the girl said as her fit of laughter ended. "I beg your pardon, but it sounded as if you were a butcher instead of one of the great cattle men."

"If I could turn you into a missionary for the great cattle men," the reply came, "and you could actually put some sense into the heads of women as to what the meat question means, we would pay you a bigger salary than all your fancy cooking will ever bring you. My dear, I am in earnest. The women are the only ones who can alter the meat question. We cattle men began with a good many wrong notions, the worst of them that of giving no winter feed, but letting the cattle forage for themselves. Twenty per cent were often lost this way, but that now is all different. A winter-fed steer, though it has to be fed up to the mark before shipping, fattens quickly, whereas the old way was both wasteful and cruel. But that isn't the point. There is a beef problem, at present. That is because eighty per cent of the demand for beef is for only twenty per cent of the carcass. That is, the overwhelming call is for steak and rib pieces, all of them high priced; so high that the Packers' Convention, from which I came last week, decided that prices could not and must not be forced any higher. What a lot of them talked about was a regu

lar campaign of education as to the merits of the cheap cuts and the best ways of handling them. The American workman's wife — and I've seen her with my own eyes — seven times out of ten puts a lump of beef over her fire in a cold pan and lets it fry slowly in its own fat, a morsel when her husband gets it as savory and digestible as an old boot-heel. She doesn't know that stewing or braising slowly would have made it real food, fit to build up the body instead of the poison stuff she makes it. I've traveled and used my eyes in France, Spain and Italy, and beef there not only means high price, but it means also that these southern European women know every art of making delicious meals from pieces the American woman would not look at. Now, down on the ranch, when I look at a fine fat steer, I have to say to myself, 'Because of fool women eighty per cent of you is no good.' Even if science could suddenly give us a breed with four hind quarters instead of two, it would be of no use save for a little while, since population keeps on increasing. It isn't to raise more animals, but to raise finer and finer ones, in the mean time educating the public to a more economical use of the supply. If meat must be, and it appears to be something this country calls for more than any other on the planet, the cheap cut has got to have its rights. Come, Milly, if you will turn missionary and make this your specialty, I myself will guarantee you big money. It would pay us and pay you."

The girl's eyes had grown big as he talked with an earnestness that had first amused, then astonished, and now more than half convinced her.

"But, uncle," she began, "don't you see it is the meat part I don't like and never did, though of course I study it. I don't even care for meat, except now and then, and never did."

"Child," said the big man, and now he rose and towered over her, "if you

had a call to be a missionary, you wouldn't be asking questions as to whether you liked the personal appearance of the folks you wanted to convert. This country needs missionaries as to the meat question more than any other on the planet. Suppose your duty and your wish were just as clear for this as for the religious business. That's all right, but here is a big job that must be tackled, and I tell you again only the women can handle it. Or, if you don't want to cook the stuff, can't you start out just talking and go to every woman's club in the United States, North, South, East and West? I declare to you, if you will learn how to do it, you shall have just what the Packers' Association would give you without winking. And if they didn't, I would. It would pay me."

"Then you will have to coach me," the girl said after a silence in which she was lost in thought, and the big man watched her attentively.

"Come to the ranch with me this winter. Get the feel of the whole thing. You want something more than the outfit of the Yankee schoolmarm. You've got temperament, and that's half in anything. I mean you can feel the situation and put yourself in it. Then we'll see to the announcing, and you shall begin a campaign. Will you do it? A free lecture to every club in the United States when I am sure you are fully posted, and it won't take long. The campaign has begun. Underground at present, but wait a bit and we shall see!"

Has she begun? Not yet, but the uncle did not return alone, and in the far West are rumors that a young and most attractive college woman has seen the situation, realized that there is a meat question of tremendous, even overmastering importance, and is shortly to begin, State by State, to secure the coöperation of women's clubs in general. There the matter rests today

Are You Saving Your Strength?

By Mrs. Charles Norman

THIS query, "Are you saving your strength?" was put to me so solemnly and suddenly the other day, that it appeared at the instant a reasonable interrogative; but the longer I thought about it the more senseless it seemed. The argument, which went along with it, was something like this: "Given ten pounds of strength. If you spend five, you have but five left." It sounded like a genuine arithmetical truth, but was nevertheless false and ridiculous. The power of my muscles does not abate by use, but rather increases; and the same is true of every faculty I possess. If a man is planning to cross a difficult mountain pass, he does not prepare for it by lying in bed, but rather by the most strenuous and systematic course in climbing or walking.

It was not so very long ago that I heard a mechanic lamenting that his left arm lacked training. His right arm was stronger than the left, not because it had saved its strength, but because it had not. It had not only done a little work, enough to keep it from getting paralyzed, but it had done an ever-increasing amount, until it became brawny; it had power; it amounted to something. The left arm had used its strength sparingly, and consequently could do only a supplementary task.

The rule holds with other parts of our bodies, so much so that we tremble to think what might become of our digestive apparatus, if all our food were predigested.

I once knew a good old country doctor who from infancy was an extremely delicate man. If he had been an idle preson, he would probably have died young, but he gave himself to others. He had no time for thinking of himself. He could not stop for

death, and that relentless reaper did not stop for him till he was well past the sublime limit of three-score and ten years. In addition to a feeble constitution he had feeble eyesight; but by extreme prudence his eyes gave him reasonable service and he never had to abandon his studies. He told me once he had seldom found any need to warn his patients against overwork, but had urged congenial work and plenty of it. "There are sick people who need doctors," he said, "but they are few. Most people could cure themselves if they would. The healer must have a healthy mind, however, and to that end he must be interested in work."

All of us are acquainted with people who hold out at hard labor far beyond the expectations of onlookers. Sometimes we say, "She has a wonderful constitution." In that way we explain all miracles, though we suspect we do not quite understand.

Alice Freeman Palmer, who, when only a girl, became president of Wellesley College, was a delicate woman, yet she did the work of two or three men. She died at a comparatively early age, it is true, but her physicians said death was due to peculiar conditions, which could not have been averted. Work did not kill her, but kept her alive; and oh, so much alive, that it is a joy to think of her! But lest I tell a half truth, there must be added to this statement another of equal value. Mrs. Palmer could relax and play a game with relish, though mountains of labor stood between her and her night's slumber. She did not think of the work during playtime, but gave herself whole-heartedly to the recreation. This ability to attend, with strictest attention, to the matter in hand was evidence of superior mentality; but the

woman could not be accused of saving her strength. When she stopped work it was only to invigorate herself and marshal her forces for a mighty charge. It was like pausing to eat a meal.

Doubtless there are many people killed from a too incessant application to work, but do not hundreds die annually from that ennui which follows laziness, from useless worry which they cannot get rid of, because they never put a new thought into their brains to crowd out the old one?

Some lazy people do not die — alas! A providence we do not understand keeps them on the earth, but it is never sufficient to keep them in health.

A young woman ran to me one evening in despair. She had planned to go to the Symphony, and the friend who was to accompany her was ill. She was "so put out." She would have "a whole evening on her hands."

Such dejection and such helplessness! And yet that woman had lived in this beautiful, wonderful world full twenty-six years and was what people called "educated." It is almost needless to add a remark about her health. She did a certain amount of work because she had to. It was worthy employment, but she was ashamed of it and got no blessing from it. Half her hours were spent in wishing for something she did not have or in hunting for amusement.

"Indolent and self-caressed,
By flattery's unwearied finger dressed,"

she stood before her mirror and thought how much the world owed her. There was never a winter she did not go to the hospital for some sort of treatment, and her adorers always said: "Poor thing! What a pity for her to have to work!" The truth was, she was shirking her duty every day and every way, and probably needed nothing but a keen interest in work to cure her worst ailment.

She was a vampire feeding upon society and failing to get nourishment.

People like to be told they are overworking. They like to think it, and they very soon become self-deceived. Doctors, though they may be wise enough to see the truth, are not reckless enough to utter it; and so mankind is coddled and coddled. It is safe, then, to assume that no one is going to tell you precisely what is the matter with you unless it be some unknown individual at long distance.

Circumstances may have worked out for you a course of action, which shall engage your full time and affection; but if this is not true, you must seek your own field of labor, and, when once you find it, do not spare yourself. People are too afraid of beginning something they will not have time to finish. Well, begin! You will at least have the benefit of continuous interest, and if God calls you away, that is His affair. Your performance is complete, no matter how abrupt the end.

Life

By C. M. Garrett

(In *The Craftsman*)

A shadow here, a shadow there,
A little sunshine everywhere;
Today, great joy; tomorrow, care.

A throb of love, a thrill of hate;
A long, long waiting at the gate
For dawns that break an hour too late.

And yet a splendid round: a strife
That man may win who dares the knife
And plays the game—the game of life.

A Valentine

By Lalia Mitchell

A little bird, a pretty bird,
 Came singing to my door,
 And I in every measure heard
 A pledge of winter o'er;
 A promise of the coming days,
 Of budding tree and vine,
 And him, I named, in highest praise,
 The season's Valentine.

A little maid, a pretty maid,
 Came singing to my heart,
 That long in loneliness had strayed,
 From love and maids apart.
 I clasped her close; grown newly wise,
 I knew that she was mine;
 The light of springtime in her eyes,
 My life's fair Valentine.

Taking Temperature

By Kate Gannett Wells

OF all uncanny ways, whether clinical or psychological, of finding out the truth about another, that of taking temperature, either by the little clinical thermometer or through the personal grasp of intuition, is the most uncanny. It is so impertinent to give evidence against or in favor of one's self, because somebody or something so wills, and it is so disconcerting to be compelled to accept the inanimate registrations of a thermometer as the revealing of facts, whether for better or worse.

But just as the clinical thermometer becomes a guide to the physician through the labyrinth of disease, so does intuition (that mysterious power by which one person understands another better than one does one's self) often afford a clue by which self-recovery can be obtained. Dread of the thermometer, however, may be nothing compared with the nervous prostration of one's innermost self before somebody, who reads right into one's mind or senses and whose possession of the truth about one's self cannot be thrown off. Psychology, criminal or pedagogical, undertakes to

explain the how of it all, though, meanwhile, one is her own victim or scapegoat of being understood, when she was not yet ready to give herself away.

Perhaps, after all, it is as well that we cannot deceive ourselves successfully, and that we know who are our examiners. We learn to keep calm just because our temperature is to be taken, hoping, perhaps, to mislead the doctor, and, because we do, more or less, believe that there is somebody around who is subtle enough to read our moods, we will try not to have any except that of serenity, and so, out of this desire to preserve the secrecies of ourselves, grows the habit of self-control and of steady amiability, as we find we must manage ourselves, if we do not want to be managed. Thanks to medical science, popular psychology and, above all, to religious faith, we are able to do far more for the health of our bodies and temperaments than if we had not been forewarned.

Fortunately there are hours when, in our nervousness, we fancy we never again shall be as we were, we find that the truth of the clinical thermometer or the trust of the friend who knows

our better self is the refuge against our despair and the strength of our salvation. Then comes the puzzle of how much self-control are we capable. Shall we simply be still and wait, or shall we fight mentally against weakness and depression? The bother of it being that often we do not know which is best. So again we give thanks to the inanimate guidance of the thermometer and to the uncomprehended inspiration of being strengthened somehow by somebody, which enables us to recover again our balance and rise upward.

Perhaps, as life grows more complicated, there may be patented helps to self-control by the device of clinical thermometers, which can be so deftly hidden in handkerchief, fan, bottle of smelling salts or violets, that no one will know we carry about with us an infallible means of discovering how our temperature is rising. Think how much friction could be saved at committee meetings, if we counted the registration on such thermometers before we fell into an argument or speculated in graft! Think of the family jars between husbands and wives, parents and children, that would fall noiseless, if we knew how we registered—more effective in restraint than the proverbial soft answer which instead of turning away wrath often increases it. We might even discover when we were in danger of exaggeration or scandal, always, however, considering the stimulus of harmless gossip as conducive to normal temperature, since sub-normal registration and mental weariness often follow the visit of a friend who tells one nothing or else utters platitudes about social welfare, when what one needs is a whole lot of social gossip that, yet, is free from malice. It is just this personal element that makes printed Recollections and Memoirs entertaining, and droll is it to see how moral, good people, who think it bad form to gossip about the present, enjoy reading ignominious trifles about the celeb-

rities of the past. Gossip, after all, is merely genuine human interest in people and does more good than harm. To tell a story without exaggeration is all right; exaggerate it, and the right to gossip is lost.

It goes without saying that it is always difficult to hit the medium between not thinking at all about one's self and not thinking enough. Too much humility is as deadening as too much conceit. Moreover, to think all the time about what one ought to do for others is like putting on spurs to the activity of sensationalism concerning self, which frequently has a fatal practical result through adding another social organization, a new channel of effort, a new appeal for moneys to the myriads already existing. It often seems as if social-welfare people were goading the slow-moving, forecasting people into inaction, because the latter generalize on supposed results before they take up the details of working them out. There is no rarer quality of mind than that of "strenuous research and honest generalization." Yet it is almost the last quality that marks the everyday enthusiasts and promoters of new, small causes. Such persons should take their own temperature, that it may guide them better than their conscience; for enthusiasts, without knowledge, and special, social, research workers, without breadth of mind for later generalization, are sure to fail in obtaining what should be the average normal registrations of sane health.

After all, the tender, mental atmosphere in which we view the little clinical thermometer is full of healing. It throbs with memories of the heroisms it has registered, as the strength of faith and conscience, of will power and patience, has been reckoned by its markings. It has reached unto heights of moral sublimity, matched only by the mysterious processes of returning health. It is a perpetual symbol of

the old Greek adage, "Know thyself." Through its accuracy of statement we are empowered to deal with the future as we learn how soul and body react on each other. Whatever its service be, to us in the physical sense, greater far is the aid it can give in controlling temperament (that insidi-

ous foe or hall-mark of genius), and maintaining it on the level lines of equanimity. Having learned our lesson, we lay the thermometer aside, as we do all other temporary expedients, keeping ourselves automatically and unconsciously at the average normal registration of health and sanity

A Cook's Hobby

By Caroline B. King

I HAVE often wondered whether any of the readers of this magazine have discovered, as I have done, how much real pleasure can be derived from the practice of some mild sort of hobby.

I would like to tell you the story of my own especial hobby, which has been so amusing, and at times so instructive, that not one of my friends has ever thought for a moment of ridiculing it. My hobby is the collecting of old books of recipes. It began with one battered cookbook, which I discovered on the musty, dusty shelf of an old bookshop one afternoon, and has grown since to proportions of which I am proud. My first book is called the "Compleat Confectioner and Guide to Family Cookery," and was published in Leith, Scotland, in 1809.

The "Compleat Confectioner and Guide" attracted me, at once, with its time-worn and yellow leaves, between which I discovered several faded blossoms which still gave forth a faint perfume.

On a more thorough examination I found that my book was a real treasure, being an author's edition and signed on a fly leaf with the author's name, "James Caird."

Later my book must have become the property of one Mrs. Margaret Allison, whose name and address and

the date, June 1, 1824, appear under the author's signature.

Mistress Allison must have been a very methodical lady, for her books seem to have been numbered, my book bearing the number seventy under the name, and beneath all a neat and prim little scroll. I wish I had time and the eloquence of pen to portray the queer things in the line of edibles which I have found in this book: the preface, for instance, in which the author tells of his purpose to set forth for the benefit of his readers, a book on the art of cookery, which shall be "so plain, so concise and so exact as to render it a valuable and agreeable assistant to the mistress of a family," and the beautiful vagueness of some of the recipes as a contrast. "To Make Lemonade," one is told to "take a considerable quantity of pure spring water, a good many slices of lemon, some sugar and some oil of sulphur, then to let it stand awhile and it is ready for use." There is a rule for the making of heartburn lozenges, which has always elicited a great deal of admiration for the brain that could conceive such a mixture of brown sugar, chalk, prepared coral, crab's eyes, bole ammoniac, powdered pearls, and gum arabic as go to the making of these wafers.

Candied Eringo Roots, and Sampire, and conserve of rose leaves, are

unique dainties; the latter is made entirely of scarlet rosebuds pounded in a mortar with thrice their amount of sugar, until the whole is a solid mass; it is then boiled and "put down in pots." Hartshorn jelly is much the same as a jelly made from gelatine, with the exception that shaved hartshorn is used and the process of making is very long and tiresome.

An elaborate dish is a fish pond in jelly, for which you must first mold fishes of blancmange and [when set *paint them* in their natural colors, then pour into a deep dish as much hartshorn jelly as will cover the bottom well; when firm the fishes are to be placed upon the jelly, with painted sides downwards, then covered with jelly, which is again allowed to set. "When the jelly is firm, lay more fishes across the others, so that they will appear in various situations when it is turned out. Pour on more jelly, when cold lay the largest fishes which you have molded on top, turn out and serve. For variety *gild the fish* with gold leaf to imitate gold-fish." Another fancy dish is described as "a dish of artificial fruits"; in this the fruits, made of blancmange in the same way as the fish, are painted with all sorts of dangerous sounding materials, showing that no heed was paid to the question of pure foods when that book was published.

Chinese Temple is another complicated dessert, so complicated, in fact, that two whole pages of text are required to describe its making. "Whipt Syllabubs" are more romantic in sound than in reality, for one is directed to milk the cow directly into the syllabub preparation, to make a "froth," and then to serve at once. Imagine such a proceeding in these days of sterilizing and pasteurizing!

Among the interesting and unique articles of food described in the "Compleat Confectioner," the most elaborate is a "Christmas Pye," which calls for a large turkey, a goose, a hen, a par-

tridge and a pigeon, also a hare and a muir fowl, with no end of butter, besides spices, and a stiff, strong paste to encrust the whole. The various animals are to be boned (itself a tedious process) and then placed within the "pye," and for the arranging of them there are minute details.

My first purchase proved so fascinating and so interesting and was, withal, so modest in price, that I began searching in all the old bookshops in the city for a second cookbook, and was finally rewarded in finding a slim little volume entitled the "Frugal Housewife or Compleat, Woman Cook."

This little book, I discovered, was also a treasure, in its quiet way, for it was printed in Philadelphia, in 1796, and was one of the first cookbooks published in America. It is much more difficult to read, however, than my "Compleat Confectioner," because of the queer old-fashioned spelling and confusing long s's.

The "Frugal Housewife" bears on its fly leaf this inscription,

"JANE MALIN
HER BOOK 1797"

written in a straggling pointed hand, and beneath this name in a bolder writing, which contains some flourishes,

"NANCY MALIN HOOPES
1815"

and again,

"JANE HOOPES TAYLOR
1835"

clearly showing how the precious book has descended from mother to daughter.

Turning its pages, after I had purchased the thin little book, I found two papers of great interest hidden between its covers; the first, a tax receipt made out to John Malin for the year 1814, yellow, brittle, and nearly one hundred years old. The second, a paper filled with treasured recipes written in the same hand as that which penned the name of the first owner, Jane Malin.

One of the recipes is so good and has been used with so much success by my friends and myself that I am moved to give it to the readers.

Bath Buns

"A quarter of a pound of flour, four yolks and three whites of eggs, four spoonfuls of good yeast; beat all up well together, and set it before the fire to raise. Then rub into one pound of flour ten ounces of butter, add a half pound of sugar and some caraway comfits; when the eggs and yeast have sufficiently risen, mix, by degrees, all together, cover over with a cloth and set it again before the fire; when light form the paste into buns, brush over with yolk of egg, strew with comfits and bake in a quick oven."

I have found these better if allowed to rise once more after being formed into buns.

The "Frugal Housewife" contains some very queer old rules for cookery, most of them beginning, "You must take," and calling for a pint of rich cream, or a quart of new milk, or two or three dozen eggs, or several pounds of butter, which rather contradicts its name.

"A Sweet Christmas Pye" contains some very peculiar ingredients, for chickens, mace, cinnamon, the yolks of eggs, artichoke bottoms, "raisins of the sun," lemon and eringo root, currants, and forcemeat balls, butter and the juice of sweet oranges and "of sugar as much as you like" go into its making; and still there are people who pine for the good old days of long ago, and the old-fashioned cookery of our great-grandmothers.

The first pages of the "Frugal Housewife" are devoted to "Simple and Practical Menus for Every Day," and as an example I will give a bill of fare for April:

Dinner

Ham and Chickens, Roasted, with
Gravy Sauce
A Piece of Corned Beef
A Shoulder of Veal, Stuffed
Vegetables
Carrots and Greens
And to top off with a Dessert of
Plum Pudding

Supper is as bad.

A Pair of Ducklings, Roasted, with
Gravy Sauce
Scotch Collops, with Mushrooms
Gooseberry Tartlets

Can any one wonder that our ancestors suffered from gout?

My next purchase was "The Lady's Companion or Accomplished Director in the Whole Art of Cookery, by a Lady," and was published in London, in 1767.

In the preface the Lady, who signs herself "Ceres," explains her motives for publishing the "Lady's Companion" in stilted and flowery language.

If the "Frugal Housewife" seemed extravagant in her planning of the day's meals, the "Lady" is even more so. For a dinner on a Fast Day she recommends the following:

FIRST COURSE

A Dish of Fish. An Oyster Pye
A Sallad. An Almond Pudding
A Dish of Cauliflower

SECOND COURSE

A Dish of Small Chickens, Roasted
A Pigeon Pye A Brown Ragout
A Plumb Tart
A Duck, Roasted A Dish of Lobsters

DESSERT

Fruits Sweetmeats
Naples Biscuits and Drops
Almonds and Raisins Jellies and Whips
Currant Jelly A Plate of Chinese Orange
Sugar Loaf Hills

Imagine *fasting* on such fare!

To dress pig's petty toes is an interesting thing to read, as is also a recipe for a Bitilia Pye which contains every ingredient under the sun, from chicken and pigeons, onions and sweets, to anchovies and oysters, and Claret and Rhenish wine.

The "New Art of Cookery," by Richard Briggs, "many years cook at the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street, and Principal of the Temple Coffee House, London," is another of my treasures, published in 1798.

The "New Art of Cookery" tells, among other things, of many ways for cooking eggs. "Amulets" in all varieties are interesting, and the rule for fried eggs is really wonderful, for "you must take" three pounds of butter, clarify it, strain it, and then proceed with your frying of the eggs, which you may "serve on toasts if it pleases you."

A Welsh Rabbit, as made by Mr. Briggs of the Globe Tavern and the Temple Coffee House, is entirely unlike the modern chafing-dish variety and not nearly so tempting even in print.

And so I have gone on for two years, collecting my old cookbooks; each one a source of new rejoicing and amusement to the whole family as well as to myself. So far I have only twelve books, but am constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to add to my quaint assortment.

The "Virginia Housewife" is my latest acquisition and the most modern of my books. It was published in 1819 and contains several recipes which sound tempting enough, with which I shall experiment when opportunity presents itself; Sweet Potato Buns, for

example, and Rice Waffles and Virginia Batter Bread.

One interesting old book, which has found a place in my collection, is a treatise on the "Adulteration of Food and Culinary Poisons, Exhibiting the Fraudulent Sophistications of Articles Employed in Domestic Economy and Methods for detecting Them."

It was published in London, in 1800 and is filled with queer old woodcuts and engravings, showing that even in those days the pure food question was something of a problem as it is today. Those of my books that were in a dilapidated condition, when I purchased them, I have rebound in a plain half calf binding, endeavoring to change them as little as possible.

Others have required simply the addition of corners of calf, with perhaps a strip along the edge of the book, to preserve its original cover. The outlay for my entire library of old cookbooks has not meant a sum greater than eighteen dollars, and for that small amount of money I have obtained a collection that is to me invaluable, while to my friends and family it is an endless source of amusement and pleasure.

The Kettle's Song

By Ruth Raymond

Oh, many a tune is merry,
And many a song is sad,
A low refrain may give us pain
Or make us good and glad,
And many a rhyme remembered
Still echoes through the years;
But the kettle's song, so full and strong,
Is the song that soothes and cheers.

It minds us still of mother
And the happy childhood days,
Of the farmhouse, bright with its candlelight
And the fireplace ruddy blaze,
Of the table, snowy covered,
And the grace that youth reveres.
Oh, the kettle's song, so full and strong,
Is the song that soothes and cheers.

Though long from home we've wandered
From mother's tender care,
From the smiling eyes, so true and wise,
That lifted oft in prayer,
When, lonely, sad, discouraged,
Our cheeks are wet with tears,
The kettle's song, so full and strong,
Is the song that soothes and cheers.

Furnishing One Room

By Jeannette Morrill

TO furnish a house is not difficult — given the house and the money. But it so happens that students, women who work, and many others, at times, practically live in one room. To furnish such a room, which shall be sleeping-room, workroom and living-room combined, is something of a problem.

In house furnishing, as in woman's dress, there is forever the struggle between the æsthetic and the practical. The wholly practical person will have the necessary, and only the necessary, pieces of furniture; and these will be placed solely with an eye to convenience. The effect is not always pleasing, but the mere convenience and restfulness of such a room may satisfy the mind.

At the other extreme is the room which is furnished with only the thought of æsthetic effect. I am now occupying such a room. A desk is so placed that the light is poor by day, and by night it must be lighted with a portable lamp. A dressing-case is similarly placed in relation to light, natural and artificial. Worse even than this, to be seated at the desk, or to stand comfortably at the dressing-case, one must move the couch which is placed between them. Moreover this unfortunate couch obstructs two windows. A table, convenient in size and shape, is placed in the middle of the room. If this were under the gas, it would be a comfort, although it is probably true that nothing should ever be placed in the middle of a small room. But what really occupies the space under the gas is a small stand, too low to be of any use whatever. The remaining window is occupied by another ornamental stand. Finally, to reach desk, table, couch, or dressing-case it is neces-

sary to go awkwardly around a large chair. This, perhaps, is love of beauty gone mad; yet, if we consider only balance of form and beauty of color, the room is a perfect success.

If neither the room which is furnished for practical convenience nor the room which is furnished wholly for pleasing effect satisfies us, how then shall we furnish? May we not first consider convenience, and add what we can of beauty? If the problem were my own, I should first choose a well-lighted room. If possible I should have the walls and floor in harmony. Next I should consider window draperies. Fascinating as the possibilities are in colored draperies, I should resist the temptation. A room which is to be in part a workroom needs strong light; in general, simple white draperies are the safest. These points being settled, I should choose the essential pieces of furniture. For me these would be a good desk or library table, a couch, a dressing-case — or better still a chest of drawers and mirror — and two comfortable chairs. To these we may add two uncomfortable chairs. I mean the beautiful or comfortable, but which are indispensable. Whether more pieces of furniture should be added or not would, of course, depend upon the size of the room; but, above all, I should avoid overcrowding.

In arranging the furniture I should first place the desk and dressing-case in good light. The other pieces may be placed with the thought of balance or effect. If possible I should leave the windows free.

We may now consider ornament. I believe strongly in the decorative value of brass and china; but in a room like this only a few pieces can be used. If, however, these are well chosen,

they may give tone to the whole room.

When we reach the walls, surely we may turn our æsthetic impulse loose! Nay, I am not so sure! Personally I believe that not more than three pictures should be hung in a room. But the hanging of pictures is a chapter by itself, and perhaps I am wrong. Certainly the simplicity and dignity of one large picture, worthy of the space, are better than a patchwork of small pic-

tures, however good each may be in itself.

To sum up, in furnishing one room, let us have the few essential pieces of furniture conveniently placed. If we can, let us express ourselves in two or three pieces of brass or pottery and a few pictures. And, finally, let us not overcrowd either floor or walls; for the life of a man or woman who lives in one room "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Rational Finance

By Kate Hudson

BELINDA, three years married, Prudence, just after celebrating her wooden wedding, were naturally — by example and precept — eminently qualified to throw light upon *the problem* of Doris's three months of matrimony.

"Why, certainly you'll have to set up an account book; I do," explained Prudence. "I put down every cent I get and every cent I spend, and what for; and every week, once a month and twice a year, I balance my accounts and see just where I stand."

"Well, I *don't*; for what's the use?" exclaimed Belinda. "*Dick* knows I get it, I know what I spend it for, we *both* know when it's gone. Don't you addle your head and ink your fingers with 'receipts' and 'expenditures,' Doris dear; just you listen to me and *don't*."

Happy-go-lucky Belinda made Doris laugh — no one ever takes Belinda seriously — but Prudence's easy familiarity with accounts and balances filled her gentle unarithmetical soul with an awesome admiration. "And, Prudence," she faltered, "they *always* come out even? Your accounts are straight, dear Prudence, *always*?"

"Why of *course*," affirmed Prudence,

with great pride, "and why shouldn't they be? And besides, whenever I'm seventeen or eighteen cents — and sometimes it's more — short I put it down against 'Sundries' and *make* it balance; why, what's the matter, Belinda?"

Amid Belinda's derisive laughter and Prudence's protestations Doris silently resolved to keep on with her own simple scheme for successfully meeting the demands upon the modest amount Harry could afford to give her every week for her housekeeping. She has carried out that resolution for seven years of happy wedlock with excellent results; and now, as then, every Friday evening witnesses the following little performance:

As soon as the small son and wee daughter have subsided, Harry takes from his pocket a roll of bills, which he proceeds to count, while Doris goes to her top bureau drawer and from it takes four more or less age-worn and very shabby pocketbooks, with which she returns and to each one of which she assigns a part of her share of the family budget.

Into one purse she folds a certain sum for the house rent — always a

quarter of the entire amount — and securely snaps the catch; for *that* is her money no longer. It rightfully belongs to Mr. Mulligan.

Into the second pocketbook go the different amounts due on Saturday or Monday to the baker, iceman, milkman, washerwoman, gas man, and paper boy. Methodical Doris knows just how many loaves, pounds, quarts, pieces, feet, newspapers, and bananas she has used during the past week, and consequently how to divide and apportion quarters and dimes. And these small sums also, according to Doris's simple reasoning, are hers no longer, but as good as gone.

The third pocketbook holds what Doris has been able to save from week's end to week's end; it is not just exactly bursting with coin, as saving is slow and uphill work when done by dimes and quarters and rare half dollars. But though small the fund *does* grow and Baby Nell's Christmas doll, Frankie's birthday spread and her own matinée tickets are assuming less shadowy and remote possibilities. Into this purse Doris slips what she has left — and quite fifty-seven cents, too. In the fourth and last pocketbook she

stuffs the greatly shrunken roll of bills left after all this dividing and assorting has been going on. This purse holds what goes for tomorrow's marketing and for next week's current house-keeping expenses. The money now being all disposed of, Doris carries off her four pocketbooks and is ready to sit down with Harry to enjoy the evening.

When Doris first produced her four purses Harry laughed at her so immoderately that they *almost* had their first quarrel; since, however, he has discovered that Doris always manages with what she has, never asks for more, never seems to be in "straits" and never, by any chance, runs into debt, he has become sympathetically interested and correspondingly respectful.

When friends or relatives make mention of Percy Montmorenci's financial muddle or tell of poor Richard's ineffectual struggles with an insufficient income, he will say with a jolly laugh, "Don't you want to let him in on *your* financial deals, Doris? I think he'd be the better for it," and turning to the others will conclude, "You may not be aware of the fact, but in Doris you see a real financial genius."

A Mother's Valentine

(Love finds a way)

By M. C. N.

I meant to write you such a verse,
 To praise your hair and eyes,
 To laud you for your loving heart,
 Your form to eulogize!
 But bathing babies, sweeping floors,
 And mending socks and panties,
 And writing for the little folks
 To grandmamas and aunties,
 Quite hid you from my eyes awhile;
 Anon my hope revives
 When you again are all submerged, —
 This time in apple pies.

But this I promise you, my friend,
 Although my cake be burning,
 And household duties keep me yet
 Revolving, planning, turning;
 Although I'm dusting all the books,
 And airing every bed,
 And giving my profoundest thought
 To baking whole wheat bread;
 Although the work is long drawn out
 And hours of leisure few —
 I'll find a moment every day,
 Dear absent friend, for you.

P. S. You must not think these lines were made
 With labor or with fuss;
 But be assured, sweet Valentine,
 They're instantaneous.

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the old address as well as the new.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

COST OF LIVING AND MORALS

IT is not merely a question of a few cents more a day for the necessities of life, or a few cents less a day for wages. Far more is at stake — the education or ignorance of children, virtue or vice in young daughters, honesty or criminality in young sons, the working power of bread-winners, the integrity of families, the provision for old age; in a word, the welfare and happiness or the misery and degradation of the plain people are involved in the cost of living. To the special interests an unjust rise in the cost of living means simply higher profit, but to those who pay it that profit is measured in schooling, warm clothing, a reserve to meet emergencies, a fair chance to make the fight for comfort, decency and right living. — *Gifford Pinchot.*

APPLIED SCIENCE

IN the study of Home Economics, chemistry, biology, bacteriology, etc., hold high rank. However, in the construction and maintenance of the home it is applied science that is specially called for. The average housekeeper or home-maker wants the accepted results, the facts of scientific research set forth in the simplest and plainest manner. Her task consists in the application of what the scientific expert and specialists have proven or found to be true to the everyday demands of home life. Hence, whatever pertains to economy and the reasons therefor, whatever makes for individual health, strength and happiness, whatever is destined to add to the general comfort and well-being of home life, all these things are of immediate concern to the home-maker.

To provide and serve wholesome food, day by day, to conduct successfully a modern sanitary home, with all its appointments, requires the application of no inconsiderable acquisition of scientific knowledge; and this knowledge should be attained, in part at least, in the schools; in no wise should its attainment be left entirely to the exigencies of later experience.

At any rate, whatever accomplishments the young woman of today may attain, whatever else she may be able to do, this one thing she should be qualified to do well, viz., conduct a home. She may or may not be an artist or a musician, she may or may not become an expert scientist, but she should render herself capable of making fit application of the latest data of scientific knowledge in the practical management of a household.

In this connection it may not be amiss to call attention to what one society is trying to accomplish for some of the working classes in England:

"This special work, it seems, was started in the autumn of 1907 at Beb-

ington. The girls, as far as possible, are selected from those about to complete their school career, and the course of training is in all the duties of a housewife, including shopping, preparation of food, food values, digestion, sanitation, care of the sick, care of children, feeding infants and the right expenditure of the household income. Each girl is thoroughly instructed in every branch of the work. Arrangements are made for the girls to remain at home to dinner, with the advantage that they buy, prepare, cook and serve the meal which they themselves eat. By this means failure is remembered and success duly appreciated.

"This is training for good wives, and it is not out of order to add for good husbands. But our modern girl, in whatever walk of life, is occupied with affairs quite other than those of housewifery."

A JUST REWARD

IT may be taken as granted that people in general are in favor of a fair compensation and just reward for effort made or work done. In the business of the world capital must be regarded as an indispensable factor in most enterprises, and thus is entitled to receive a fair return; the ability to initiate and lead in an undertaking must also be rewarded; in like manner labor of all kinds should receive its just and fair requital for services done.

Mr. Carnegie says that, if he were to do the thing over again, he would advocate profit-sharing in all industrial enterprises. This rings true; and in actual practice would it not go far towards the satisfactory solution of the labor problem? What more could any one ask for than that a fair and equitable share of the profits of an industry be distributed among the employees? Under such a régime, too, it would seem, better work and with far less friction would be done. In the best efforts personal interests are

involved. People will naturally do a little better for themselves than for others.

The gospel saying, "for unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath," may be in accordance with experience and fact; but literally interpreted it is a hard saying and difficult to understand. That other saying, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," seems far more in keeping with the thought of the present day.

What people are most in need of are not so much gifts of charity as equal opportunities to labor and a return commensurate with the effort put forth. In other words, they want a fair field, with no unnatural barriers to advancement and prosperity.

Because a few people are prosperous, it does not follow that the many must be in like measure prospering. The conditions of industrial effort may be made more favorable to the interests of the few. It should be the aim of all legislation and government to make the conditions of every form of industry just and fair to all alike.

HOME ECONOMICS

THE second annual convention of the American Home Economics Association, recently held in this city, marks the existence of new alliances which are to profoundly affect the future of the American home. Applied science is to enable the housewife, mother and civic-spirited woman of the future to adjust dietary and income with greater nicety, to rear a better nourished family and to deal more intelligently with problems that influence both the family and the State. To aid women eager for light on these matters, experts in the service of the universities and the Federal and State governments are rapidly volunteering. Moreover, special institutions are coming

into being which exist to provide the requisite education for this type of home administrator, and the wiser of the older women's colleges also are beginning to realize that they have duties to perform which their founders could not anticipate. Economy is not a national trait, we regret to state; but as the conditions of life alter with increase of population and the limitations put upon national natural resources, the need of lessening waste becomes more apparent, and the word "economy" enters into the vocabulary of the American woman more and more. Economy is a process that can be carried on by rule of thumb or in harmony with science and in the light of expert guidance; and it is for this latter service that the American Home Economics Association exists. — *The Herald*.

DIET FAD DANGEROUS

We take the following advice on diet from the woman's column of a daily newspaper:

IT is safe to say that without a physician's advice it is dangerous to adopt an extreme fad in diet or to make any pronounced or sudden change from what has been the customary food. This is especially true at middle age or after, for the digestive organs are apt to rebel at these great changes. A mixed diet is undoubtedly best and safest for those who are in fair health, making allowances for what positively disagrees with comfort.

"A few people are affected badly by drinking coffee, and to omit it is an easy and safe thing to do. Others cannot eat eggs without distress, yet by a little planning they can secure the same food value in something else, that is, if they know anything of the composition of foods.

"It is the extreme ways of eating that are to be criticised and also the unqualified adoption of general rules which may not apply to every one.

For instance, old people are advised to live more on vegetables and cereal as the years increase. They no longer need meat, as in their growing and hard working days. Yet there are instances where these foods must be eliminated and the diet restricted largely to fresh meats and fruits.

"Extreme vegetarianism can seldom be taken up by a middle-aged person without trouble. The no breakfast theory and the two meals a day plan work well with some people, and yet there are others who must eat a nourishing breakfast or perhaps four or five small meals a day else they lose vitality and power to resist the enfeeblement of age or disease.

"Suggestion doubtless has much to do with the improved state of health that seems to follow curious or extreme fads in eating, like raw fruit and nuts or unleavened bran bread washed down with cold water. Such abstemiousness is rarely persisted in for any length of time, some good excuse coming to hand for returning to fleshpots or, at least, to more variety.

"Take no hard and fast rule for eating unreservedly. If a change in present ways seems imperative, make it only on competent medical advice."

IN TRUTH

"Father," asked the small boy of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?" "I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer. Presently he was interrupted again. "Father, are there any sea serpents?" "I don't know, my son." The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information. "Father, what does the north pole look like?" But alas! again the answer, "I don't know, my son." At last, in desperation, he inquired, with withering emphasis, "Father, how did you ever get to be an editor?"



PLANKED FISH

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Prune Cocktail

LET choice prunes soak in cold water over night. Set to cook in the same water. When tender and the water is mostly absorbed set aside in the liquid to cool. Cut each prune into four pieces, discarding the stones. Put about six prunes in each glass, pour on a little lemon juice and either orange juice or sherry wine and sprinkle with a little sugar. Serve as an appetizer at luncheon or dinner.

Cream-of-Chicken à la Reine

Remove the white meat from a cooked chicken and chop it very, very fine; to it add the sifted yolks of three hard-cooked eggs and half a cup of soft white bread crumbs soaked in a cup of milk. Remove the fat from a

quart of the water in which the chicken was cooked and heat the liquid to the boiling point; add a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and half an onion, and let simmer until ready to serve. Strain the broth over the chicken and bread mixture and stir until smooth. Then press through a sieve; add one pint of hot cream and stir until well mixed; add more salt and pepper if needed and serve at once.

Potato Soup (Economical and Good)

Pare six potatoes, wash, cut in pieces and put over the fire with two peeled-and-sliced onions and two quarts of water. Add also part of a soup bag or half a cup of celery leaves. Let cook nearly an hour. Press through a sieve; add a tablespoonful or more of beef extract, a cup of cream and salt and pepper as needed. If stock made

from remnants of roast meat or from boiled lamb or beef be at hand, use it instead of water and omit the beef extract.

under gas about eight minutes, principally on the skin side, turning often, to avoid burning. Have ready a hot plank and hot mashed potato, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, and enough hot milk to make the potato flow smoothly and easily through a pastry bag and tube. Dispose the fish on the board and pipe the potato around it. Set four boiled onions above, brush over the onions and edges of the potato with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Set into a

hot oven, to finish cooking the fish and brown the edges of the potato. Set four cooked beets, scooped out into cups and filled with hot peas, well seasoned, above the fish. Fill in empty spaces with cooked string beans. Spread the fish with *maitre d'hôtel* butter. Serve with cream or tomato sauce in a sauce boat.

Lobster au Gratin

Remove the flesh from the lobster bones and cut it in small cubes. A lobster weighing between two and three pounds will give about a pint of meat. Make a cup of stock by cooking the



LOBSTER AU GRATIN

Planked Fish

Haddock, bass from fresh or salt water, whitefish from the great lakes, shad or other varieties of fish may be used for this dish. In the illustration a sea trout of small size was used. Split the fish down the front, clean, cut off the head and tail, and split down the backbone, when this is called for to make the fish lie flat on the board; scrape the flesh from part or all of the backbone and remove it, and, also, the small bones. Wipe the fish with a damp cloth. Set in a hot, well-oiled broiler and let cook over coals or



STUFFED LAMB CHOPS, SUÉDOISE

body bones in a cup and a half of water, with a slice of onion and two of carrot, half an hour. Use this cup of stock, three-fourths a cup of cream and one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, in making a sauce. Put the fish and sauce in an earthen dish, alternately, having sauce as the last layer. Mix half a cup of cracker crumbs with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and spread over the sauce. Set into a hot oven to brown the crumbs. Crab meat, clams or oysters may be cooked in the same manner.

Stuffed Lamb Chops Suédoise

Select rib chops; scrape the bones to the "eye" of tender meat, French fashion. Wipe carefully with a damp cloth, to remove bits of bone. Broil the chops on one side about four minutes. Have ready — for eight chops — eight hot boiled potatoes; press these through a ricer; add salt, two or three tablespoonfuls of cream or butter, or both, if the potato be dry, and a little black pepper and beat thoroughly. Set the chops in a buttered baking pan,

uncooked side down. Dispose the potato on the chops, to cover the edible portion and in mounds, brush over with a little milk, water or egg, and sprinkle



HAM MOUSSE, CANNED PEA PURÉE

with buttered crumbs. Let stand in a hot oven to brown the crumbs, when the chops will be cooked. Serve with a hot sauce made of cream and white broth as the liquid, highly flavored with chilli pepper, chopped fine, and grated horse-radish.

Ham Mousse

Have cut a thick slice from the upper or best side of the center of a raw ham. Remove the fat and with sharp knife scrape the pulp from the fibers. There should be a cup, half a pound, of the pulp. Pound the pulp with a pestle in a wooden mixing bowl; add the white of an egg and pound



CREAM CHEESE WITH RAISINS, ETC., BEATEN BISCUITS
(To serve in place of a dessert dish)

again. When the mixture is smooth, add a second white of egg and pound again. Then add three-fourths a cup of cold white sauce and again pound until smooth. In making the sauce use milk or chicken broth. Press the mixture through a purée sieve. Set the sieve in one part of a double boiler, then use the pestle and the work can be easily and quickly done. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a teaspoonful of pepper and mix thoroughly, then fold in one cup of double cream, beaten solid. Turn the mixture into a well-buttered melon mold, three pint size. Set the mold on several folds of paper in a baking pan, and pour in boiling water to the

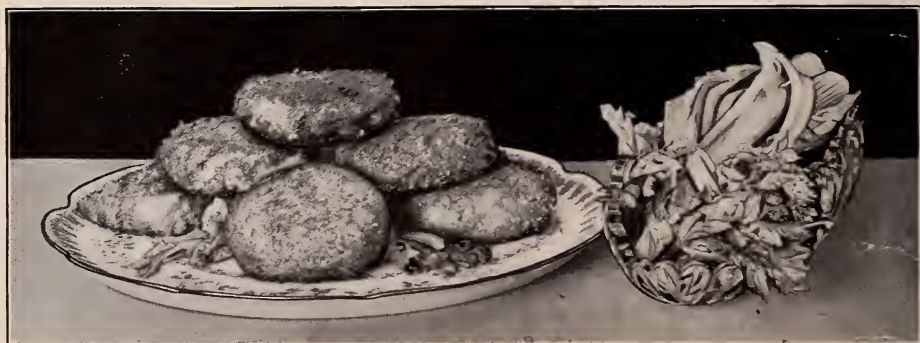
and stir over the fire until very dry and hot, then use to pipe upon the mousse as indicated.

Cream Cheese with Raisins, Nuts, etc.

Chop fine half a cup of sultana raisins and one-fourth a cup of pecan meats or blanched almonds. Stir these with a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a little grated rind into a ten-cent cream cheese. Mix thoroughly. Shape in waxed paper. Serve with beaten biscuit or toasted crackers in place of a dessert dish.

Macaroni Croquettes

Break enough macaroni into half-inch pieces to fill a cup. Let cook in rap-



MACARONI CROQUETTES AND CELERY
(Substantial dish for dinner or luncheon)

depth of two or three inches. Let cook, without boiling the water, until the center is firm. Unmold on a hot platter. Pipe green pea purée around the mousse and serve at once, with a hot cream or tomato sauce. Madeira may be added to the tomato sauce or mushrooms to either, at discretion.

Green Pea Purée

Drain the liquid from a can of peas; pour cold water over the peas and drain again. Cover with boiling water, let heat to the boiling point, drain and press the peas through a purée sieve; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, a teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter

idly boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard; add one cup and a fourth of milk or broth, or part broth and part tomato purée, and stir and cook until boiling. Add half a cup or more of grated cheese and the macaroni. Mix thoroughly and turn into an agate pan, to make a sheet a generous half inch in thickness. Let stand overnight or some hours, to become very cold and firm. With a biscuit cutter stamp into rounds. Remove these, with a spatula, to a board spread with sifted bread crumbs.

Cover the macaroni rounds with crumbs, then dip a beaten egg, diluted with four tablespoonfuls of milk, over them and again roll in crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve as the substantial dish of a luncheon. Serve celery or lettuce salad at the same time.

Macaroni, Milanaise

Have ready three-fourths a cup of macaroni, cooked tender in rapidly boiling salted water, and three-fourths a cup of broth, made of remnants of roast meat and flavored with onion, celery and carrot, also half a cup of thick tomato purée (reduced by long, slow cooking). Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, the broth and the purée. Add the macaroni, half a cup of bits of cooked meat—if at hand—and half a cup of grated cheese. Lift the macaroni with a spoon and fork, to mix the cheese evenly through it. Let stand, covered, over hot water until very hot. Serve as the chief dish at luncheon or dinner.

Delicate Corn Meal Muffins

Sift together, three times, one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour, three

level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful and one-fourth of granulated corn meal, half a teaspoonful of salt and two slightly rounding tea-



APPLE-AND-DATE SALAD

spoonfuls of baking powder; add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and three-fourths a cup of sweet milk, and stir to a smooth batter. Bake in a hot, well-buttered roll pan about twenty minutes.

Floradora Buns

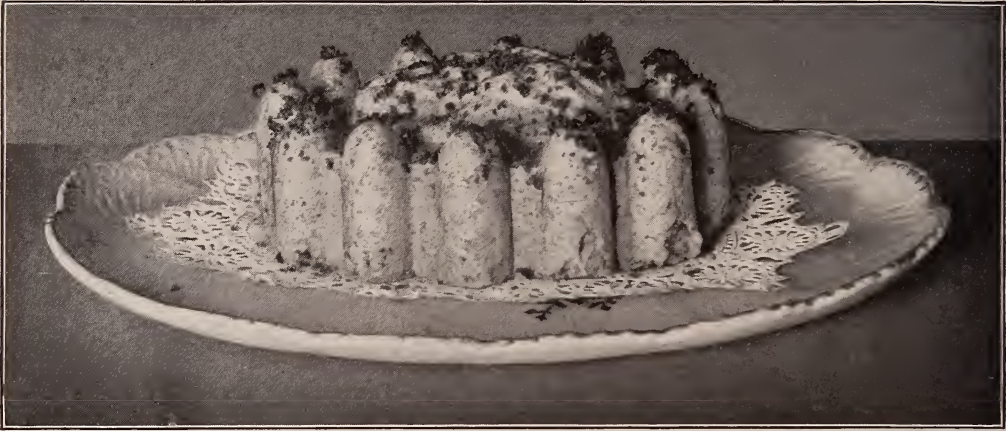
Cool a cup of scalded milk to a lukewarm temperature. Add a cake of compressed yeast, softened in one-fourth a cup of water, then stir in about two cups of bread flour, or enough to make a batter; beat until smooth, cover and set aside to become very light and full of bubbles. Add half a cup of cocoanut, half a cup of sliced citron,



FLORADORA BUNS

the yolks of two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-third a cup of melted shortening and enough flour to make a dough. Knead until elastic; cover and set aside until doubled in bulk. Shape into balls weighing about two ounces, each; cover closely with pan or bowl, to avoid the formation of a crust. Form into oval shapes. Set close together in baking pans. When light bake about twenty-

one hour, stirring occasionally. Add the sugar, stir until dissolved, then let cook for half an hour. When cold add the vanilla and strain through two thicknesses of cheese cloth into a jar. Cover and set aside for use as needed. To serve, shake the jar or stir the contents thoroughly. Turn one-fourth a cup of the cocoa syrup into a coffeecup, add one cup and a half of hot milk, stir and serve at once.



QUINCE BAVARIAN CREAM

five minutes. Brush over with white of egg, sprinkle with sliced almonds and granulated or coffee A sugar. Return to the oven to set the glaze.

Boiled Rice, Cheese Sauce

Let the rice boil rapidly in plenty of water till tender; drain and dry out in the oven. Prepare a cup or more of white sauce, using broth or milk. When the sauce boils stir in a cup or more of grated cheese. Stir without boiling till the cheese is melted. Serve on the hot rice.

Best Cocoa for Quick Use

Take half a pound of cocoa, five cups of granulated sugar, seven cups of boiling water and one ounce of choice vanilla extract. Put half of the water in a double boiler; add the cocoa, let stand undisturbed for a few minutes, to moisten the cocoa, and then stir thoroughly. Stir in the rest of the water and let cook

Pudding with Apples or Dried Fruit

Remove the crust from thin slices of stale bread and spread the slices with butter. Put the bread in a baking pan, in alternate layers, with sliced apples or cooked dried fruit (sprinkle unsweetened fruit with sugar); add a little salt, also spice if desired. Bake about an hour. Serve hot with cream.

Quince Bavarian Cream

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water. Dissolve in one cup and a half of quince marmalade and the juice of half a lemon, heated to the boiling point. Add one-fourth a cup of sugar and stir in ice and water until beginning to "set," then fold in one cup of double cream, beaten firm. Turn into a mold, and when unmolded sprinkle with fine-chopped pistachio nuts. Eight nuts will be enough.

Peach Whips

Cut halves of preserved or canned peaches in two pieces, each, dispose in glass cups, and pour on a little syrup from the jar. Finish with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla and slightly sweetened (no sweetening is needed if "preserved" peaches be used).

Left-over Fish Cakes (Economical and Good)

Cold, boiled potatoes cut in halves, lengthwise, may be used. Cover with boiling water, add a little salt and let boil rapidly about five minutes: drain and press through a ricer. If the directions be followed, this will be equal to fresh boiled potato. Add left-over, cooked fish of any kind, picked into bits with a silver fork. There should be at least half the bulk of the potato in fish, more will do no harm. Add, also, salt and pepper, half a teaspoonful of each to a pint of material, any left-over, drawn butter or white sauce, or failing this, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little milk. Beat thoroughly with a perforated wooden spoon. Do not have the mixture too moist. Shape in the hands into flat, round cakes. Dip these on both sides in sifted flour. Fry in a little hot pork or bacon fat until browned on one side, turn and brown the other side.

Almond Bars

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-third a cup of granulated sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, two tablespoonfuls

of milk and one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour. Knead slightly, adding a little more flour if necessary. Divide



PEACH WHIP

into two or three pieces, according to size of tins; roll one piece into a sheet to fit the pan, a rectangular pan is best, trim if needed and fold under the edges to make a case, three-fourths an inch deep. Flute the edge as for a custard pie. Beat the whites of three eggs dry; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, then fold in a generous half-cup of sugar and a cup and a half of



ALMOND BARS

blanched almonds, chopped fine. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread this mixture evenly over the cake mixture in the pans. It should come to the top of the fluted edge. Dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven. When cooled a little remove from the tins and cut in strips about an inch and a half wide.



PINEAPPLE DAINTY

Pineapple Dainty

Dispose a square of angel food in a tall glass and above this set a round of canned pineapple. Cool the juice from the can with a little sugar and lemon juice; let cook, add enough maraschino from the cherry bottle to tint the syrup (or tint with color paste or red raspberry juice) and pour it over the pineapple and cake. Pipe whipped cream above the pineapple and finish with a cherry. Serve at any time when ice cream would be served.

Creamed Corned Codfish on Toast

Let one cup of corned codfish stand in cold water an hour or more. Prepare a cup of cream sauce; when boiling add the fish wrung dry in a cloth, half a teaspoonful of black pepper and one or two "hard-cooked" eggs, cut in small cubes. Have ready four slices of toast; dip the edges in boiling salted

water, set on a low dish, spread lightly with butter, pour over the fish and serve at once.

Salt Codfish Fritters

Let one cup of corned codfish stand over night in cold water. Drain and remove all water by squeezing the fish in a cloth; add four beaten eggs, a cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and mix thoroughly. Cook by spoonfuls on a hot, well-oiled griddle. Serve from the griddle.

Apple-and-Date Salad

Pare and core about three choice apples. Cut them into match-like pieces; there should be about one pint. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon over the apple. Pour boiling water over half a pound of dates; separate them with a silver fork and skim out upon an agate dish. Let dry off in a hot oven. When cold cut each date into four or five strips, rejecting the stones; sprinkle with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Mix the apple and date and set aside in a cool place about an hour. When ready to serve, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and one or two tablespoonfuls of oil, if the mixture seems dry. Mix thoroughly. Serve in a bowl lined with lettuce hearts.

Tomato Rabbit

Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan or the blazer of a chafing dish; add half a pound of cheese, grated or cut in thin slices, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, soda and paprika, and stir constantly, over hot water, until the cheese is melted; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with half a cup of tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve) and two tablespoonfuls of pimentoes, cut in small pieces. Stir until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve on crackers or bread toasted on one side.

Menus for a Week in February

"If I were married, I would rather my wife would make good bread than speak good French."

— DR. H. W. WILEY.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grape-fruit
Corned Beef and Potato Hash
Poached Eggs. Floradora Buns
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Potato Soup
Roast Guinea Hens
Rice Cooked in Tomato Purée
Celery Salad. Orange Sherbet
Almond Bars
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Mayonnaise of Cream Cheese and
Pimentos in Lettuce Hearts
Bread and Butter
Nougatines. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Bacon Cooked in Oven. Stewed Potatoes
Baking Powder Biscuit
Grape-fruit Marmalade
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Scalloped Oysters
Bread and Butter. Cole Slaw
Sliced Oranges
Chocolate Layer Cake. Coffee

Dinner
Fowl Cooked en Casserole
Celery-and-Apple Salad or
Crab Apple or other Fruit Jelly
Cottage Pudding, Frothy Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Creamed Corned Codfish on Toast
Corn Meal Muffins
Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Guinea Hen Croquettes. Canned Peas
Baking Powder Biscuit
Stewed Prunes. Cream Cheese
Crackers. Tea

Dinner
Roast Leg of Lamb
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
Whole Potatoes Fried in Deep Fat
Lettuce Hearts. Peach Whips
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Grape-fruit
Cream Toast with Cheese
Bacon
Rye Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Chicken (remnants of fowl) in
Potato Patty Cases. Celery Hearts
Cranberry Pie. Coffee

Dinner
Macaroni, Milanaise. Cold Boiled Ham
Stringless Beans (canned), French
Dressing
Sliced Oranges and Bananas
Orange Jumbles. Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Pork Sausage. Baked Potatoes
Sifted Apple Sauce
Rice Griddle Cakes
Dry Toast. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Tomato Soup (lamb bones, etc.)
Browned Crackers
Lettuce, Date-and-Apple Salad, French
Dressing
Floradora Buns (reheated). Tea

Dinner
Lamb Pie (Flaky Pastry Crust)
Buttered Parsnips
Hot Apple Sauce. Chocolate Layer Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Pimento Omelet
French Fried Potatoes
Floradora Buns
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Oyster Stew, Pickles
Kornlet Fritters
Peanut Brittle

Dinner
Planked Haddock
Philadelphia Relish
Canned Rhubarb Pie
Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Eggs Scrambled with
Chopped Ham
Delmonico Potatoes
Popovers
Honey in Comb
Coffee Cocoa

Luncheon
Creamed Haddock
au Gratin
Yeast Rolls
Steamed Prune Pudding
Hard Sauce. Coffee

Dinner
Kornlet Soup, St. Germain
Squirrel Pie or Beef Stew
Oyster Plant, Hollandaise
Grape-fruit Sherbet
Almond Crisps
Half Cups of Coffee

Economical Menus for a Week in February

"Vegetables should be given in abundance, since the vegetable proteid carries with it a large amount of potassium salts, which neutralize acid products and forestall rheumatism."—DR. SILL.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Fried Mush, Syrup Dry Toast Stewed Prunes Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Round Steak en Casserole Celery, French Dressing Junket Ice Cream (Snow-ice) Graham Cookies Coffee</p> <p>Supper Milk Hot Crackers</p>	<p>Breakfast Finnan Haddie and Potato Cakes Gherkins or Tomato Pickles Irish Sweet Bread Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Hot Boiled Ham Boiled Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Apricot (dried) Shortcake Coffee or Tea</p> <p>Supper Cream-of-Celery Soup Croutons or Browned Crackers Creamed Puffs Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY	
	<p>Breakfast Salt Codfish Cakes Salt Pork, Fried Horseradish or Tomato Catsup Delicate Corn Meal Muffins Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Potato Soup Rye Meal Muffins Cheese. Apple Sauce Steamed Suet Pudding, Hard Sauce Tea</p> <p>Supper Rice Steamed with Raisins, Milk Squash Biscuit. Stewed Prunes Cocoa</p>	<p>Breakfast Red Pepper Omelet Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Black Bean Soup Cold Ham, Sliced Thin Potato Salad Baked Indian Pudding Coffee</p> <p>Supper Cheese Custard Philadelphia Relish Evaporated Peaches, Stewed Cookies Tea</p>		THURSDAY
	<p>Breakfast Oatmeal, Milk Cream Toast with Cheese Bacon. Fried Potatoes Hot Apple Sauce. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk Plain Boiled Potatoes. Cabbage Salad Tapioca and Peach Pudding (Evaporated Peaches) Milk and Sugar Hot Water</p> <p>Supper Stewed Lima Beans Bread and Butter. Stewed Prunes Water Sponge Cake. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Eggs, Cooked in Shell Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Fresh Fish, Steamed Pickle Sauce Boiled Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Cottage Pudding, Foamy Sauce Coffee</p> <p>Supper Milk Toast with Cheese Hot Apple Sauce Dark Graham Bread and Butter Tea. Cocoa</p>		
<p>Breakfast Oatmeal, cooked over night in Fireless Cooker Eggs, Scrambled with Chopped Ham Delmonico Potatoes Dry Toast Coffee. Cocoa</p>	<p>Dinner Fresh Fish and Potato Cakes Bacon Cabbage Salad Apple Pie. Cheese Coffee</p>	<p>Supper Hot Chopped Ham Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce Bread and Butter Tea Peanut Brittle</p>	SATURDAY	

Menus at Recent Banquets and Luncheons

Banquet — Pilgrim Publicity Association

BOSTON CITY CLUB

Cotuit Oyster Cocktail	Celery	Queen Olives	Gherkins	Chowchow
Cream-of-Chicken à la Reine		Broiled Fresh Salmon, Maître d'Hôtel		
Parisienne Potatoes				
Stuffed Lamb Chop, Suedoise			String Beans au Beurre	
Green Mint Punch	Roast Sirloin of Beef, Fresh Mushroom Sauce			
Duchesse Potatoes		Salad Romain	Neapolitaine Ice	
Fancy Cakes	Brie Cheese	Toasted Crackers	Demi Tasse	

Initiation Banquet — Kappa Kappa Kappa

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER INN

Grape-Fruit	Blue Points on Half Shell	Beef Bouillon in Cups		
Salted Nuts	Spanish Olives	Boiled Penobscot Salmon, Hollandaise		
Duchesse Potatoes		Sliced Cucumbers		
Chicken Patties, Toulouse	Roast Vermont Turkey	Cranberry Sauce		
Delmonico Potatoes		Asparagus Tips		
Imperial Punch	Lobster Salad, Mayonnaise	Peach Whips		
Filbert Ice Cream	Assorted Fancy Cakes	Cheese	Toasted Crackers	
Black Coffee		Punch		

Luncheon — American Home Economics Association

BOSTON, THE WESTMINSTER

Grape-fruit with Maraschino Cherries		Consommé		
Olives	Salted Mixed Nuts	Halves of Broiled Chickens on Toast		
Green Peas	Creamed Potatoes au Gratin		Biscuit Tortoni	
Assorted Cakes		Black Coffee		

Cafeteria Luncheon — American Home Economics Association

SIMMONS COLLEGE, BOSTON

Scalloped Oysters	Cold Roast Turkey		Cold Boiled Ham	
Hot Rolls	Bread	Butter	Pickles	
Ice Cream		Currant Cake, Chocolate Frosting		
Coffee	Cocoa	Oranges	Apples	

Some Thoughts by the Way

By Janet M. Hill

"We are paying higher prices for the staples of life nowadays — milk, butter, meats, due in part to the extra cost of producing the same in a sanitary manner." — *Shumway*.

"Then came scribes and Pharisees, which were of Jerusalem, saying, why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread." — *Matthew*.

IT has been said by some prominent official, who is investigating the cause of the present high prices of food supplies, that the telephone has doubled the cost of living. At first, we were incredulous, but after thinking over the matter a little we are disposed to believe that the statement is not largely overdrawn. In the first place the dealer is obliged to rent a telephone and pay some one to attend to the calls. Then, as housekeepers find it a comparatively easy matter to telephone when anything is needed, they are often negligent in the matter of supplies kept in the house and give small orders for delivery more than once in a day or once in two or three days. Each of these several trips is a matter of expense to the dealer. When paying for goods we must keep in mind that the consumer has to pay for all that has been put into every article, from its original source to the time it is landed at our door; that is for producing, storing and handling the product, and it includes also the living expenses of all connected from first to last with this particular product, as well as a margin of profit. Besides, the very fact that the price of any food product has been raised exerts an influence in sending the price of other commodities higher.

Then, too, our standards of living have been raised. We demand clean dairy products, and meats from creatures that have been fed, housed and otherwise cared for in a wholesome manner. All this means a large outlay of money on the part of the producer.

Stalls kept immaculately clean, a fresh, white suit for milking, and appliances for cooling milk in a house set apart for the purpose, all tend to increase the price of dairy products. But all these things indicate an advance in civilization and, having once enjoyed this hygienic cleanliness, we are satisfied with nothing short of it.

But are we home-makers showing our recognition of this rise in the standard of food production as fully as we ought? Are we careful in our treatment of these high-priced foods after they are put into our hands? What is the condition of our refrigerators? Are stoppers replaced in milk bottles when the milk is set aside? How long are extra supplies of dairy products left, either open or closed, in the hot kitchen? Having once secured clean, pure food, to some extent, will it not pay us to look more carefully into some of the practices in our own particular domains, our kitchens and dining-rooms?

The gospel of clean hands is not given the attention it deserves. School, even college, girls and boys rush from the street, the class-room or the playground to the table and, without the washing of the hands, break bread, handle chops, rolls, cake, even eclairs or cream cakes. To be sure, especially out of doors in the winter, the hands may be protected by gloves, but even then they have been in contact with books — not always fresh and clean — with doors, often with money, and sometimes with the straps in street cars.

Often in schools of one session — as in most high schools, where only half

an hour is given for lunch—the washing facilities are very inadequate. Private soap dishes, such as can be rolled in the individual towel, should be considered a necessary part of the school outfit of each pupil. And school authorities should see to it that ample conveniences for a clean water supply are provided. Of course the individual drinking-cup has long before this been accepted as a prime precaution against the spread of disorders.

It is for such distempers as influenza, typhoid fever, etc., that unclean hands become a "microbe carrier." The schools and colleges of today, while they may not ignore culture for culture's sake, are aiming to push practical subjects more into the foreground; and what can be more practical than the presentation, once or twice a year, of a lecture on the duty of absolute cleanliness?

There are others to whom the gospel of cleanliness — rightfully ranked next to godliness — should be preached oft and again, and with no diminution of earnestness. We refer to all those who are in anywise engaged in the handling of food, and most especially the handling of food that is not to receive the purifying effects of heat. The butter maker, she who carves cold meat, cuts bread or pastry, who prepares oranges, grape-fruit, berries and the like, no less than the cook and baker, can not be too scrupulous in the care of her hands. The finger nails should be closely and neatly pared, then soap, nail brush, water, lemon skins, any-

thing that will aid in the care of these useful members of the body should be freely used many a time each day, to keep the hands in scrupulous condition. Running water, hot and cold, adds to the ease with which cleanliness may be secured, but the want of it is never an excuse for lack of thoroughness in this particular.

The tasting of food by the cook is often a necessity. Beauvilliers, or one of his contemporaries, in giving advice to cooks, suggests that the index finger should ply constantly between the saucepan and the mouth. It may be simpler to wash the finger than a spoon, but, "lest we forget," it were well to form the habit of turning a little of the mixture from the spoon in the saucepan to a second spoon, for tasting. The two spoons need never come in contact. True, if the contents of the saucepan boil after tasting has been carelessly done, no harm may result, but it is the part of wisdom to cultivate such cleanly habits that it would be well nigh impossible, even when great haste is necessary, to overstep the finer niceties and proprieties of the kitchen.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this matter of cleanliness. In the model kitchen a set basin for the personal use of those employed in the kitchen is as much a need as the sink is for dishes. Right habits are easily formed; constrain oneself to wash the hands before touching bread, fruit, etc., and the habit is soon acquired and cannot be dropped without qualms of conscience.

Spaghetti

By Mrs. John A. Moroso

SPAGHETTI, beloved of the Italians and all Latin peoples, has not the place it deserves in the menus of American families, possi-

bly because its preparation is not understood; but that it is especially delectable to the American appetite is proved from the fact that all the Italian and

French restaurants making a specialty of this dish are exceedingly well patronized by native-born. It is not only a toothsome, but a very wholesome and sustaining dish, and the roundness of the Italian baby may be partly due the fact that he eats spaghetti almost before he is out of swaddling clothes.

With macaroni we are all tolerably familiar, and we have Americanized this dish, baking it with milk and layers of cheese. In foreign countries macaroni in all its forms is generally used with some preparation of tomato.

Spaghetti at its best is quite an elaborate dish, but as very little else can be eaten with it, all the trouble in its preparation is quite justified.

In one American family known to the writer it is used as a chief dish from October until May, and is prepared with an excellence that can only be equaled in Italy.

The recipe for it was handed down from an Italian forbear, who considered the cooking of his spaghetti so important that he never, never trusted it to a servant, but gave it his personal supervision.

The first item necessary in its concoction is a good-sized roast of beef, taken from the round. After being tied in shape, deep incisions are made in it, which are plugged with a force-meat of shredded bacon, fine-chopped onion, thyme and parsley and a judicious sprinkling of mixed spices. The meat is then salted and peppered and lightly spread with made mustard. An iron skillet, made hissing hot, is rubbed with a piece of the beef fat, and the roast put in it and fried brown on both sides. It is then transferred to a casserole; boiling water is poured into the skillet so as to preserve every bit of the juices and flavoring, and this in turn is emptied into the casserole, which is carefully covered and put into a slow oven and allowed to braise until tender.

The gravy from the meat is the foundation of the sauce for the spaghetti.

In the mean while a can of tomatoes is put to simmer in a porcelain saucepan. It should be uncovered, not only to reduce the tomatoes, but, also, so as to retain their brilliancy of color. With the tomatoes put a root and some leaves of celery, a bay leaf, an onion stuck with cloves, a few peppercorns and a shred of red pepper. When reduced to a thick sauce, put through a sieve.

The spaghetti takes about twenty minutes to boil. The pot should be generous in size,—a soup pot is good for this purpose,—the water boiling furiously and well salted. In the last moments of cooking it should be watched very carefully, that it may be tender without being soft and pasty. The uncooked spaghetti should never be washed.

When done it is drained through a colander and shaken free from all water, then returned to the pot for dressing. The sauce should have been made ready while it is cooking; and for this put the tomato in the gravy in the casserole, the meat having been transferred to a hot serving dish. The combined tomato and gravy should make a very rich sauce. If it seems thin, a spoonful or two of the water drained from the spaghetti will thicken it. It is poured over the spaghetti in the pot and the crowning touch—Roman cheese, which has been bought in the piece and grated—added, much or little according to the taste of the family. A dish of the cheese is also put on the table. All serving dishes must be piping hot for spaghetti, as it cools quickly.

The dish is rich, likewise the spiced meat, and a green salad is the only accompaniment needed. All Italians drink with this Chianti or their native red wine.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Graduate of Framingham Normal School and Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON I

“**C**OOKING is the preparation of food by means of heat.” The making of a fire or the control of a gas or kerosene stove that provides this heat should, evidently, be one of the first things to study, but in these lessons we will consider that has been done and, hence, will not take up here the care of the stove and fire.

Our measuring spoons and cups are not to be chosen at random, for recipes are prepared with care, and careless measuring is sure to bring unsatisfactory results. Plainly, if a larger or smaller cup be used in measuring, the proportions of the recipe will not be the same, nor will the results be uniform. No one would dream of buying lace or ribbon from a clerk who measured his goods with any chance rod or stick at hand.

Now let us sift the lumps from a portion of flour and learn how to measure by spoonfuls and cups.

Take a full teaspoonful, then, with the straight edge of a knife resting upon both edges of the spoon, push off all the extra flour, leaving the flour *exactly* level with the edge of the spoon. The tablespoonful is to be measured in the same way. To measure a half, a quarter, three-quarters, a third or two-thirds of a spoonful proceed as before, then subdivide by measuring from the center of the handle to the point of the bowl and pushing out the extra portion of flour. This measures one-half. One-half of this is, one-quarter, and so on. A “speck” is what may be taken upon the point of a small knife.

To measure a cup, fill the measuring cup lightly with flour, without

pressing it down or shaking the cup, and level it off with a case-knife. Notice the thirds and quarters on the side of the measuring cup.

Fill a quart measure and find out how many cups there are in it. Find out how many tablespoonfuls there are in a cup, how many teaspoonfuls there are in a tablespoonful. Vary these measures, until you are quite familiar with the different measurements and the various abbreviations as given below.

Here are some of the common abbreviations, which may be helpful in reading and writing recipes:

Speck = spk.

Teaspoon = tsp.

Tablespoon = tbsp.

Cup = c.

The following simple table may also be of assistance:

3 tsps. = 1 tbsp.

16 tbsps. = 1 c.

4 cs. = 1 qt.

Let the pupils tell you the best way of measuring such items as one-fourth a cup of butter, one-third a tablespoonful of salt, or four teaspoonfuls of flour.

After these exercises in measuring, let us fill our saucepans about two-thirds full of water and set them over the fire to heat. (The water may be measured in cups, if the teacher wishes to make this a measuring exercise. Of course, the quantity to be measured will vary with the size of the saucepan.)

Let water that has been standing some time in a glass be shown to the pupils and let them notice its condition. Then let them observe the water as it is heated in the saucepans. It is well

for each to write down on a piece of paper the various changes in appearance which take place in the water. Let them write a clear description of the way in which the bubbles come, change, and, finally, disappear. Testing with a thermometer, from time to time, when it is possible, is very interesting and will help to fix in mind the temperatures, though it is only necessary to remember the appearance of the water at 160°, 180° Fahr., and at the boiling point, with the bubbles on the bottom and sides of the pan. So many people must do without thermometers that these temperatures must be made familiar by appearance.

Let some of the water boil away and notice the appearance of the saucepan. (Be careful not to burn the saucepan.) Add a small portion of salt to one saucepan and one of sugar to another, then notice the changes in boiling that take place and the change, also, in appearance as the water boils away. Make the children observe fresh, cold water, also.

In what other forms have they seen water besides this liquid form? What sort of a liquid is it? If water has any color, odor or taste, is it a good drinking and cooking water? Is it necessarily dangerous to health? May water be very attractive, sparkling and palatable, yet very unfit for drinking? What happens to "hard water," when it is allowed to stand or is boiled? If you have any fear of disease germs in a water supply, will boiling the water help at all? If water has been boiled to kill disease germs, is it right to use ice for cooling the same?

Now that we have seen the effects of boiling water by itself, let us notice the effects of boiling water upon other things. Why is it, by the way, that very hot water is used to wash dishes? (Later we shall see that for some dishes cold water is better, at first.) Let us cook some "cocoa shells" and in the process notice the motion of the shells,

as they indicate the motion of the water as it is heated. As the shells are cooked notice how the water changes in clearness, color, odor and taste. Also observe how the water boils away. What changes take place in the shells themselves and what has become of the water? Has it all evaporated or has it been partly absorbed by the shells as they have swelled? "Shells" may be used by themselves or a little cracked cocoa may be added to make the beverage more attractive.

Cocoa Shells

1 c. of shells, 6 cs. of water.

Let these boil two hours, then strain and serve with milk and sugar. As the water boils away, during the process of cooking, add more to take its place.

If this recipe is to be subdivided so that small groups may make small or individual quantities, let the pupils themselves divide the whole amount by four, six or eight, so that they may have practice in reducing recipes.

While the cocoa shells are cooking, let the milk to be served with them be scalded. Explain the principle of the double boiler and let the pupils see that a double boiler may be easily improvised with any two saucepans or other kettles or pails, by placing water in the outer one and the food to be cooked in the inner. Let them see that in the double boiler it is the boiling — or hot — water which conveys heat to the substance in the upper part of the double boiler, and not the fire directly, so that nothing can really boil nor burn as long as the water supply is maintained. Let the dangers of a dry double boiler be carefully explained.

When the water begins to boil, notice carefully the appearance of the milk. Call attention to the advantages of scalding milk over that of heating it above the direct flame. Be sure that the "wrinkled skin" of this scalded milk is stirred or beaten in and not re-

moved, for, though this is not a lesson on milk or cocoa, these things may now be called to the attention of the pupils.

While the cocoa shells are being served, it may be interesting to explain to the class the value of cocoa shells as a substitute for other hot beverages in the morning. Of course tea and coffee are to be tabooed for children, and cocoa, perhaps, is too rich to be taken constantly in connection with other food. Not long ago a well-known physician said that he considered cocoa shells the best hot

morning beverage for children's constant use.

The cocoa shells, in case time is limited, may be cooked in less than two hours, by adding a larger proportion of shells.

Let the pupils examine each other's descriptions of the boiling of water before they are handed to the teacher. At the end of the lesson make sure that they are quite familiar with the appearance and behavior of boiling water, of water just below the boiling point, and with the differences between boiling and scalding.

Getting the Most Out of Our Reading

By Lee McCrae

WHEN the reading fever first struck me, I conceived the idea of keeping a list of the books read, with names of their authors. It proved so interesting that I have kept it up, and I find it has aided my memory and given an added incentive not merely to begin, but to finish many a volume that did not really appeal to me.

I became possessed with the idea of reading *every* volume in my father's library, theological books and all; then from this grew the vague feeling that all that was printed must be devoured sooner or later.

A childish mania? Yes, to be sure, but aren't many of our club women frantically trying to keep up with the "best sellers," when there is a new one every day? Solomon himself would stand aghast at the output of the literary looms of the day, although, even in parchment times, "of the making of books there was no end." And were it possible, what would it profit us to read them all? What would we have to show for it, save ruined eyesight and sieve-like brains?

From our omnivorous newspaper and

magazine reading we have already brought upon ourselves such mental indigestion that we can scarcely repeat the inch-long headlines of the paper just laid down. Yet this news scanning must, perforce, go on or we will be left behind in the march of events.

But there *is* a way for us to get some real self-improvement — some nutritious brain food — from our reading, and for this I would plead.

Select some book that appeals to you as "worth while," exceedingly worth while, a book which instructs, inspires and cheers you. Read it once carefully, mark it in your own favorite way, and lay it in a handy place. Then, whenever a bit of leisure comes, pick it up again, open it anywhere and read. If only a page you will be instructed and helped. Memory will make the connection.

Or, turn it through, reading only the marked places. Soon these will be all but committed to memory and without any effort. Then teach yourself to weave its appropriate bits into your conversation, and you will be surprised to find how a sentence, once quoted,

will stick thereafter in the brain. It is just as in numbers. Few of us recall house numbers readily, although we have walked the same streets perhaps for years; yet we remember telephone numbers with the greatest ease. The former we simply *see*, the latter we are forced to repeat.

What books shall you honor with all this? That depends upon your own taste, upon what ones seem to fit into your life and its peculiar needs.

Few novels will bear the supreme test of frequent reading, but there are those which grow in depth and fulness. Among these place "Self-Culture," by James Freeman Clarke; Emerson's Essays; "Self-Control," and other editorials by William George Jordan, and several of Dr. Van Dyke's books, if you have found none worthy of this study.

What I would urge is that having chosen a book which appeals to you, *stay with it long enough* to let it become a part of your thinking, virtually a part of *you*. Just as we are told now-

adays that we must Gladstone-ize or Fletcher-ize our food for health's sake, so, surely, we need dwell longer upon our brain food, to get the goodness out of it.

It is being done by many people. A young dentist I know keeps a volume of splendid lectures to young men upon his table, close to his "tools," and he has read it, bit by bit, over and over, until he declares he loves every sentence in it.

If skeptical, try it first upon some pamphlet or some short magazine article, if no worth-while book is at hand. In 1899 I tore out of a *Cosmopolitan* magazine a two-page article on "Night," by the late Myron T. Reed, and I have read it at least twice a year ever since, each time a little of its restfulness entering my soul. It has become to me a peace-bringer, a healthful opiate in an exceedingly restless, over-full life. Hence, this is no mere theory. As housewives say, it is a tried and true recipe.

A Lost Art

By John N. Hilliard

Ah! the culinary art — faith! has it fled
 With the dead?
 Do the monarchs of the modern kitchen know
 How to broil or roast or fry,
 Make a soufflé or a pie,
 Like the ancients did? Well, I
 Answer, "No!"

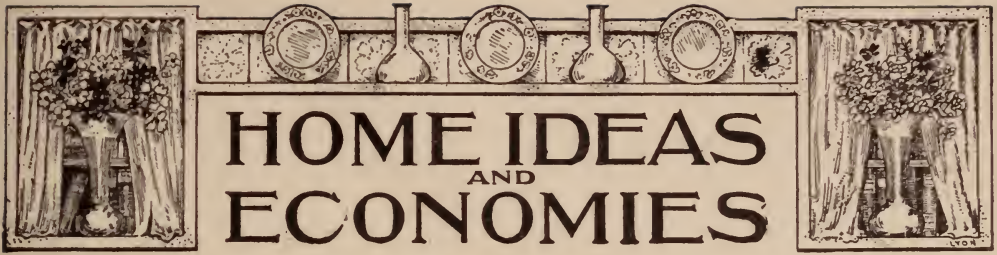
For the people of the present, young and old,
 Live for gold,
 And they have no leisure sooth in which to
 eat;
 See them scorching home on wheels,
 Thirty minutes grace for meals,
 Or they walk their soles and heels
 Off their feet.

Read the golden "ads." in cars and maga-
 zines
 Of baked beans,
 And of banquets concentrated in a can;
 Read of food prepared in flakes,
 And of patent flour cakes,
 Good for all the ills and aches
 In a man.

'Tis a wondrous age, I grant, an age of steam,
 And supreme;
 'Tis an age of wonders wrought in steel and
 stone;
 'Tis an age Time cannot pace,
 When our thoughts with lightning race,
 And our words are tossed through space
 To each zone.

But we have no chefs, today, of any fame
 Like Careme,
 Like a Chatillon, a Vatel or a Ude;
 We fry beefsteaks in a pan,
 Which is bad for beast or man,
 And we breakfast on a plan
 Just as rude.

So the culinary art, I think, has fled
 With the dead,
 With the ancient recipe for Massic wine;
 Ah! I would I had the pen
 Of a Savarin, for then
 I would teach all kinds of men
 How to dine.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

About Ammonia

IN your December number of the magazine, under the head of "Home Ideas and Economics," you have an article on the use of "Ammonia in the Household."

It has been my personal experience, and that of my mother, that ammonia injures hair brushes. It removes the grease, I will not deny, but turns the bristles yellow and makes them soft after using the ammonia. I have found, on the other hand, that a handful of borax will remove all grease and dirt, if applied with tepid water, and the bristles are made hard again by rinsing in cold water.

J. R. M.

* * *

Growing Mushrooms in Straw

IN reference to the brief suggestion about mushroom growing in straw, so many letters have been received that one further hint may prove useful. This is to place a lantern, well filled and carefully adjusted to burn well, in the cellar during a very cold period. Sometimes a bucket of hard-wood coals, set there, is sufficient to tide over a cold night, but a lantern is better.

The cellar described was without a furnace. The windows were closed well and the house banked up with leaves and sod, in the country fashion in the North. This kept the temperature between forty and sixty degrees.

There is so much concern shown now in providing work for the blind that it

may interest some persons to know that this work has been done by a man entirely blind. He made the boxes, packed them, and watched the crop during the season when he could not work in a garden.

J. D. C.

* * *

BACON can be most thinly sliced by using a *hot* knife. The slicing of bacon cannot safely be entrusted to the butcher, unless he is an artist.

An egg which has been frozen may be used in a cake, with perfectly satisfactory results, by separating the white and rubbing the yolk into the sugar and shortening just as if it were butter. The shortening should be creamed into the sugar first, and then the egg yolk added. It will rub to a perfect cream, when the white may be added with other eggs, if more are required.

To use up crusts and crumbs, after fancy sandwiches, a pudding can be made as follows: when dry put the bread through the meat chopper and moisten with just enough boiling milk to make a firm, but not hard mass. Then add dried fruit of any or all kinds, raisins, currants and spices. Steam, boil in a pail in deep water, or bake very slowly, closely covered. It may even be cooked on the extreme back of the range. Serve hot or cold with a sweet, flavored sauce. We prefer lemon flavoring, enough to be quite distinct. This is inexpensive, because it requires

very little of any one ingredient, and is so rich that a small portion is ample.

Having the materials at hand for a small quantity of mince meat, but needing a quick dessert, I put the meat and apples through the second adjustment of the meat chopper, added raisins, spices and sugar, also a pinch of salt, and after thorough mixing put the mince into the crusts without cooking, then baked slowly. The result was most satisfactory, and one member of the family was not troubled with indigestion, after eating the pie, as is usual with him. I always use a dash of vinegar, instead of cider or liquors, for mince meat. An acquaintance never pares the apples, and I was astonished to discover that I could not see any difference in her pies.

E. O. B. G.

* * *

A Clear Kitchen

WE have had an experience with a kitchen where everything was upon legs — the stove, tables, chairs, cabinet, sinks and even cupboards. This makes much stooping and reaching necessary when the floor is cleaned. In planning our own kitchen we have tried to have everything either set squarely on the floor or else clear it entirely, and we have what we privately call a "legless kitchen" as the result. The steel range, cabinet and some of the cupboards set close upon the floor. Other smaller cupboards are placed higher up on the wall, entirely free from the floor. All tables are built in and are secured to the wall with brackets, except a light folding table and a stand on casters. Sinks and basin are of course secured simply with brackets, and at the end of each table is a seat, fastened to the wall with hinges, that may be turned up out of the way when not in use. This leaves only the wheel-stand and a chair or two to be moved about. This plan,

besides being convenient, gives the room a very neat appearance.

Convenient Ironing Board

My stationary ironing board is a great convenience, as it is ready for use at a moment's notice. Its broad end is fastened to the wall thirty-five inches from the floor with three stout hinges. At about two-thirds of the distance to the other end of the board is a stout leg thirty-five inches long, attached with a hinge. The board is placed at the left of a window, with the stove not many steps away. This location insures good light and a breath of air in warm weather. When not in use the board folds up against the wall, the leg falls down the length of the board, and the whole is secured by a button on the edge of the window casing.

Location of the Stove

Place the cook-stove if possible where there is ample space at either side for a table or cabinet. Such a location is a great step-saver, as in cooking or baking all materials are close at hand. In cooking or dishing out food the seasoning materials can be reached without a step, and there is ample room to place dishes and utensils without crossing the room. For such tedious baking as the making of cookies or doughnuts it will save a great deal of time and work. If the chimney chances to be in a corner, I find it best to place the stove across the corner, instead of against either wall; this sets the whole front and oven door toward the center of the room, with tables conveniently near at each side.

Aid in Dusting

For dusting I use a square of soft cheese cloth; this I sprinkle with a good furniture polishing oil, rubbing it well into the cloth. Such a cloth gathers up every bit of dust without scattering it, and leaves the polished surface of the furniture bright and clear.

The cloth may be used several times without washing, although it will look dark and grimy as it absorbs the dust. Occasionally draw out the large pieces of furniture and dust the unseen portions.

Household Finance

Household expenses are of vital importance to every housekeeper, whether she realizes it or not. We read articles and hear talks upon the subject, on every hand, and many theories are put forth for a pleasant solution of the troublesome problem.

What are the practical facts? Will a regular allowance and a set of books reduce the running expenses of the home?

There can be no doubt that business methods in housekeeping are beneficial, in most cases, but that alone will not suffice. After a series of lengthy articles on the subject of saving money, a wit sent this to the magazine which had published them, "The only way to save your money is — not to spend it!" And there was the whole matter in a nutshell! The only way to reduce household expenses is to buy carefully and to use carefully what has been bought. It is the little everyday leaks that tell at the end of the month.

Some women foolishly think it a reflection on their generosity to be careful about the little things, while other women economize unwisely.

Instead of making the pot full of weak tea for the sake of economy, or of strong tea for the sake of being considered generous, and throwing away half of it in either case, measure both tea and water and make enough good tea so that it is practically all used. Never make a big fire when a light one is sufficient. In cooking with gas or oil, turn off the heat as soon as through with it; if water is to be heated, do not heat more or hotter than desired. I know a woman, who is endeavoring by means of allowance and bookkeeping to keep down the living expenses, who three times each day heats a huge

kettle of water on her gasoline stove to the boiling point for the dishwashing and then uses about half of it after it is reduced to a usable temperature. She wastes enough in fuel to buy the fruit and other dainties of which she deprives her family, in order to keep within her allowance.

Reserve all the left-overs, but utilize them simply. One woman will take the good bits of meat that are left, a little stock, a slice of stale bread and an egg, and provide a delicious meat course for the family luncheon from materials, with the exception of the egg, that were in themselves useless. Another woman will at once throw out the left-overs. Another puts them on the table in their unpalatable condition, until the family eats them in desperation, or they become totally useless. And yet another uses unlimited new materials to conceal the old, thus spending much to save a little.

Household economy does not consist in seeing how much a family can go without, for a certain amount, but rather how much they can have for the limited allowance. Have the meals just as palatable, the home just as inviting, the clothing just as good as the family purse will reasonably allow, but never buy foolishly or waste carelessly or thoughtlessly. Remember that the housewife who saves a dollar by wise management has earned that dollar just as surely as did her husband in office or workroom.

Cooking Pumpkin

When desiring to cook pumpkin for pies on a gas or oil stove, I find it can be done in much less time if I first put the pumpkin through the food chopper. This is easily done, and the finely-chopped pumpkin needs but little water to keep it from burning at the beginning. In a short time it has steamed perfectly tender, and the remaining process is quickly completed as so little moisture has been added.

A. M. A.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1550. — "How may Irish and sweet potatoes be baked that the skins may be soft and the potatoes thoroughly baked?"

Baked Potatoes with Soft Skins

This query, 1547, in last issue, was somewhat carelessly answered. The following by M. C. G. will be found satisfactory:

"If potatoes are rubbed with butter, lard or olive oil before baking, the skins will be found to be thin and soft after baking; olive oil will endure a higher temperature and is thus less liable to burn than either the lard or the butter."

QUERY 1551. — "Recipe for Prune Soufflé."

Prune Soufflé

Whites of 5 eggs	4	tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar		prune juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of granulated sugar	2	tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of prunes, cooked and cut in pieces		lemon juice if convenient

Beat the whites of the eggs dry; add the cream of tartar and gradually beat in half the sugar; fold in the other half of the sugar and the prunes with juice. Turn into a buttered baking dish, smooth the top and dredge with granulated sugar. Set on many folds of paper in a pan and surround with boiling water. Let bake until the center is

firm. Do not allow the water to boil. Serve hot with cream and sugar or with cold, boiled custard made of the yolks of the eggs, one-third a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk.

QUERY 1552. — "Recipe for simple steamed Fig Pudding."

Steamed Fig Pudding

6 ounces of suet	4 ounces of sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of figs	1 egg, well beaten
$\frac{1}{4}$ a pound of bread crumbs	1 cup of milk

Chop the suet and figs. Mix the bread (sifted or grated) with the suet, the sugar with the figs, then mix the two together. Add the milk to the beaten egg and stir into the bread mixture: nutmeg or other spice may be added if desired. Steam for four hours in a covered mold.

QUERY 1553. — "Recipe for Grape-fruit Marmalade."

Grape-fruit Marmalade

Take six grape-fruits and four lemons; cut each fruit in quarters and slice the quarters through pulp and rind as thin as possible, discarding all seeds. Weigh the prepared fruit, and to each pound add three pints of cold water. Set aside for twenty-four hours. Let boil gently until the rind is perfectly tender, then set aside until the next day.

Weigh the material and to each pound add one pound of sugar. Let cook until it thickens enough to hold up the peel. The mixture will thicken still more on cooling and care must be taken not to cook it too much. Stir occasionally, while cooking, to avoid burning. Store in jars. With a small hard-wood board upon which to rest the fruit and a thin, sharp knife, the slicing is quickly done. It will take at least six hours of boiling to insure tender rind. Let become cold (by standing over night) before adding the sugar. Use the quantity of water designated and follow all other directions explicitly and an extremely choice marmalade will result. For orange marmalade substitute a dozen oranges for the grape-fruit.

QUERY 1554. — "What is the matter with my buckwheat cakes, made with yeast by recipe in a late number of the magazine? They stick to the griddle, while cakes made with wheat flour and sour milk bake beautifully. The griddle is of soapstone and we do not grease it. Also give recipe for Honey Jumbles."

Baking Buckwheat Griddle Cakes

We have had no trouble in baking griddle cakes, made by the recipe in question, on a well-greased iron griddle. Cakes made of buckwheat are more liable to stick to the griddle than those made of any other variety of flour. Possibly they can not be baked on a soapstone griddle unless a little white flour be added to the batter.

Honey Jumbles

<p>$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of honey Grated rind of 1 lemon 1 egg and 1 yolk, beaten light</p>	<p>3 cups or more of flour 4 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder Chopped almonds</p>
--	--

Mix as cake, in the order given, adding more flour if needed. Roll into a sheet, and cut into rings with a doughnut cutter. Brush over with white of egg, sprinkle with the almonds, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven.

Honey Drop Cookies

<p>$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of granulated sugar 1 cup of honey Beaten yolks of 2 eggs Grated rind of 1 lemon</p>	<p>3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice The whites of 2 eggs, beaten dry 3 cups of sifted flour 1 teaspoonful of soda More flour if needed</p>
---	---

Mix in the usual manner. Drop the dough by teaspoonfuls upon a buttered baking pan, shape into smooth rounds. Bake in a moderate oven. For change add half a cup or more of cocoanut.

QUERY 1555. — "Recipe for Marron Glacé such as sell at \$1.00 per pound."

Marron Glacé

Take chestnuts (Italian or French) that have been preserved in syrup, drain from the syrup and let dry on a piece of cheesecloth. Melt two cups of sugar in one tablespoonful of glucose, or corn syrup, and one cup of water; stir until nearly boiling, wash down the sides of the saucepan with the hand or a bit of cloth wet in cold water, cover and let boil rapidly three or four minutes, remove the cover, and cook without stirring to 295° Fahr. or until the syrup begins to turn to a light amber color; remove at once from the fire to a saucepan of boiling water. Take the chestnuts, one by one, on the point of a larding needle and dip them into the hot syrup, and drop them upon an inverted tin pan. They will harden almost immediately and will not stick to the pan. A recipe for preserving chestnuts will be forwarded on request, accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The details are easily followed, but the description is lengthy.

QUERY 1556. — "Should canapés or appetizers be served hot or cold? Give a few recipes and a menu in which one is used. State if forks are provided for eating canapés."

Regarding Canapés, Appetizers, Etc.

A canapé is an appetizer, but an appetizer is not necessarily a canapé. An appetizer is anything hot or cold,

solid or liquid, taken before the first course at dinner to stimulate the appetite. Celery or olives eaten with the soup are, also, termed appetizers. Dishes made with several compartments, each holding some special article, are often passed before the soup. Each individual selects the articles he desires and disposes them on a small plate, set upon the serving plate, when the table was laid. These articles are usually eaten from the fingers, though small forks are occasionally provided. One compartment of the dish might contain olives, tiny pickles or radishes, another pulled bread, deviled biscuit or crackers, and a third caviare, strips of smoked fish, fillets of anchovies or pickled oysters, etc. Canapés are thin, small pieces of bread toasted, fried in deep fat or buttered and browned in the oven, used either hot or cold, covered with one or more mixtures. Sometimes canapés are very fancifully decorated with capers, sifted yolk of cooked egg, truffles, etc. The foundation of a canapé is crisped bread, and, as it is not easily divided with a fork, the canapé is eaten from the hand. When cold these are usually in place when guests seat themselves at the table. The *Bonnes Bouchées de Caviare*, given in the recipes for January, take the place of canapés. *Bonne Bouchée* means tidbit or good mouthful or morsel. The foundation of a *Bouchée* is usually well-shaped, and the foundation of a canapé is flat and completely covered with one or more mixtures.

Anchovy Canapés

Have rounds, squares, rectangles or other shapes of bread, one-fourth an inch thick and not more than two inches across; prepare as above; when cold, spread with anchovy paste, and cover the paste with sifted yolk of egg, chopped white of egg and capers, putting these on in strips, or if round in circles, to form a rosette.

Sardine Canapés

Pound the flesh of sardines to a smooth paste and season quite high with paprika, tabasco sauce, lemon juice, onion juice and salt as needed. Spread the mixture over bread prepared in the usual manner. Have ready narrow strips of hard-cooked white of egg, cut the full length of the egg. Press these upon the sardine mixture to form an X and sift a bit of cooked yolk in the open spaces.

Deviled Ham Canapés

Spread the prepared bread with deviled ham and decorate with figures cut from thin slices of truffle or with fine-chopped truffles and fine-chopped olives.

MENU

Deviled Ham Canapés
 Consommé with Flageolet
 Lobster Newburg in Ramequins
 Stuffed Lamb Chops, Suédoise
 Peas with Hot-House Carrots
 Ham Mousse, Tomato Sauce
 Grape-fruit and Endive Salad
 Peach Cups
 Decorated Macaroons
 Half Cups of Coffee

QUERY 1557. — "Recipe for Little Date Puddings, published in this magazine, December, 1902."

Little Date Puddings

1 lb. of stoned dates	1 teaspoonful of ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ a lb. of suet	1 cup of soft bread crumbs
1 cup of flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoonful of salt (scant)	
1 teaspoonful of cin- namon	

Put the suet and dates through the food chopper together. Sift in the flour, sugar, salt and spices, add the crumbs and mix all together thoroughly. Add the milk to the beaten eggs and mix again. Steam two hours in buttered individual molds. A pudding steamed in individual molds is easy to serve and rather attractive looking, but a suet pudding is more moist and really better when cooked in a larger mold, where there is plenty of room for expansion.

An Easter Prayer

By Frank H. Sweet

Within the dusky pew I knelt
And breathed a rich perfume,
For near at hand the altar steps
Were banked with snowy bloom.
And while the people's prayers arose
Like incense sweet to God,
I seemed to feel the Presence,
As I watched the lilies nod.

I gazed upon their golden hearts,
Their perfect whiteness rare,
Their slender stems of clearest green,
And prayed a little prayer.
'Twas never found in any book,
Or said in any cell,
And from my soul it bubbled up
Like water from a well.

"Dear Lord," I said, "when I am dead
And done with grief and pain,
If Thou from out the narrow grave
Shouldst call me forth again
To live once more, oh, let me then
A spotless lily be,
Within the church on Easter morn
To blossom, Lord, for Thee."



THE FRUIT VENDERS

By Murillo

The "Fruit Venders" is a charming picture of country life in which one can readily read the story. A tidy little girl is counting the earnings of her morning's labors in the city. Evidently she has had good luck, and is going home early, while the boy is but just setting forth with his basket. The composition is carefully and artistically arranged, while the homely sentiment of the scene makes it very attractive.

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

MARCH, 1910

No. 8

The Domestic Element in Art

By Estelle M. Hurl

IT is commonly supposed that the ideal and practical are at opposite poles. Things domestic are seldom regarded as either poetic or artistic. Only now and then some gifted imagination has lifted the veil and shown us the poetry of common life. Art in its beginnings was so closely related to religious observance that this purpose naturally excluded all but ideal subjects. The early painters of the Christian era occupied themselves wholly with the Madonna and saints, with sacred, Biblical and symbolic scenes. At length the wearisome monotony of such themes palled upon the bolder spirits. The love of nature led men to discover the hidden beauties about them, and little by little the Italian Renaissance painters began to introduce some more or less homely elements into their work.

This was especially true of the sixteenth-century Venetians, of whom Titian was the chief exponent. One of his most famous works is the large canvas of the "Presentation of the

Virgin" in the Venetian Academy. The subject represents the child Mary, afterwards the mother of Jesus, brought by her parents to the temple to be con-



THE EGG WOMAN
From Titian's Presentation of the Virgin

secrated to the service of God. Men, women and children jostle one another in the public square to see the little girl mount the temple steps alone. An old peasant woman sits in the shadow



BOY DRINKING

By Murillo

of the stairway with a basket of eggs on the pavement beside her. She, too, looks on with awe and curiosity. The wonderful strength and realism of the figure show what Titian might have done in genre painting, had circumstances favored this line of work. Taken apart from the large composition, the "Egg Woman" makes a complete picture, and recalls a market scene of modern Venice as truly as that of three centuries ago.

With a spirit in some respects akin to that of Titian, the seventeenth-century painter, Murillo, combined both the religious and homely elements in his art. He loved the common people, and delighted in making sketches of the picturesque figures of the street and market place, which he would later introduce into some large religious compositions. Many such studies are scat-

tered through the European galleries. In the National Gallery of London is one of a youth just draining a glass, which is a particularly clever piece of workmanship. The sketch was dashed off with unusual bravura, and the painter has caught well the gay, care-free spirit of the Spanish peasantry among whom his life was largely passed. The Spanish love of the picturesque is seen in the garland of leaves decorating the boy's head.

It remained for the Dutch school of painting to exploit fully the homely and domestic side of life. Art had never before dreamed of the possibilities in such lines. The Dutch have taught us that beautiful technique may glorify the meanest object. Lights and shadows make the most prosaic things poetic and fascinating, if we only know how to look at them. Kitchen, market and courtyard contain their beauties as well as field, lake and mountain. Fish, poultry, game and vegetable have rich and varied colors, as well as fruit, flowers and trees, though the latter are more often associated with artistic ideals. So Gerard Douw, Gabriel Metsu, Pieter de Hooch and others of their group of genre painters gave their message to the world through these homely channels.

Gerard Douw (1613-1675) passed his entire life in his native town of Leyden, where, at the age of fifteen, he entered the studio of Rembrandt. Three years' study under this master did not seem to influence him strongly, and when Rembrandt removed to Amsterdam, Douw worked out a style of his own, which became quite the rage. He reproduced the familiar subjects of daily life, and finished his pictures with the most minute and laborious care. It is said that he once devoted three days to painting a broom the size of a finger nail. As he took great pains with all his materials, grinding his own colors and preparing the varnishes, his pictures are still remarkably well-preserved

and much prized by collectors. The "Poulterer's Shop," in the National Gallery of London, is a typical work. We recognize various features which are characteristic of Douw's style. The arched window was a favorite device which he used to frame his compo-

little picture. There is an animated dialogue between the pretty young girl and the good-natured market-woman with whom she is bargaining for a hare. Faces and gestures are full of expression. The color scheme is very attractive. The girl is dressed in plum color,



THE POULTERER'S SHOP

By Gerard Douw

sitions. The bird cage fastened to the wall, and the wicker coop in the corner, are pieces of studio "property" often repeated, as well as the bas-relief ornament below the window. These interesting details do not, however, overshadow the dramatic interest of the

while the market-woman has a brown gown with red sleeves and a blue apron.

Gabriel Metsu (1630-1667) was also a native of Leyden, and was in his youth a pupil of Gerard Douw. He then removed to Amsterdam, where he was influenced by Rembrandt. Though

choosing a class of subjects similar to those of Douw, the art critics rank him above the former in the matter of technique. His style is broader, his color beautiful, and his handling of light and shade masterly. The "Old Woman selling Fish" is a motive he represented many times with variations, and one

and the result is very pleasing. The theme is in rather a more serious vein than the "Poulterer's Shop," and might not appeal so readily to the popular fancy. The fine old face of the fisherwoman is strong and somewhat pathetic. The young woman making the purchase is a gentle creature, and there



OLD WOMAN SELLING FISH.

By Gabriel Metsu

of these pictures is in the Wallace Collection in London. We see at once the softer quality of the painting as contrasted with Gerard Douw's sharper lines and harder effects. The transitions of light and shade are gradual,

is here no bandying of jokes. One fancies that the customer kindly inquires after the other's affairs, her family, her business, or her rheumatism, while the reply is made with quiet and grateful dignity. It is a humble scene, but

full of suggestiveness. If one were to compare the picture with the "Poulterer's Shop," the verdict must be that this is a more real and actual scene as if taken from life, while the other has a rather artificial quality, with all the objects arranged for effect, and the figures posing for the occasion.

Pieter de Hooch was born in the same year as Metsu, 1630, but the dates of

their own kind and were usually interiors. If out-of-door scenes, they were walled in, to resemble interiors, like the "Courtyard." His great specialty was aerial perspective, and his pictures always give a vista through a door, a window or a gateway. No one ever painted sunlight better, and the lighting of the rear or middle distance in his scenes invests them with a poetic



THE COURTYARD

By Pieter de Hooch

his death and of his journeyings to and from various Dutch cities are involved in obscurity. He was at one time in Delft, and later at Amsterdam, where he, too, felt the influence of Rembrandt. His subjects were quite of

quality quite beyond compare. It was his peculiar mission to show the cleanliness and propriety of the Dutch home. "The Courtyard" illustrates some of his best qualities. The subject is as homely as possible, a vista of back

yards. A lady is giving directions as to the cleaning of a fish; but the figures are not particularly interesting, as the lady's back is towards us, and her gesture is decidedly stiff. Wherein, then, lies the charm of the picture, which at once appeals to us as so quaint and fascinating? It is in the beautiful composition and in the wonderful treatment of light. What a long range of vision is opened before us! We can see to the end of the alley leading out of the yard, and even then an opening shows the light beyond. Instead of a dark background, as in the other pictures, the distance is full of sunshine. This quality of luminous space is one which Ruskin dwells upon with much fullness in one of the most interesting chapters of "Modern Painters," explaining that it suggests to the imagination the idea of infinity. The neatly tiled pavement of the courtyard makes it a

sort of supplementary kitchen, where the tidy housewife has as much of the work done as is possible. An old-fashioned pump, at one side, the source of the water supply, is as primitive as all the surroundings. The entire atmosphere is full of the poetry of the commonplace.

The present-day artist complains that modern domestic appliances are not adaptable to painting. It must be confessed that gas stoves and radiators are not as picturesque as fireplaces, and that a row of faucets has not the charm of the old-fashioned pump or well. Such excuses, however, do not by any means account for the lack of the domestic element in modern art. Were another Gabriel Metsu or Pieter de Hooch to arise in our midst, he would surely find something interesting in our common life. Let us hope that American painters will some day rediscover this rich field.



What the Easter Eggs Hatched

By F. H. Sweet

“WELL?”

Marcia Gilbert looked for an instant into the troubled brown eyes that were searching her face so anxiously. Then her gaze fell upon a sealed envelope lying upon the table, with her own address upon it, and “Rejected” written all over it, in invisible characters.

So that venture had failed, like all the rest. The bitterness born of repeated disappointments crept into the girl’s sore heart, and lent an unnatural sharpness to her tones as she said reluctantly:

“It’s just as we thought. I’ve been to all the principal newspaper offices, and the rates for advertising are entirely beyond our means. Don’t you think, Doris,” she added, hesitatingly, “that we might build up a business — a small one, you know — that would keep us in food and clothes without advertising at all?”

Doris shook her head dejectedly, and a tear appeared on her cheek.

“Everybody advertises nowadays. There is no other way to call the attention of the public to your wares or wants; and with so much competition, one must do it in a way to attract attention, too. I might hang out my little sign, ‘Hats and Bonnets Trimmed to Order,’ for years, and no one would take any notice of it, unless I had some handsomely trimmed hats to go with it, to advertise my taste and skill as a milliner.”

To this indisputable fact her sister could make no reply, and seating herself in the pleasant bay window, through which the morning sunshine was streaming, she watched listlessly the passers-by, while, with a weary half-heartedness, she tried to think of something — some way by which she

and her orphan sister might earn a decent livelihood.

Perhaps, after all, they would have been wiser if they had sold the pretty home, their only heritage. By visiting relatives a great part of the time, and practising a thousand and one little makeshifts, they might have managed to live in some way upon the interest of their money.

But it did not require a strong imagination to see the reluctant faces of country aunt and city uncle, and to hear the epithets applied to herself and Doris that she had so often heard bestowed upon poor relatives.

It would be easier to go hungry than to endure such humiliation, and in this recoil of honest pride she felt her heart grow stronger and more hopeful.

She picked up the thrice-rejected manuscript, and laid it away in her desk out of sight with the almost cheerful comment, “By and by, when I can afford to risk lots of stamps, I’ll send it somewhere else, and keep sending it. No doubt I shall find a market for it in time, for, you know —”

“Come in!” There was a familiar tap upon the door, and the comfortable figure of Mrs. Duganne entered. She was a widow, who, with her daughter, rented the upper part of the cottage — a cheery, good-natured body — who came to borrow an egg, explaining, at considerable length, that her egg basket was getting low now, so near Easter, on account of her daughter Esther’s liking for painting eggs as Easter gifts.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when Marcia jumped from her chair, and kissing her sister’s tear-stained cheek, cried gleefully:

“I’ve got it! I’ve an idea that’ll be better than any of your newspaper advertisements!”

Seizing the egg basket, she began eagerly to count its contents. "One, two, three, six — nine! Plenty to begin with, at any rate. Now, with your big box of odds and ends, my dear, we'll get up an advertisement that will draw more attention than half a column in any of the newspapers."

She laughed so cheerily and with such an air of confidence that even Doris's sad face brightened.

"What?" she began; but Marcia was too intent upon her new plan to wait for questions.

"I am going to paint these eggs with faces; not like the fashion plates, all alike, but all kinds of faces, old and young, pale and ruddy, dark and light, long and short, in fact, every kind of face; and you shall furnish each one with a hat or bonnet exactly suited to its own peculiar type. Do your very prettiest on them, and we'll hang them in our front window just before Easter, for an advertisement of your skill in millinery."

Doris looked doubtful, but she would not dampen her sister's enthusiasm by giving voice to her feelings. So she only said, in her always gentle, patient tones:

"Very well, dear. Get your heads ready, and I'll do my best to dress them becomingly. But, really, hadn't you better let Miss Grantly have the lilies, and use the money to pay for a modest notice in one of the daily papers?"

Her voice faltered as she saw the hot flush that overspread Marcia's face, and detected the repressed feeling underlying her words as she said, with a glance at the beautiful stand of lilies, slowly unfolding in the warm spring sunshine:

"I can't bear to sell our Easter lilies, if there is any possible way to avoid it. For the last ten years, ever since I was a little girl, I have never failed to have this one gift of my very own to offer to our Lord on Easter Sunday. Perhaps I am superstitious; but, honestly, I should

feel, if I sold them, almost as if I had been guilty of sacrilege."

Doris smiled indulgently. She could not always understand her younger sister's fancies, but she never ridiculed nor opposed them.

"I hadn't the least idea," she said tenderly, "that you felt like that about them. Of course I wouldn't sell them for any money, if it would make you unhappy. Come," she went on, with a determined effort at cheerful interest, "you might as well prepare your eggs and get out your paints, while I look over my stores, and see what I can make a beginning with."

Perhaps Marcia's enthusiasm as well as the really pretty faces with which she adorned the blank sides of the eggs awakened her less sanguine sister's confidence. At any rate, before the day was over she had contrived several dainty little hats. One of these, when glued upon the crown of a golden-haired, blue-eyed egg-fairy, was "perfectly bewitching," as Marcia joyfully declared, with its trimming of pale blue tips and tiny bows, while the broad Rembrandt brim, faced with black velvet, made still fairer the dazzling brilliancy of the sweet creature's complexion, and set off her yellow bangs to perfection.

"Look at her!" cried Marcia, with exultation. "Isn't she a darling, though, with her pink cheeks and yellow hair? Every blond girl that sees her will want a hat just like hers."

Doris laughed more gayly than she had done before for many a day.

"Then I hope all the blond beauties in the city will find occasion to walk past our corner when this one is on exhibition," she said, blithely, as she fished out from her box of remnants a bit of old gold silk that was to be worked into a "perfect love of a bonnet" for the dashing brunette, whose carmine complexion was giving Marcia so much trouble.

As the days slipped by the work

gradually assumed an importance and dignity that neither of the girls had really calculated upon.

Marcia, who really had artistic talent, and was far more skillful with her brush than with her pen, was not satisfied, after a time, with painting ideal faces, but, much to her own and her sister's surprise, succeeded in getting several really creditable likenesses of familiar people who passed their window each day.

A bright-faced, innocent-looking young girl, whose way to school led her directly past their door, was pictured with wonderful exactness, and furnished by Doris with a simple straw hat in one of the fashionable styles, with only a wreath of field daisies by way of adornment.

"It isn't every face that can bear a hat of that peculiar style," remarked Doris with a good deal of innocent complacency, as she held up the dainty trifle.

"I should really like to see the original in a hat just like this; for I've noticed that her hats are not, as a rule, becoming to her."

These bits of successful imitation gave zest to the work, and made the young artists more hopeful of success with each day. Ten days before Easter found heads and hats all completed, and ready to put on exhibition.

Marcia had herself designed the placard with the important announcement:

**HATS AND BONNETS
MADE AND TRIMMED HERE.**

There was a border of the prettiest spring flowers that she could contrive: hepaticas, with noses blue from the chill April winds, in spite of their furry hoods; violets, in white and purple, and pink-tipped anemones that paled beside the deeper rose of the sweet-breathed mayflowers. Yellow and blue crocuses and hyacinths of every shade of rose

and purple broke the stiff outlines of the letters, and made the modest little strip of pasteboard a thing of real grace and beauty.

What a world of anxious thought and patient toil was put into the decoration and arrangement of that one small window — of no importance whatever to the great world outside, but meaning so much to the two trembling, anxious-hearted girls, who had built such high hopes upon it!

Every detail was complete the evening before, and at the first peep of day the sisters were astir, too excited and eager to sleep or eat until they had seen for themselves the effect of their daring venture from without.

With the opening of the shutters a flood of sunshine poured into the cozy little sitting-room, lighting up the quaintly decorated window with such startling brilliancy that Marcia, who had slipped over to the opposite side of the street to get a first look at the imposing array, scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry at the impression produced upon her.

The first sight of all these suspended heads, with the saucy sunshine staring full in their unwinking eyes, seemed so much like a diminutive travesty of the scene in Bluebeard's secret chamber that she involuntarily clutched more firmly the door key that she held in her hand, while a sudden impulse prompted her to call out to an anxiously watching face in the background:

"What do you see, sister Anne?"

"The whole thing is simply ridiculous," she thought, and a wave of bitter humiliation swept over her, making her feel as if she would be glad to crush every one of these horribly suggestive manikins into one heap of broken eggshells, and then run away and live a hermit's life forever after.

But as she took courage and a second look, things did not seem so very bad, after all. The bodiless creatures, with their dainty topknots, leisurely swung

to and fro, or bobbed placidly up and down with the wind, as if mutely calling attention in their slow, stately way to the pictured placard in their midst; and a feeling of satisfaction and something like confidence gradually took the place of Marcia's unfavorable first impressions.

This confidence was somewhat increased by the comments that she overheard from the passers-by.

"How lovely those crocuses and hyacinths are!" exclaimed one lady, while her companion laughingly called her attention to the painted faces.

"Only painted egg-shells! But see how very pretty some of those faces are."

"Dear me! The wild flowers look as if they had grown upon the paper," said a third.

But not a word, when she came to think of it, of the millinery display! But then, of course everybody would understand that the paintings were simply advertisements, and nothing more.

All through the day the two girls, wrought up to feverish excitement, watched and waited for the hoped-for customers, but although almost every passer-by stopped to examine, and in most cases to praise the artistic display, not once did the door bell ring.

"I don't suppose we can expect people to bring their work to us the very first day," was Marcia's cheerful comment, as she closed the shutters for the night. "But I feel it in my bones that tomorrow will bring us a customer."

Sure enough, it seemed as if her hopeful prophecy was to be fulfilled when, at an early hour in the forenoon, a portly, kindly faced lady, who had been standing quite five minutes looking at the display in the window, slowly mounted the steps, and, ringing the bell, was ushered in by Marcia as proudly as if she were escorting a princess.

The stranger looked kindly, if curiously, at the flushed, eager faces of the

girls, while she asked with frank directness, "Would you object to telling me who painted the faces on those Easter eggs in your window?"

"Certainly not. It was my sister's work," replied Doris, a little surprised at the question, while Marcia looked decidedly cross. Why should everybody persist in putting the paintings before the millinery?

"Did you mean any of them for portraits?"

Marcia grew very red and embarrassed. "Ye-es—that is, I tried to make some of them look something like the people who pass here. I should not venture to call them 'portraits,' though."

The lady laughed good-naturedly at her embarrassment.

"You have succeeded so well in one case, at least, that I recognized the likeness as soon as I saw it. The little girl in the daisy hat is my daughter. I knew her as soon as I saw the picture, and that was what attracted my attention particularly to your work, which, by the way, is just what I want myself."

The girls looked mystified, and she went on to explain:

"I am Mrs. Brown, proprietor of the Art Store on Twelfth Street—you know the place?—and I should be glad to buy your whole stock for my Easter trade, if you are willing to sell it."

Marcia uttered a quick protest, but Doris's pale face lighted up hopefully.

"We have put them in our window to serve as an advertisement," she said, "and as such they are, perhaps, worth more to us than to you."

"My dear young lady,"—she spoke so kindly that even Marcia's ruffled feathers were smoothed a little,— "I see that you are new to the ways of the business world, and if you will take my advice, I can perhaps give you a hint that you may find helpful in the future as well as now, in the way of advertising. A few tastily trimmed hats

and three or four of the latest thing in ribbons would bring you in more customers in a week than all this artistic display would in a year."

Marcia's lips quivered, and she turned away her face to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. Their visitor went on with a return to her businesslike manner:

"Now I will pay you enough for those pretty trifles so that you can buy the materials that you will need for the hats, if you don't plan too extravagantly, and with a few rolls of ribbon you can make a fair beginning, in a small way."

She named a sum that to the inexperienced girls seemed a small fortune. Nor was this all, for, to Marcia's great

delight, she was engaged to supply a certain department in their new friend's establishment with these same painted trifles, in whose manufacture she had developed an originality and skill hitherto unsuspected, even by that most partial of friends, her sister.

Constant and pleasant employment, with fair pay, did not mean reputation or fortune, but it meant a living. And Doris, following the advice so wisely given, succeeded in building up a flourishing business.

But she always persisted, with sisterly partiality, that all the good fortune of their lives was due to those Easter eggs, that hatched out the chickens with golden feathers, instead of the ordinary fowls that they had hoped for.

O Fragrant Bells

By Ruth Raymond

O fragrant bells of Easter,
Once more your music rings,
Thro' valley and thro' woodland
While clear the wild bird sings.
The drifted snows have melted,
The brooks again are free,
And naught of winter's sorrow
Shall mar your minstrelsy.

O sacred bells of Easter,
Pure lilies, as you bloom
You tell again the story
Of dark, but riven tomb;
Your buds that swing in gladness
Above the clinging sod
Are loving cups, sweet censers
That bear the peace of God.

How are the Dead Raised Up?

By Mrs. Charles Norman

IF any one should write a book with the title "Before Breakfast Toilets and Tempers," he might tell a world of unpleasant truths. We have read, all our lives, of the glories of the morning, of the inspiration and blessedness of dawn, but we who spend our

winters in northern climates feel that the beautiful remarks do not exactly apply to all places and seasons.

Holmes represents a vivacious company at the breakfast table and again "Over the Teacups." (Food, as well as wine, is conducive to conviviality.)

But is there not a tendency to sullenness and fussiness during the first hour of a winter morning? Maybe it would be fortunate if all of us might breakfast in bed.

The young man who has bidden a lingering good-bye to his lady in the evening would not know her if he could see her next morning as her parents see her. The woman who is a devoted wife and mother, dearer than life to each of her family, is not in tune before breakfast, and, though she manage to say a civil "good morning," every one knows there is a want of harmony in her disposition.

Perhaps husband and children are likewise not very gracious, and so the first hour of the day, instead of being glorious, is — otherwise!

This is a sad state, and maybe trouble is set on foot for time to come, for, "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" It is not for me to name the cause or the cure. Causes differ and cures depend upon causes. As to the toilet itself, it is both cause and effect. If we did not feel so ill, we should care more how we looked. On the other hand, our dispositions would be certainly improved by carefully washing away the sleep from our eyelids, brushing away the disorder from our hair, and clothing ourselves as freshly as possible. These are external matters, not always easy, but in most cases requiring only resolution.

"I like to wash my face before breakfast; I feel better," declared a new woman who did not approve of applying much water to her delicate complexion.

"I like to wash my face before breakfast, too," said her mother, "because I never considered it decent to do otherwise."

The two reasons for early morning ablutions are not equally strong, but either is good and sufficient. So, dear Madam, wash your face, if you are inclined to feel sour before breakfast! If the first application of water is not

sufficient, try a second, somewhat colder than the first. The custom is old-fashioned, but quite genteel and sometimes helpful.

It is useless to ask you to try to be more amiable. Every one tries and every one fails. The baby "wakened up in a bad humor," and the older boy "got out of bed wrong end first." No one explains what is the matter with the rest of the family. Perhaps our affairs were not left in order the night before and we are confused. Perhaps we did not get our nap out.

I have heard that people who live in tents do not have this trouble, and that may furnish a clue to the solution. Nature is medicinal. She can come near to cure anything if she is given time.

Mothers observe, too, that children are less quarrelsome during vacations. Children are, in winter, shut up in a schoolroom during about a fourth of the twenty-four hours of the day, and are shut up at home most of the remaining time. The largest of our houses are small — oh, so small to any expanding soul, and to a growing boy almost intolerable.

In Chicago the experiment has been tried of having school children study in cold, open rooms, which required wraps. It was hoped the intellectual results would be better, but the experimenters were rejoiced to report not only better lessons, but better deportment and better health.

There are no persons so prone to worry over the weather as those who do not have to go out into it. It is not those that brave the storm who pine and whine. To battle with the elements is invigorating and, though it requires a degree of health to do it, it insures a plus degree.

The benefit, however, is not alone to health. Fresh air in abundance will dissipate the ills of temper as well as those of the flesh. If we could cook with our kitchens open, if we could sleep with our bedrooms open, wide

open, if we could get the temperature reduced in our living rooms, if we could avoid bad air and superheated air, maybe we should find a winter morning a little more glorious. These remarks apply chiefly to city dwellers.

I used to think Thoreau was only joking when he said, "Who would dash the hopes of the morning by a cup of warm coffee?" But Thoreau did not live in a house, strictly speaking; and hopes did not depend on coffee.

All persons, who are not lazy, agree that it is good to be alive on a May morning, but just how can we manage to be bright and gay, when the winter sun is still lying in bed and we rise from slumber to breathe the same air we exhaled the day before?

Nature comes to the rescue and brings us spring. The earth may look wintry, but Easter will soon be here, and it is time for the resurrection of our dead bodies. In this vast country of ours the natural revival comes at such different dates, in different localities, that people in one section hardly appreciate the situation in another.

In Southern California at Easter

"The rain is over and gone,
The time of the singing of birds has come."

There are blossoms everywhere. Poppies and daffodils are dancing under the foothills.

Perhaps, in the latitude where you live, the earth is covered with snow, the ice not gone from the lakes, the fields desolate save for white-capped weeds, or an occasional shock of corn standing like a deserted wigwam. You may

see a bluebird — that "gentlest of prophets" — but possibly that pleasure is many weeks deferred. The trees, "discumbered of the Persian luxury of autumn" and not yet ready to put forth their green leaves, hold their naked branches above your head. Could you see their inner life, you would be satisfied; but, remembering the phenomenon of the past, you believe that which you do not see.

There will be wintry days yet, but they will not all be wintry, and the seeming dead will presently be rehabilitated. Let Nature have her way, and your own senses will be the sooner quickened. So soon as you can, open your house. Let the wind sweep it. No matter that it tumbles things about, if it blow a little energy into you. Oh, do not wait for spring to revive you by force, but put on what strength you can and go out to witness the miracles! Pray the prayer of that dear outdoor veteran, Bradford Torrey, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!"

If you have within you any love of nature, read — though you may have read often before — that chapter in Burrough's "Wake Robin," "Spring at the Capitol." Surely it cannot fail to thrill your senses with new life.

It is too much to expect that our winter lethargy can be altogether cured by fresh air and sunshine, but I, for one, shall abjure pills and nostrums till I have tried the philosopher's elixir; and, when I cannot get outdoors, I shall take the treatment inside, doors and windows open and my coat on!

March

Rain and sleet and snow and hail, —
Chilling winds and blustering gale, —

March is on.

Sunshine in between the showers, —
Just a glimpse of early flowers, —

March is gone.

—Charles Elmer Jenney.

Pies

By Kate Gannett Wells

WHAT would one of Jane Austen's heroines, an early Victorian maiden, or even Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre have thought of the many courses in Household Arts now established in colleges, private and public schools, settlements and clubs? Would they not have wondered why girls could not learn to cook in their own homes, taught by their mothers?

But homes and mothers were not as obsolete then as now. Can it be otherwise than that they should lose rank when Columbia University, in its Teachers' College, gives two years of Household Art training in addition to the two years' academic work, with a bachelor's degree, against which a mere mother's approval counts little? Moreover, if a girl is disinclined to such long training, she can find shorter curriculums, from textiles to sanitation, bacteriology, etc., in almost any college or school, for Household Arts has become a popular pedagogical fad, as well as a vital, universal necessity. Or if merely mildly interested in home problems, she can become a member of the Home Economics Association of Lake Placid fame.

In spite of all this organized instruction, quite as effectual real good in cookery and other Household Arts is accomplished through newspapers and magazines, especially when pictorial illustrations are given. These, like dressmaking patterns, become domesticated in homes and furnish discussion. Such articles go to thousands of readers, where college instruction would count by hundreds. Even settlement and club teaching reach very few, compared with the great mass of girls and women who do not know how to do what they want to do and must do.

When, however, so many branches

and methods connected with any one subject present themselves, choice is essential for success in any division. Each of us may wonder why something else or some other method is not taught, and so prefer to remain untaught. Yet food fads are mighty, though hygienic diet may grow distasteful. For instance, the breakfast of well-to-do people is apt to be abnormally simple, namely, coffee and rolls, possibly cereal and fruit. Why should it not bear more relation to the next occupation following on a breakfast? Why, for example, should pies, especially dried-apple pies, be tabooed? At least they are promoters of cheerfulness. But, alas! pie no longer holds the place of honor in culinary lore. Even at Christmas it is discarded in favor of bomb glacé and its ilk. Yet it is convenient to have pies in the larder when unexpected company arrives, particularly mince pie, which, in old-fashioned language, goes a great way. We well may pity with backward glances the pie lovers of Queen Elizabeth's time, to whom mince or "Christmas" pie was only "mutton or shred pye," just mutton shredded or minced, though often baked with oblong crusts; the shape of such a "pye" being supposed to resemble that of the Christ child's manger. Sometimes such "pye" was dubbed the "coffin." When 1647 came and observance of Christmas was forbidden, the term "mince pie," as we call it, was substituted for "Christmas pye," and Pepys proudly recorded that his wife sat up till four o'clock of the morning overseeing her maids in the making of mince pie.

Dearer in suggestiveness than mince pie is the cranberry pie, crisscrossed with strips of pastry, leading us back in thought to the early English "inter-

lace," when rude buildings were constructed of interwoven "wattles," or twigs. Since those ancient days the interlace has long been worked out in many materials, reaching even into kindergarten occupations.

There is a curious anecdote, anent mince pies, in the Memoir of Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, which relates that when he visited Trinity College, England, one of the Dons made "some disparaging remarks about Yankee pies, insisting that the fruit pie was alien to England." Whereupon Mr. Shaler quickly proved the contrary by quoting the poet Milton's statement that at the time of the plague, among other edibles, apple pies were left at Trinity gate for the students living there in a state of quarantine.

A memorable historic pie was the one which is said to have originated the nursery rhyme of Jack Horner and his pie. For when Henry VIII of England was seizing the monasteries, the monks of the Abbey of Mell, in order to preserve their title deeds, hid them in a pie sent by little Jack to London for safe keeping. But Jack grew hungry and opened the pie. Being a discreet lad, when he discovered the deeds, he kept them for a long time, then sold them and gained possession of the property.

Fortunately, with the restriction of the kingdom of pie, much of the grotesqueness of ancient silver table ware has gone as well as the abolition of the French "alms box" of silver, which placed upon the dinner table set forth the duty of charity, for into it each guest put some piece of food to be given to the poor. What a capital deposit place such a box would be now for those unfortunate children, who, told to eat the crusts of their bread, hide them in their pockets!

Though we today may not have our repast saddened by the sight of an alms box with all that it suggests of penury, yet enjoyment of our meals is too often

quenched for us by tales of poverty or by bitter discussion of reforms and reformers. When shall we learn that joy is an indispensable adjunct of digestion?

What is it, after all, that makes the difference between ways of keeping house in the past and the present idea of home economics? It is not merely that our menus are more varied and our table appointments more harmonious, but that we now acknowledge the *rights* of others less fortunate than we ourselves may be to nutritious food and to crockery, if not china, that shall be neither crude in color nor bad in design. The charity which once was remedial, in bestowing loaves of bread, has become preventive, as it teaches the processes of bread baking to those who are ignorant of them.

It is this growing recognition of the twofold need of nutriment and of instruction in the preparation of food, instead of alms in food, that has created the prevalent impulse for organized scientific instruction in Household Arts, which has spread from small centers to colleges and is coming to be considered as component a part of public school instruction as is arithmetic. We have even made it a national duty to teach domestic science in Porto Rico and in the Philippines; a few of the forty-one teachers now at work in the latter place having had special university training. Others have been appointed because of "their skill in housewifery, practical effectiveness and their interest in the social side of Filipino life." Special buildings are usually provided for these classes, two of them being model Filipino houses.

The ultimate effect of such teaching, wherever given, will be in enrichment of the home in neatness and beauty and in gain to the bodily strength that will accrue to its members. This demand for Household Arts did not spring from cultural or academic sources, but from the increasing acknowledgment of the

rights of others to possess knowledge essential to healthy living. It is a democratic movement, originating as an organized part of education in the wise insight and sympathy of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, the promoter of cookery in the public schools of Boston, and of

others. It soon proved itself such a universal need that today colleges minister unto it; may it not gradually become the most effective agency in the transformation of homes into healthy abodes and expressions of "light-hearted personality"?

The Day Nursery

By Lillie Fuller Merriam

THERE were four children in the Day Nursery play yard. They were Robert and Roger, the twins, Wilfred, the jolly, and Caroline, the merry. In the play yard were some swings just the right height for four-year-olds, an old cart and one or two battered toys.

Presently the house door opened and out came the matron with four ladies. Three of them were very pretty, but the fourth, the one in a blue dress, had something in her hand that made the children wonder and, finally, one of them asked her what it was. "That's an umbrella," she said, "and would you like to see me open it?" Of course every child said, "Yes," every child but Robert. He sat by himself on the back of the old cart and did not follow the lady with the umbrella about as the others did. The lady opened her blue umbrella with the silver handle, and then looked down at the eager little faces that showed very plainly that they longed to carry it. No, she couldn't quite trust her favorite umbrella to the tiny hands. "Let's play it is a tent and we all live in it," she said, getting down as low as she could, for she was pretty tall: so under the umbrella stood the lady with three happy little faces turned up to hers, all having *such* a good time. Robert still sat by himself on the end

of the cart. "Let's play that Wilfred is the father and Caroline is the mother, and Roger is the little boy," went on the lady. The children nodded.

"Now, father," said the lady, who must have played with children before, in fact, she told them she had a little girl of her own,— "father, you must go to the store and get some kerosene to fill the lamp." Away ran the father, who had on a red coat and a tam-o'-shanter.

"Now, mother," she said, "you must go to the store and get some bread." The mother dashed after the father to a pile of leaves in the corner of the yard.

"Little boy, you go for some sugar;" and he ran, too, to the store, which was the pile of leaves.

"Don't you want to get some coal at the store?" said the lady to Robert, on the cart.

"No. I'm going to stay here," said he without a smile, and looking just a little sulky.

"Oh, very well," said the lady.

By this time all the children were back from the store with leaves in their hands. "Here's the lamp with the kerosene," said Wilfred, handing her a leaf very carefully, so it wouldn't spill the oil.

"Here's the sugar," said Roger, giving her a leaf which looked very much like the lamp.

"Here's the bread," said the mother, hurrying up with four leaves.

So the lady had the mother give each one a piece of bread, including Robert, who was beginning to get interested, and even condescended to hold the lamp. The sugar was passed about, too. After that the trips to and from the store were made on the dead run, and the lady had her hands so full of coffee and butter and cakes that she had to put down the "tent" and give it to one of the other ladies to hold. Wilfred came flying up, quite out of breath, with a large armful of the brown leaves, which he declared was peanut butter. The lady decided they had best go to another store and try to dispose of some of the food they had on hand. So they all, Robert too, went to another pile of leaves and began to sell the things, receiving money and driving sharp bargains with the imaginary storekeeper.

While they were getting on famously and making their fortunes, the "twin-nies'" mother came to take them and their baby sister home, a delicate little woman, almost tiny. These were three out of four mouths for her to feed. To do so she had to work in a factory. The question came, at once, to the visiting ladies: what would she have done without the Day Nursery? How could she have left the four little ones, the oldest only nine, to be away from them all day long? How could she do good and satisfactory work with her mind upon the possibly neglected children at home? With one baby over her frail shoulder and a twin on either side, she went down the steps, the little boys calling back, "Good bye, Good bye," Robert as smiling as Roger, to the lady with the umbrella who watched them out of sight, with a teary look in her eyes. She had learned how little it takes to amuse and make happy children who are sufficiently fed and comfortable. A yard devoid of grass, an umbrella, a pile of brown leaves and

a little imagination. She turned from the door, to go with the others about the comfortable rooms of the Day Nursery. Every convenience at hand, cribs for the naps, little tables and chairs of kindergarten height for the short legs, lockers for toys, coat-room for the wraps, with pegs at the right height for each to hang up his *own* coat, a sun-room for the babies, who would otherwise live in rooms where the sun did not penetrate, for this Day Nursery is in the heart of a big bustling manufacturing city. The lady had shown them her watch and allowed each to hear its tick, tick. "When you get to be a man," she had said to the little Roger, "are you going to work and have a watch?" He nodded brightly, and said he would have one just like hers.

"And how about you, Robert, are you going to work and have a watch when you are a man?" she had said.

"Naw, I ain't goin' to work, the men'll be out," came from the little boy's lips, with a knowledge of strike parlance which fairly dismayed the questioner. It seemed to her that before her was a malcontent in embryo; the future workman, who has no love for, and no interest in, his work, who would go about getting his living in surly fashion, with an eager eye upon the labor boss and his signal to stop work, with his "pick in the air."

Seventeen little people a day cared for, fed, put to nap, kept happy and safe is the work of this Day Nursery. Nearly as many mothers who can go to their labors feeling safe, knowing that their children will not be in danger of being run over or abused upon the streets, nor are they locked into tenement rooms with windows fastened down for fear of their falling out. As they came away, the visitors commended unstintingly the nobleness of the gift, and the generosity, which maintains this comfort-giving, daytime home for the children of the poor.

Cookery at High Altitudes

By Mrs. Archibald Anderson

TRANSPLANTED in the late summer from an eastern village by the sea to a town in one of the high valleys of the Colorado Mountain region, a careful housewife began her Thanksgiving preparation by making a cake.

She chose a favorite formula, one she had followed many times, always with unvarying success. The ingredients went together as in other days, and the batter presented the same satisfactory appearance as of yore.

In the oven the calamity occurred. Transgressing all precedents in the careful housewife's experience, that cake flowed over the sides of the pan, covered the floor of the oven, tried to seep out the oven door and find its way over the kitchen floor. And the remnant in the pan, instead of rounding up after the pattern of the summit of Pike's Peak, fell and formed a boat-shaped surface like the valley in which it was baked.

The housewife again turned to her recipe. Had she forgotten something? No. Was the baking powder good? It seemed as though it might have been too good, judging from the way that cake batter expanded and overflowed; and then again it seemed not good enough, else why did the cake fall? A new can of baking powder was purchased, with the merchant's guarantee that it was fresh. In a second effort the cake did not wander so far, but it fell as certainly and positively.

Cakes may fall in the baking at any altitude. Our discussion in this paper has to do with the greater tendency for this to occur in the higher altitudes. This tendency must have a rational basis. What is it?

Atmospheric pressure at sea level is 15 pounds to each square inch. A change in altitude brings about a

change in atmospheric pressure. This change produces quite marked effects in many ways.

At sea level water boils at 212° Fahr. A rise of about 510 feet so lessens the pressure that water boils at 211° Fahr. Another rise of 510 feet brings the boiling point down to 210° Fahr. And when we get up to Denver, the queen city of the Rockies, 5,280 feet above sea level, the boiling point of water is about 202° Fahr.

Go on over into the San Luis Valley to Del Norte, 7,750 feet high, and nearly 15 degrees must come off the boiling point, bringing it down to almost 197 degrees. Climbing on up to Leadville, whose altitude is 10,185 feet, we find the boiling point of water to be about 193° Fahr.; and reaching the summit of Mt. Massive, the highest point in Colorado (14,424 feet), we find the boiling point reduced to 184° Fahr.

Now when we recall that water can not be raised in temperature in an open vessel or a loosely covered one above the boiling point, that increased heat applied only increases the rapidity of the boiling action, but does not raise the temperature of the water, we readily see that to boil an egg in Atlantic City does not produce quite the same result as in Leadville, and the boiling of a potato at these two points is a different process.

The housewife, who was accustomed to find her potatoes ready to serve in thirty minutes in Boston, would find fault with the Leadville grocer, perhaps, for selling her potatoes that would not cook, and in her want of thought might array herself against a good number of people and even against her adopted State and its products. What she needed to know was that while thirty minutes was sufficient to cook a potato

in Boston, from sixty to ninety minutes would be needed in Leadville

All these variations depend on the atmospheric pressure, and this varies according to the altitude.

Other lines of cooking are influenced by this same variation of pressure, and it explains the peculiar behavior in cake baking. The gas, generated in the cake loaf from the chemical interaction of the constituents of the baking powder when moistened with the liquid of the loaf, forms cells or spaces in the dough mass. On the application of heat in baking this gas expands, as all gases do, and enlarges these spaces or cells. The external pressure on the loaf being lessened by the altitude, there is not the same compressive force on the gas spaces forming in the loaf, hence these spaces become larger than at sea level. They tend in this enlargement to run together, rupturing the walls between the spaces until the remaining walls are not sufficient to sustain the weight above, and a fall of the cake results, the pent-up gas escaping through some ruptures in the outer layer of the cake. The reduced external pressure would likewise explain the tendency to overflow the pan, though this may in part be due to other factors.

There are several ways in which the falling of a cake may be prevented in these higher altitudes. One is by increasing the tenacity of the dough, thus lessening the rupture of cell walls, and the fusion of cells into large spaces. This is done by adding more albumen in the shape of another egg in the make-up of the dough mass, following otherwise the ordinary formulæ. This increased tenacity should be sufficient to hold the gas cells intact until the heat in baking sets the cell walls and the form and size of the cake is fixed.

This same end could be attained by reducing the internal expansive force to correspond with the lessened external compressive force. By repeated trial the quantity of baking powder

should be reduced until a point is reached where the expansive force does not exceed the compressive force of the atmosphere. This would make unnecessary the changing of the formula as to the number of eggs used. It is possible, too, that a reduction of those ingredients, like butter or cream that tend to shorten the dough, thus reducing the tenacity, would have a corrective effect.

Moist heat even below 185° Fahr. causes starch grains to break up, and the starch becomes of a jelly form so as to be in shape to be readily acted upon by the digestive fluids. Cellulose is softened by prolonged exposure to a like temperature in the presence of moisture. Starchy foods and vegetables, then, may be efficiently cooked in these high altitudes. They require usually a more prolonged cooking, and in some cases, like dry beans, may require a previous soaking so as to cook in reasonable time; but they will cook in these conditions of lowered atmospheric pressure and lowered boiling point of water.

In the roasting of meats and the boiling of meats, to get as good results as in the lower altitudes, more attention must be given to the preliminary sealing of the surface of the meat. A few minutes' exposure in water at 212° Fahr. effectually coagulates the albumen of the surface. Heat of 165° Fahr. to 170° Fahr. also coagulates albumen, but it is not rendered so insoluble as it is when exposed to the higher temperature. Therefore the sealing in boiling water in these higher altitudes is not so effective in retaining the meat juices within the cooked meat. The sealing, therefore, should be done in a dry pan on top of the stove, turning the meat as each surface is sealed. Then transfer it to the oven or boiling pot, where the roasting or boiling is readily completed at the desired lower temperature of 165° Fahr. or 170° Fahr.

(Continued on page xvi)

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the old address as well as the new.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

"We call attention to the researches now going on in Southern Europe which indicate very clearly a cause for the decline of Greece and Rome, which is never mentioned by the orators who shout their warnings to the American people, prophesying a speedy downfall of the republic, because we commit the sins for which Greece and Rome fell from their seats of power. Recent investigations show that Greece in some of its loveliest valleys is made uninhabitable by reason of the activity of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Mosquitoes do not produce disease, they convey the germs from one victim to another. It is supposed that originally Greece was free from malaria, which was brought in from foreign parts, perhaps, in the bodies of captives taken in war and reduced to slavery."

—*Exchange.*

EFFICIENCY

"A MESSAGE to Garcia," it is said was written in one hour. It has been translated into nine languages and given a circulation of over twenty-five million copies. The message itself is a homely eulogy on the man who made good, who got there.

Efficiency of service is the one thing above all others most in demand. In every walk and calling of life men and women are wanted who do things, who accomplish something.

Plenty of people are ready to work; comparatively few are willing to take any responsibility for the proper performance of work.

Talk is cheap, theories are plentiful, schemes are numerous, but the actual delivery of the goods is much to be desired. As Uncle Ezra says, "Many people fail to hatch out good schemes because they set on them too long." One of the easiest things to do is to advise another; the most difficult thing is to command the ship.

How apt many are to think they could manage your business better than you are now doing, and yet they are not prepared to offer the least guaranty of success and, at the same time, they are looking for larger compensation than the business could possibly allow. In most callings the rule still holds true that he who invariably makes good does not have to wait long for promotion.

In this matter of everyday house-keeping, we think, efficiency of service is the one thing so widely called for. To secure this cultivated intelligence is needed; interest and foresight are indispensable; while effective skill is to be attained only by practical experience.

In educational and other circles the thought is growing and commendable, we think, that every one should be fitted to do at least one thing supremely well; and for each individual this thing lies in the way of special aptitude or

line of least resistance. Thrice and four times happy are they who have a message to convey, who have found already their calling in life, and are able to render efficient and successful service therein.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

EVERYBODY seems anxious to know why the prices of food supplies and other necessities of life are advancing. We certainly do not feel able to answer this question, or throw a flood of light on the existing state of affairs. Many reasons have been given, and are being given daily, for the present schedule of high prices, none of which seem to afford any considerable degree of satisfaction; nor do they point the way to a speedy readjustment of the same.

It would not be strange, at all, if we are forced to the conclusion that many circumstances combine to bring about the present state of the market, no one of which is greatly paramount in its effect on prices. The population of the country is increasing rapidly, and the large part of this increase does not engage in the production of food supplies. Hence, the demand for food grows faster than the supply. A successful man said recently that he could not get the raw material at any price in sufficient quantity to supply the demand for his goods.

Then, people are living at larger expense than ever before, which is just as it should be. They live in better modeled houses, including many modern improvements; they dress better and feed better; they spend more for amusements and objects of art; they take longer vacations, and travel more extensively than in earlier days; they use in large measure conveyances and equipages such as princes of the past never dreamed of. All these things are signs of progress and advance in the cost of living.

But, after all, in the midst of great

prosperity, abundant harvests and unusual facilities of transportation, there seems to be no good and valid reason why the cost of food supplies should be so constantly advancing. Unless necessity demands, it is poor policy to raise the prices of the necessities of life. People do not take kindly to increased taxation in any line or direction. They have been long and patiently waiting for relief from excessive taxation in the matter of tariff reform. Here are Dr. Wiley's latest comments on the present situation:

"There's no doubt that the price of commodities is much higher today than it should be. This is because of the efforts of trusts and combines to control the commodities. Such illegal methods should be suppressed. But a legitimate price of commodities depends on the great law of supply and demand, and it is impossible to regulate that by statute.

"Now, the remedy for high prices is increased production. Appetites won't obey the law, so it's no use legislating against eating meat, for instance. It's appetite that will spoil the boycott. Congress can't legislate that the demand for food from an individual should be 2,000 calories instead of 3,000. Increased production is the answer. Enrich the soil and produce two bushels of wheat where one grew before. Make the supply keep up with the increase in population, or else prices must go higher than they are now.

"Combines or no combines, though, the consumer must pay a legitimate profit to producer, transporter and distributor, above the actual cost of production. Great prosperity always increases the prices, because of greater consumption and greater waste. Hard times increase the prices, too. So we're bound to pay. Unless we go back to the times when everything was paralyzed, we must pay a fair price. We'll never get wheat less than

\$1.00 a bushel again, nor Indian corn less than 60 cents.

"The American farmer's greatest problem is to make his acres produce more. In many matters of agricultural science, America leads the world, but in actual tilling of the soil, to get the most out of it, this country doesn't hold a candle to some European countries. In wheat-growing, for example, the average yield here is thirteen bushels to an acre, against Ireland's twenty-five and France's thirty."

DR. HILLIS ON 1810

[From the *Boston Evening Transcript*]

IT is a belief widely cherished that during the past hundred years we have been steadily falling away from the standards of religion and morality that prevailed at the beginning of that period. The young people get that idea from their elders and some of the clergy encourage it. That religious conceptions have radically changed in that time is undeniably true. Never in an equal period of the world's history have they changed so much, but occasionally some one takes the trouble to compare social conditions at these widely separated dates, and if his investigations are logically pursued, the conclusions are generally comforting.

Such a service has recently been rendered by Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In an address before the Manhattan Congregational Ministers' Association the subject of "The Church and Minister in 1810 and 1910" was assigned him. At the former date he said, the people raised their houses and barns with whiskey; they christened their babies with port wine; they went to the graveyard full of toddy and rum and came back to drink more. At every ordination service toddy and wine was a large item of the expenses. Ministers drank and deacons drank. Graft was everywhere. Churches were built by lotteries. Amusements were

low and almost beastly. Not only black slavery prevailed, but white as well. White men and white women were sold in Philadelphia, and a regular fleet of sailing vessels brought them over.

Then there was one church for every 1,470 of the population; now there is one for every five hundred. The movement of the young men was away from Christianity, while now it is toward it, evidence of which was the Students' Volunteer movement which recently assembled five thousand students at Rochester. Perhaps these statistics are a trifle misleading, because what churches there were generally had larger attendance than they have today; on the other hand, there are at the present time numerous channels of religious service not then open. There were no Christian Endeavor Societies, no temperance organizations, no Y. M. C. A. "It was a black age," says Dr. Hillis. "Righteousness, sound business principles and reform movements were almost unknown and, in comparison, the Church today is in the millennium." All this may be a shock to those whose ideals are anchored to the past, but it seems to have the merit of being substantially true.

"The Hills, Whence Cometh My Help"

What bring you to the hills?

All my ills!

All my disappointments keen;

All the shadows in my skies;

All the bitterness that lies

My heart and the world between:

All that wounds and kills.

What bring the hills to you?

Healing dew!

Restful spaces for my eye;

Soothing sense of airy height;

Stars, and the tranquil dawn of light;

Peace in the wide protecting sky

And heaven's voice speaking through.

—Helen Coale Crew.



TABLE LAID FOR FORMAL DINNER I (page 387). FRESH MUSHROOM COCKTAIL IN PLACE

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Fresh Mushroom Cocktail

ALLOW six mushrooms (caps about an inch and a quarter in diameter) for each service. Shorten the stems, peel the caps and simmer in boiling water about fifteen minutes; add a little salt just before removing from the fire. Skim out the mushrooms and set aside to become chilled. Reserve the liquid and the uncooked trimmings of the mushrooms to use in some other dish. Set cocktail glasses, each containing three or four tablespoonfuls of choice tomato cat-

sup, in the center of small plates; on each plate dispose fine heart leaves of lettuce, a mushroom on each leaf, and drop a mushroom on the top of the catsup. Serve as an appetizer at luncheon or dinner. Three or four crackers or tiny bread-and-butter sandwiches on a separate plate should be set at the upper right hand of each cover. Salt, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, or lemon juice may be added, at discretion, to the catsup. With an oyster fork the mushrooms and lettuce are dipped in the catsup and eaten.

Tomato-and-Chicken Bouillon

Pour the contents of a can of tomatoes into a sieve to drain. After a time take out the best pieces of

a teaspoonful of salt, and paprika to taste. Stir constantly over the fire until the boiling point is reached. Let boil five minutes. Then move the saucepan to the back of the range to keep hot while the mixture settles. Wring a napkin out of hot water, spread it over a sieve in a bowl, skim the mixture, then carefully pour it into the napkin. Reheat and it is ready to serve. This bouillon, in appearance, resembles a delicate amber consommé.



FRIED OYSTERS, CABBAGE TARTARE

tomato for some other dish and press the rest through the sieve. Use this thin purée and the liquid drained from the tomatoes for the soup. Cut half an onion and one-fourth a carrot in thin slices and sauté these in butter or dripping until yellowed and softened. Add a small piece of bay leaf, two branches of parsley, two of thyme and half the yellow rind cut from a lemon. Let simmer in two cups of water twenty minutes; add the prepared tomato and a quart of chicken broth. Mix with these the slightly beaten whites of two eggs and the crushed shells of several,

Tomato Bouillon

Put two cups of boiling water, two cups of tomatoes (cooked or fresh) cut in bits, half an onion, two parsley branches, four slices of carrot and a bit of bay leaf over the fire; let simmer twenty minutes, then drain through a fine sieve. The sieve should be fine enough to hold back the seeds, but the flesh of the tomato (no other vegetable) should pass the sieve. Add a quart of boiling water in which a tablespoonful of beef extract has been dissolved or a quart of meat broth, also salt and pepper as needed. Heat to the boiling point and serve. This soup should be of a bright red color.



FRESH MUSHROOM COCKTAIL, WITH TINY SANDWICHES

Fried Oysters, with Cabbage Tartare

Wipe a pint of choice oysters on a soft cloth; season half a cup of flour with salt and pepper, roll the oysters, one by one, in the flour (more may be needed), then dip in an egg beaten with three tablespoonfuls of milk, and, finally, roll in sifted bread or cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. In an ordinary frying bowl five or six oysters may be fried at a time. Drain on soft paper at the mouth of the oven. Let each oyster lie by itself on the paper while draining (to avoid softening the crust). The fat should be hot enough to brown the crumbs and cook the oysters in eighty or ninety seconds. A skimmer is quite as good as a frying basket for oysters; slip from the skimmer into the fat and remove with skimmer when cooked. Have ready a thick napkin (made hot in the oven) on a serving dish. On this set a bowl, made of a cabbage, filled with cabbage tartare; dispose the oysters on the napkin around the cabbage. Serve at once. Cole slaw or Philadelphia relish may replace the cabbage tartare.

Cabbage Tartare

Remove the center from a small, hard head of cabbage, to leave a thin shell. Chop the cabbage fine; add enough sauce tartare to hold the cabbage



PLANKED SIRLOIN STEAK

together, and use to fill the bowl or shell. Finish with four stoned olives. For the sauce tartare make a cup of mayonnaise dressing, and stir into it half a cup of mixed, fine-chopped olives, capers, cucumber pickles and parsley. Mustard pickles may be added, if desired.

Philadelphia Relish

Chop very fine enough crisp cabbage to make a pint; chop very fine, also, two mild, green or red peppers and mix the two thoroughly together, then set aside (covered) in a cool place until



BACON ROLLED FOR FRYING IN DEEP FAT, SALT PORK CUT FOR FRYING,
LARDOONS WITH LARDING NEEDLE

ready to use. Note that both peppers and cabbage are to be chopped exceedingly fine, as fine as it is possible to chop them. Mix together thoroughly one teaspoonful of celery seed, one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard seed, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a cup of brown sugar and one-fourth a cup of vinegar, and let stand some time. When ready to serve mix the two together.

Brown Tomato Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook two slices of onion, half a pepper

liquid into the dry ingredients. The finished case should be crisp and thin as paper.

Planked Sirloin Steak

The steak should be cut about an inch and a quarter thick. Wipe the steak with a cloth wrung out of cold water. Have ready a hot broiler, well oiled, or rubbed over with a slice of fat pork. Cook the steak over the coals about eight minutes, turning five or six times. Have a plank hot and well oiled; on it set the steak, pipe hot mashed potato around the edge of the



CALF'S LIVER AND VEGETABLES FOR COOKING EN CASSEROLE

pod, two slices of carrot and two branches of parsley until the butter is well browned; add one-third a cup of flour and stir and cook until the flour is browned, then add a cup of tomato purée, a cup of boiling water, in which a tablespoonful of beef extract has been dissolved, and stir until smooth and boiling; strain and add half a teaspoonful of salt.

Batter for Swedish Timbale Cases

Sift together three-fourths a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of milk and gradually stir the

plank and dispose four or five small cooked onions between the steak and potato. Brush the edges of the potato and the tops of the onions with the yolk of an egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and set the plank into the oven. Turn the plank if necessary that the edges of the potato be evenly browned. This will require some eight minutes in the oven of a coal range and will give time to finish cooking the steak. Fill in the rest of the space with cooked flowerets of cauliflower. Season the steak with salt, pepper and butter. Dispose above the steak as many Swedish timbale cases as people

to be served. The cases should first be filled with peas in cream sauce. Set a slice of cooked carrot above the peas in each case. Serve with a bowl of brown tomato sauce, either with or without mushrooms.

Calf's or Lamb's Liver en Casserole

Cut the liver in slices. Lard the slices with salt pork or bacon cut in strips one-fourth an inch wide and thick. Put the liver into a casserole, add six or eight very small onions, peeled and parboiled, four or five small carrots, scraped and cut in quarters, one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms or one-fourth a cup of dried mushrooms, soaked an hour or longer in cold water (add the water with the mushrooms), three or four branches of parsley (remove the parsley before serving), two cups of tomato purée (cooked tomato pressed through a sieve to exclude seeds), and about a pint of broth or boiling water mixed with a tablespoonful of beef extract; cover and let cook in the oven about two hours. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt with water to pour and stir into the liquid in the casserole, adding more broth or water if necessary. Stir until boiling; return to the oven for ten minutes. Add salt and pepper as needed,

also the juice of half a lemon; remove the parsley. Sprinkle on two tablespoonfuls of fresh, chopped parsley. Serve from the casserole.



EGG CROQUETTES IN SPINACH NEST

Egg Croquettes in Spinach Nest

Pour about three pints of boiling water into a saucepan, and in it carefully dispose eight eggs; reheat quickly to the boiling point, then draw to the back of the range, cover and let stand twenty minutes. The water must not boil while the saucepan remains on the range. Pour cold water over the eggs; shell them and cut into small cubes. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, then add one cup of milk or chicken broth and one-third a cup of cream; stir until boiling, draw to a cooler part of the range, stir in an egg, beaten light, and the cubes of cooked egg. Do not let



CREAMED CHICKEN IN CREAM-PUFF CASES

the sauce boil after the beaten egg has been added. Turn the mixture upon a buttered plate and set aside to become chilled. Prepare about a cup and a half of sifted bread crumbs (center of loaf). Roll the chilled mixture into about eight or ten balls, sprinkle a board with crumbs, and on these roll the balls, one after another, under the fingers to change the balls to egg-shapes. Have an egg beaten with three tablespoonfuls of milk or water; cover the egg-shapes with the liquid and again roll in the crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on tissue paper. Serve in a nest of cooked

partly around each case to form a cover. Put in a spoonful of the mixture and serve at once. The mixture should be rather consistent. Cubes of sweetbreads, lobster, crabflakes or cooked eggs in cream sauce may be used to fill the cases.

Chou Paste for Chicken Puff Cases

Put one-fourth a cup (two ounces) of butter and half a cup of boiling water over a quick fire. As soon as the mixture boils sift in half a cup of sifted flour; stir constantly until the mixture forms a smooth paste; remove from the fire and turn into a bowl,



HOT CHEESE SANDWICH, WITH LETTUCE SALAD

spinach, chopped fine and dressed with salt, pepper and butter. The egg croquettes may be varied by the addition of half a cup or more of anchovies, deviled ham, etc.

Creamed Chicken in Puff Cases

Have a pint of cooked chicken in half-inch cubes. Make a sauce of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, one cup of chicken broth and one-third a cup of cream, season with half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and add the prepared chicken. Let stand over hot water to become very hot. Have ready fresh-made or reheated cases of chou paste. Cut

break in an egg, beat until smooth (use a perforated wooden spoon), break in a second egg and again beat until smooth. Turn the mixture into a pastry bag with star tube attached and shape into long or round cases. Bake twenty-five minutes with good heat at the bottom of the oven.

Oysters in Brown Sauce (Filling for Puff Cases)

Bring a pint of oysters quickly to the boiling point, then drain. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook a slice of onion, three or four slices of green pepper pod and two slices of carrot until browned; add one-fourth

a cup of flour and stir and cook until brown; add one cup of the oyster broth and one-fourth a cup of cream, cook until boiling, then add the oysters and when very hot they are ready to serve in the puff cases.

Hot Cheese Sandwich

For this dish baker's bread, being more porous, is better than home-made bread. Cut in slices three-eighths of an inch thick and trim off the crusts. On half the slices spread

very thin slices of moist commonfactory cheese, or spread with a generous layer of grated cheese. If the cheese be grated, any dry cheese may be used; cover with a second slice of bread. Have ready in a frying pan two or three tablespoonfuls olive oil or melted butter; in this sauté the sandwiches to a golden brown on one side, then turn and cook the other side. Serve for luncheon or supper with a green vegetable salad or stewed fruit.

Pâté de Foie Gras in Aspic

Pour a teaspoonful of liquid aspic into each mold and set the molds in crushed ice to stiffen the jelly; on the firm jelly dispose figures cut from slices of truffle and white of hard-cooked egg; add a few drops of aspic to hold the decorations in place, then add enough aspic to completely cover the decorations. When the aspic is firm, dispose above it slices or cubes of pâté de foie gras, make firm with aspic, then completely cover

with aspic. Serve with lettuce seasoned with French dressing. This dish may take the place of the game course in a formal dinner or luncheon. Re-



PATE DE FOIE GRAS IN ASPIC. JAR PARTLY FILLED WITH PATE

move all fat from the pâté before cutting it. In the illustration the molds of foie gras are set against a croustade made by pouring a hot cereal into a round mold. When the shape is cold and firm, brush it over with white of egg and sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley. For recipe of aspic jelly, see Query No. 1568.

Mocha Cakes

Bake a sponge cake in a sheet. When baked it should be nearly an inch in thickness. Cut the cake in small rounds, spread the sides lightly with mocha cream, then roll in chopped nuts. Cocomnut, pecan nuts or walnuts may be used. With pastry bag and star tube pipe mocha cream round



MOCHA CAKES

and round over the top of the cake. Finish with a maraschino cherry in the center.



COUPE THAIS

Mocha Cream

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; then gradually beat into it two cups and a half of sifted confectioners' sugar, and, lastly, one or two tablespoonfuls of coffee extract. If extract be not at hand, reduce clear, black coffee, by boiling, to a strong decoction. Melted chocolate, one or two ounces, are often beaten into the butter, but the cream should then be called chocolate instead of mocha cream.

Swedish Sponge Cake (Potato Flour)

Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Beat one cup of sugar into the yolks. Sift together

half a cup of potato flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and soda, and three-fourths a teaspoonful, scant measure, of cream of tartar and fold into the first mixture. Add two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract, then fold in the stiff-beaten whites of the eggs.

Easter Cakes

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the beaten yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and the grated rind of half a lemon, one cup and a fourth of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda and, lastly, the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in small tins. Decorate with boiled frosting, chopped pistachio nuts and tiny candies.

Coupe Thais

Prepare vanilla ice cream (that made with a quart of rich milk, one cup of double cream, one cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of vanilla extract, and one junket tablet, dissolved in one or two tablespoonfuls of cold water, is both economical and good). Put a rounding spoonful of cream in a tall glass and on it dispose three or four slices of preserved peach, with some of the syrup; above this set a second tablespoonful of ice cream; sprinkle with a few pecan nut meats cut in lengthwise slices; above the nuts pipe a little "well" of whipped cream, and in this well dispose a teaspoonful of bar-le-duc currants. Serve at once.



EASTER CAKES

Menus for one Week in March

To insure good digestion, exercise daily in the open air, eat an abundance of fresh fruit and drink pure water freely between the meals.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Grape-fruit. Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash. Sauce Tartare Salad Rolls (reheated) Rice Griddle Cakes. Maple Syrup. Coffee

Dinner

Tomato Bouillon. Roast Veal, Bread Dressing. Mashed Potatoes Banana Fritters, Fruit Jelly Canned Stringless Beans. Radish Salad Pineapple-and-Milk Sherbet Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Scrambled Eggs. Bread and Butter Sliced Oranges. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Grape-fruit Poached Eggs on Toast, Cream Sauce White Mountain Muffins Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Prune Cocktail Boston Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup Boston Brown Bread Peanut Brittle

Dinner

Calf's Liver en Casserole Lettuce, French Dressing Baba Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast

Salt Pork, Country Style Creamed Potatoes. Orange Marmalade Toast. Cocoa. Coffee

Luncheon

Hot Cheese Sandwiches Lettuce, French Dressing Prune Whip or Soufflé, Boiled Custard Honey Jumbles. Coffee

Dinner

Cream-of-Oyster Soup Cold Roast Veal, Sliced Thin Baked Potatoes Spinach with sliced Eggs (cold boiled) Hot Cornstarch Pudding, Chocolate Sauce

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Oranges Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk White Hashed Potatoes. Radishes Yeast Rolls. Coffee

Luncheon

Cold Boiled Tongue Yeast Rolls (reheated) Grape-juice Lemonade Sponge Cake

Dinner

Fricassee of Chicken (Fowl) Corn Fritters. Canned Cranberry Sauce Philadelphia Relish, Jellied Cottage Pudding, Grape-juice Sauce Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Grape-fruit Smoked Halibut, Creamed Baked Potatoes. Radishes Delicate Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Veal Croquettes, Canned Peas Apple-and-Date Salad Floradora Buns. Tea

Dinner

Tomato-and-Veal Soup Fried Oysters Philadelphia Relish Canned Rhubarb Pie Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Grape-fruit Broiled Finnan Haddie Lyonnaise Potatoes. Radishes Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Creamed Chicken in Puff Cases Cranberry Sauce Poor Man's Rice Pudding, Foamy Sauce or Cream Tea

Dinner

Clam Broth (fresh or canned) Planked Fresh Fish. Egg or Caper Sauce Cucumbers, French Dressing Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges Sausage. Baked Potatoes Baking Powder Biscuit Bees' Honey or Maple Syrup Coffee

Luncheon

Bacon and Calf's Liver, Grilled Hot Apple Sauce Creamed Potatoes Cream Puffs or Mocha Cakes Coffee

Dinner

Hamburg Steak Macaroni in Tomato Sauce, with Cheese Cabbage Salad Prune Pie Half Cups of Coffee

Menus for One Week in March, without Meat

Plain, simple foods, as direct as possible from fields, orchards and woods, should always be our aim.

SUNDAY	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Hot Boiled Rice, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream Rye Meal Biscuit (yeast) Cocoa. Coffee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Cream-of-Spinach Soup, Croutons Poached Eggs on Toast, Cheese Sauce Lettuce-and-Macedoine of Tomato Jelly Salad. Frozen Custard. Lady Fingers Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Lettuce-and-Peanut Butter Sandwiches Floradora Buns Cocoa</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Hot Baltimore Somp, Maple Syrup, Thin Cream Eggs in the Shell Small Baked Potatoes, Butter Doughnuts. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Kornlet Chowder. Spinach Greens with Sliced Eggs. Apple Pie Cream Cheese. Cocoa. Tea</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Hot Cheese Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce (baked in bean pot or casserole) Bread and Butter. Cookies Cocoa. Tea</p>	WEDNESDAY
MONDAY	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Oranges. Creamed Corn Codfish Small Baked Potatoes Rice Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons Peanut-Butter Timbales, Cream Sauce Edam Cheese. Toasted Crackers. Olives Baked Apple Dumpling, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Cream Toast with Cheese in Sauce Apple Sauce. Cookies Cocoa. Tea</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Halves of Grape-fruit Scrambled Eggs. French Fried Potatoes Popovers. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Emergency Soup Nut Loaf, Tomato Sauce Lettuce, Apple-and-Date Salad (French dressing) Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Potato Soup Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Sliced Eggs Baking Powder Biscuit Oatmeal Macarons Tea. Cocoa</p>	THURSDAY
TUESDAY	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Hot Boiled Rice with Hot Dates, Thin Cream. Omelet, Tomato Sauce Delicate Corn Meal Muffins Cocoa. Coffee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Cream-of-Lima-Bean Soup (dried beans) Cheese Soufflé. Buttered Onions Rye Meal Biscuit (yeast). Cabbage Salad Sliced Oranges. Chocolate Nut Cake Cocoa. Tea</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Macaroni in Tomato Sauce (with or without cheese) Stewed Peaches (dried). Bread and Butter Chocolate Nut Cake (left over). Tea</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Oranges Salt Codfish Balls en Surprise Buttered Toast Fried Corn Meal Mush, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Planked Shad, Duchesse Potatoes, etc. Salsify in Cream Sauce Cabbage Salad. Pineapple Sherbet Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Mayonnaise of Lettuce, Cream Cheese and Pimientos Salad Rolls Pineapple Sherbet (left over)</p>	FRIDAY
SATURDAY	<p style="text-align: center;">Breakfast</p> <p>Sliced Pineapple Eggs, Poached in Cream, on Toast Kornlet Griddle Cakes Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dinner</p> <p>Baked Halibut Steaks, Bread Dressing,</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Supper</p> <p>Baked Beans, Tomato Catsup, or Stewed Lima Beans, Maitre d'Hotel Lady Finger Rolls Cooked Figs, Whipped Cream. Cocoa. Tea</p>	

Menus for Eastertide

Formal Dinner I

Fresh Mushroom Cocktail, Tiny Sandwiches
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Fried Oysters, Cabbage Tartare
Saddle of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Sauce
Scalloped Potatoes
Black Currant Jelly
French Endive, French Dressing
Easter Cakes
Coupe Thais
Half Cups of Coffee

Formal Dinner II

Crabflake Cocktail
Bouillon, Parisienne
Radishes, Olives
Truffled Halibut Mousse, Fish Bechamel
Sauce
Hothouse Cucumbers, French Dressing with
Chopped Chives
Creamed Eggs in Patty Shells
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted
Mint Jelly
Mashed Potatoes
Asparagus Cream Glacé, Lettuce, French
Dressing
Grape-fruit Sherbet
Easter Cakes, Bonbons
Half Cups of Coffee

Luncheon I

Halves of Grape-fruit
Tomato Bouillon
Baked Turbans of Halibut
Potatoes Maître d'Hôtel
Egg Croquettes in Spinach Nest,
Sauce Tartare
Cream Cheese with Raisins, etc., Beaten
Biscuit
Baba with Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Luncheon II

Bonnes Bouches de Caviare
Kornlet Soup, St. Germain
Creamed Fish in Shells, Potato Border
Medallions of Beef Tenderloin, Bernaise Sauce
Stringless Beans
Hothouse Tomatoes, Lettuce,
French Dressing
Edam Cheese, Toasted Crackers
Pineapple Dainty
Half Cups of Coffee

Luncheon III

Pineapple-and-Grape-fruit Cocktail
in Glasses
Clam Bouillon
Creamed Oysters in Cream-Puff Cases
Ham Mousse, Pea Purée
Tomato Sauce
Almond Bars, Peach Whip
Half Cups of Coffee

Luncheon IV

Halves of Grape-fruit
Chicken Gumbo (Evaporated Okra)
Creamed Eggs in Cream Puff Cases
Cheese Croquettes
Lettuce, French Dressing
English Muffins Toasted
Tea

Luncheon V

Prune Cocktail
Chicken Bouillon, Radishes, Salted Nuts
Stuffed Lamb Chops, Suedoise
Lettuce with Tomato Cream, Glacé
Coupe Thais
Half Cups of Coffee

Helps in Planning Daily Menus for a Family

(Large or Small)

By Janet M. Hill

"All food acts as fuel, yielding energy, in the form of heat and muscular power."

Foods Listed According to their Chief Function in the Body

IN the diet of adults the proportions of foods (1) and (2) should be as 1: 5; in children as 1: 4.3.

(1) *Tissue Building and Repairing* (Proteids)

Milk
Cheese
Eggs
Fish of all kinds
Lean Meat
Poultry and Game
Dried Beans
Dried Peas
Lentils
Nuts (except chestnuts)
Grains

Illustrations of Tissue Building and Repairing Foods in Combination

Macaroni, especially if cooked with cheese and milk
Bread and Rolls, especially if made with milk
Creamed Dishes of Vegetables, as Creamed Cabbage, Cauliflower and Onions
Bread Pudding: milk, eggs, bread, sugar

(2) *Foods Supplying Muscular Energy and Heat* (Carbohydrates and Fats)

(These if eaten in excess are stored in the body as fat)
Vegetables growing underground (potatoes, beets, artichokes)
Green Peas and Beans
Squash
Asparagus
Green Corn
Bread of all kinds
Rice
Chestnuts
Preparations from Grains, either "cereals" or flour or meal
Bacon
Lard
Olive Oil
Cream
Butter
Bananas
Dates
Figs
Raisins

Grapes
Honey
Sugar in all forms

(3) *Foods Useful as Flavorers and Appetizers*

Plain Meat or Fish Broths
Green Vegetables (lettuce, cucumbers, spinach, celery, tomatoes, radishes, green corn, asparagus)
Grape-fruit
Oranges
Apples
Pineapples
Prunes
Strawberries

(4) *Foods that give Bulk*

Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips

Foods Listed in the Order of their Digestibility

Oysters
Toast
Soft-cooked Eggs
Sweetbreads
Bread, Cereals, Milk Pudding
Whitefish, boiled or broiled
Chicken, boiled or broiled
Roast Beef or Steak, lean
Eggs, scrambled or omelet
Mutton, roasted or broiled
Squab, Partridge, Bacon
Roast Chicken, Turkey
Tripe, Brains, Liver
Roast Lamb
Chops, mutton or lamb
Corned Beef
Veal
Ham
Duck, Venison
Rabbit
Salmon, Mackerel
Herring
Roast Goose
Lobster, Crabs
Smoked Fish

The above foods are listed according to the function they are best adapted to fill in the economy of the system. At the same time it should be remembered that any food substance is complex in its composition and contains compounds, often in generous measure,

other than those on account of which it is classed. For instance, wheat, while it is largely starch and thus properly set in the second list, contains a goodly proportion of gluten, a tissue-building compound, which puts it in the list marked (1). In like manner many foods might be listed in more than one class.

A point most essential to remember is that, while all food when oxidized yields energy and heat, only food containing nitrogen—list marked (1)—can build or repair tissue.

Variety an Essential in Daily Menus

Variety in food supplies and in the manner of cooking is a factor that is more often overlooked in the small than in the large family, but in families of all sizes there is too much monotony and sameness in the meals. The element of surprise, that is pleasurable surprise, ought to be given a large place in our catering.

In a study of dietaries in a mountainous region of the South, where the food was cooked and served in the quickest and simplest way, and the articles of food were very limited in number and varied but rarely, it is said that all those working on the dietaries were struck by the quickness with which these people, especially the women, lost the appearance of youth. "Judged by ordinary standards girls of 22 or 23 would be called 30 or more, while women of 40 look as old as those of 55 or 60." A well-fed human being shows the nature of his food in the same measure as the well-fed horse shows his oats. Health and contentment, with energy and will to do things, are the products of a proper food supply.

What Foods Satisfy the Appetite

Food satisfies, when the meal affords reasonable proportions of the classes numbered (1), (2) and (3). If the dinner of a hungry man were restricted

to bread and boiled turnips, he would eat a very large quantity of these articles, in an attempt to get enough of class (1) to satisfy his appetite. Add cream sauce to the turnips, and his meal is improved; add a quarter of a pound of grated cheese to the cream sauce, and he will have a complete and satisfying meal before he has eaten one-half the bread and turnip partaken in the first meal, which when ended failed to satisfy his appetite.

Special Suggestions

To secure variety in a small family, simply set aside a part of some article of food for a dish later on. Why have tomato soup and macaroni in tomato sauce or tomato jelly with lettuce, at the same meal, or even on the same day? The tomatoes will keep for a day or two if turned into an earthen bowl and set aside in a cool place. It is the same with all canned products. Again, why select a custard or prune soufflé, or even a baked custard, for a meal where the principal dish is chicken or veal soufflé? A dish without eggs is preferable. Nor would a cream soup be selected to precede a soufflé; the foundation—a white sauce—is the same for both. A broth or half a grape-fruit might precede the soufflé, and a green salad with cheese and a cracker follow it. If a sweet be considered essential, prune jelly, macedoine of fruit and nuts in jelly, a corn-starch mold or a rice pudding with raisins will suggest a choice.

Relative to Digestibility of Food

In health we do not necessarily seek for articles of food that are quickly digested, for, in that case, one would need more than the usual three meals per day. In sickness or in the case of elderly people, when food digests more slowly, or if the bedtime hour be not long delayed after a meal, foods requiring the minimum period for digestion need to be selected.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON II

MILK, that we "scalded" in our last lesson, is one of the most interesting and important of foods and well worthy of our study. We know that milk alone will sustain life in adults, and in the case of little children it will both maintain health and promote growth. These facts show us that it must contain all the food principles necessary for daily diet. Milk may, therefore, be called a "typical food." It is not a "perfect" food for grown persons, as the food principles are not in the right proportions for the activities of adult life. It is, also, too completely digested and does not furnish sufficient bulk, if taken without other kinds of food.

Let us see what we mean by food principles. We may count them upon the fingers of one hand, and in this way be able to remember easily that they are *five*. These are:

1. Water.
2. Fats.
3. Carbohydrates (sugars, starches).
4. Proteids, or muscle-building materials.
5. Mineral matter.

Each of these has a different use in the body and is necessary in a varied diet, though we require larger quantities of some than of others.

Water is not a food, in one sense, for it tends neither to build up nor to furnish heat and energy to the body, yet it is, perhaps, the most essential part of all dietaries. Life may be sustained longer without food than without water.

(Let the pupils tell of the ways in which water is partaken and of the foods wherein it abounds.)

Fat we call a fuel food from its nature to give heat to the body. We have all noticed how rapidly a bit of fat burns, when it is dropped into the fire. It is said that the inhabitants of cold climates eat large quantities of fat. We also enjoy fat foods, like bacon and other meats, better in winter than in summer. Why is this? (Let the pupils make a list of fats and oils.)

The carbohydrates are needed for giving energy to the body, that is, the power to work and play, to walk and study, and to carry on all the activities of daily life. Starch and sugar seem to us very different substances, yet they play the same part in our bodies. (Make a list of starches and sugars.)

The proteids furnish muscle-building material and are thus essential, since no other food principle can take their place in the building up of the body. They are most abundant in milk, eggs, fish, meat, cheese, nuts and certain vegetables and cereals.

Mineral matter is needed in the body to build up strong bones and teeth, and to aid in digestion. The most common example is salt. Mineral matter is found in milk, eggs, meat juices, and in many vegetables.

Let us now study carefully a glass of milk, with some very simple experiments, to see whether it contains all these food principles. From the fact that milk is a liquid we may truly infer that it contains a very large percentage of water, and from its sweet taste we may also discern the presence of sugar. (Why does milk burn easily?)

Let a glass of milk stand undisturbed,

carefully covered to protect it from the dust, and notice the yellowish substance which slowly rises to the surface. Skim this off and notice the kind of spot which a bit of it makes when dropped on any absorbing surface. This, as we know, is the cream or "fat" of the milk, from which butter is made. (With a little oil and water the rising of the cream may be illustrated, as this shows plainly how much lighter is the fat. The pupils may also remember how a French dressing tends to separate when left undisturbed.)

By adding a piece of dissolved junket tablet to the milk, the proteid may be plainly seen in the thickened portion called the curd. This is known as the casein of milk. When we scalded milk, the other day, we noticed a "wrinkled skin" on the top of it. This is another form of proteid, called albumin.

The watery substance that separates from the casein or curd we know as whey, and here we find most of the water of the milk, with the sugar and mineral matter dissolved in it.

Butter may be easily prepared from the fat of milk by beating thick cream in a bowl with an egg beater. Let us notice, as we beat, the stage when the cream is "whipped" and the danger of beating too long in making whipped cream. When the butter collects in a ball upon the egg beater, remove it with a knife and place it in a bowl of cold water. Work it with a wooden spoon in cold water, to remove the buttermilk. Salt it, if desired, and shape into butter-balls with the butter-hands. Prepare the butter-hands by letting them stand five minutes in boiling water, then five minutes in very cold water. If they are not properly soaked and cooled, the butter will stick to them. Serve the butter on crackers. (Weigh the butter prepared from a pint of cream and let the pupils note its value and the folly of wasting so expensive an article.)

To illustrate the cooking of butter and other fats, prepare

Crisped Crackers

Spread the inside of common crackers with a thin layer of butter and lay upon a tin sheet or pan, with the buttered side up. Bake until they are a golden brown. (Let the pupils observe the stages of melting and browning, and how to guard against burning. Let them notice the low heat necessary for melting.)

To show the proteid of the milk, prepare

Junket Custard

2 cups of milk	of	½ a junket tablet, dissolved in 2 teaspoonfuls of lukewarm water
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar		
½ a teaspoonful of vanilla	of	A grating of nutmeg

Scald the milk until it is lukewarm. (Try the temperature by pouring a drop over the finger. It should seem neither hot nor cold.) Remove from the heat, add the sugar and the vanilla, and stir to dissolve the sugar. Pour into the serving dish and add the dissolved junket tablet. Stir very little. Set it aside, undisturbed, in a warm place to thicken. When it is jelly-like, let chill and serve with cream and sugar. It may also be served in many attractive ways, with fresh or cooked dried fruit.

If milk be allowed to stand for some time, notice that it separates into curds and whey without the addition of the junket tablet. This is the process of souring, and in this milk we find an acid taste. From the curd of sour milk "cottage cheese" may be made by pressing out the whey, salting the curd and shaping it into balls. These may be seasoned, also, with powdered sage.

The Germans eat the smooth, thick curd of sour milk with sugar and cream and a little spice or brown bread crumbs. It is called "dicke Milch," and is considered a great delicacy. Sour milk

may be used in cooking, also. It should not be thrown away.

Milk and butter should be most carefully protected from heat, dust and odors. The utensils in which milk is kept should be used for nothing else and should be washed with scrupulous care. Never put molasses, vinegar or any other substance into a milk jar. Milk and butter easily absorb the odor of vegetables, cheese or fish, so that these

articles should not be placed near together in the ice chest. Moreover, from the stable to the table, milk should be handled always with the greatest care, or it may become the dangerous carrier of disease germs. The housewife should not only keep milk under good conditions, after it comes under her care, but she should demand clean milk and be willing to pay a fair price for the same.

Drinks in France

By Frances B. Sheaffer

Point of View of a Sojourner

THERE is no one thing harder to obtain in France than plain cold water. There is probably no one thing so seldom demanded. Water for drinking purposes is construed to mean one of the charged varieties, or the Source waters, sold everywhere in bottles. The universal prejudice against the ordinary water supplies of the French towns is no doubt well founded, for their drainage is never of the best and their water pipes may easily bring in a polluted stream. From whatever cause the habit arises, at all events no one in France drinks plain water. They do drink it, but they always mix it with the white or red wine, which is as much a part of a meal as the meter of good French bread.

And yet, in spite of this absence of the great temperance drink from most French tables, no traveler ever visits this land without remarking on the fact that he sees no drunkenness anywhere. The truth is that the French know how to drink in moderation and they have no fondness for the strong drinks that act quickly and unrelentlessly. Whiskey they know so little about that, when they do sell it to an

American or English clientele, they never spell it right. It is sometimes printed on their wine lists 'Whysky,' sometimes 'Whiskie.' Gin, too, is an Anglo-Saxon drink, and, while brandy is a French creation, it is partaken of by the natives very sparingly.

Wines and the best way to serve them no nation knows more about. They can make their wines have both a food and an æsthetic value, as part of a meal, and a prolonged residence in France will make a dinner without wine seem dull. They are very particular about their drinks, and the methods of serving them are as conventional as the national manner. They serve all white wines and all sparkling wines very cold. Champagne is almost the only drink that is iced. The red Burgundies are served cold. The French use little ice, in most households, none at all, so their cellars are carefully arranged to provide the necessary cooling quality. The wines are kept in the caves until just before they are served. Red Bordeaux are warmed slightly before they are served, since the French believe the bouquet to be improved by this procedure. When the wines are very old they always have a sediment

at the bottom, and care is taken, of course, not to "trouble" them in serving. For very cold drinks the French use, as we do in America, plated ice buckets to hold the bottles during the meals.

The French believe that good wine never does the slightest harm to the health, only they consider it necessary to take into account, in selecting the drinks, certain temperamental characteristics. Nervous persons, for example, over here are advised to drink the red wines of Bordeaux. The Burgundies should be reserved for special occasions. They are too exciting for daily use. The white wines of good quality suit dyspeptics, when the acidity of the gastric juices is not too pronounced.

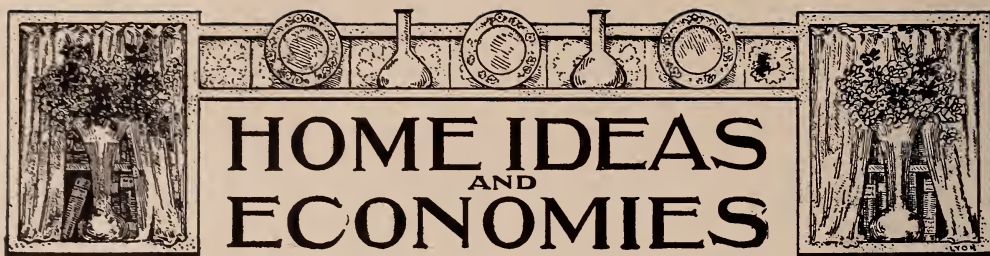
The French make a false champagne from their white wines, which is very good. To 1,000 grammes—they weigh everything—of white wine they add 1,000 grammes of candied sugar, and 100 grammes of good alcohol or of fine champagne. They make a cold syrup of these ingredients, which they filter through filter paper and then use in the proportion of one liqueur glass to a half bottle of wine.

Here is a list of the wines the French consider proper for a pretentious dinner: with the soup, Madeira, Marsala, Port, Sherry; with the *hors d'œuvre* and the fish, Barsac, Chablis, Château Carbonnieux, Château Yquesne, Graves, the Sauternes, and the Moselle and Rhine wines. With the first service, whatever that may be, come the red Bordeaux. With the roast come the red Burgundies, or champagne, cold of course. At the salad a white wine may be served again, Ermitage blanc or a Rhine wine. With the cheese come either the red wines of Bordeaux or Burgundy, or a champagne, and with the dessert, the sweet wines again, Alicante, Lacryma Christa, Malaga, Muscatel, Port or still more champagne. And after a French dinner the coffee and liqueurs are served at the same time,

as they are in America, or anywhere else for that matter.

Cider is used a great deal in certain sections of France, particularly in Normandy, where it is made from the famous Normandy apples. In the north of France cider is served with the meals as the red and white wines are elsewhere. In the neighborhoods where it is made the cider is good, though fairly intoxicating; and in Paris a false cider is sometimes sold which is even very harmful. It is made of chemicals and is quite innocent of apples. The French pear cider is excellent.

The French have come of late years, notwithstanding the fact that it is the beverage of their sworn foes, to drink more and more beer, not in their homes, however, but at the cafés. When they do not order coffee, in their quiet hour of relaxation on the boulevards, they are sure to drink beer. This of course, outside of the time-honored *heure de l'aperitif*, when they still take their appetizer, which may be absinthe, though there is much less of that deadly drink used in France than is popularly believed. Vermouth and Amer Picon are favorite *aperitifs*, and Bhyrrh and St. Raphael. All the world knows how the French can spend an inconceivably long time consuming one small glass of something to drink. The hour of the *aperitif* is really an hour of relaxation in which the Frenchman, whether he be a man of affairs or a boulevardier, takes his ease, outside a café, if the weather is favorable, inside, when it storms and the long suffering *restaurateurs* are quite willing to have their establishments used by a steady set of clients who look upon their favorite café as a club. Decidedly, the French know how to get the maximum of pleasure at the minimum of cost, out of the business of drinking, and it is not easy to get drunk on one glass of beer which requires a full hour in the drinking.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

IN the recipe for grape wine, given on page 304 of the January, 1910, number of this magazine, if two and one-half pounds of sugar be allowed to one gallon of pure juice without any water, and no air be allowed to touch the mixture during fermentation, a nice pure wine will result with a year saved in the mellowing.

A. R. B.

* * *

To Sew on Hooks and Eyes

TRY this quick way of putting hooks and eyes on a waist. Sew the eyes on the left front the desired distance apart, with the loops out far enough to make hooking easy, then baste the right front carefully over the left, lapping as much as may be desired, turn the waist just as it is wrong side out, put a hook in every eye and sew them in position.

Ginger Cream

Into one pint of thick whipped cream stir one-half a cup of chopped, preserved ginger, one-half a cup of powdered sugar, and one-half a cup of boiled rice. Dissolve one-half a cup of Irish moss in boiling water, using as little water as possible. Strain and stir into the cream mixture. Stir until it thickens. Set away to harden and serve with the following sauce:

Ginger Sauce

To one-fourth a cup of chopped, preserved ginger add one cup of water and one-fourth a cup of sugar, and boil five minutes. Pour over the well-

beaten whites of two eggs. Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and chill.

S. J. H.

* * *

AFTER you have used part of a compressed yeast cake, immerse the rest in salt, corn meal or flour and it will keep good nearly a week.

Old and scrap pieces of zinc should be saved for burning the soot from chimneys and stovepipes. A little bit thrown on the fire will effectively clear the passages of soot.

An economical friend of mine bought two sets of nice buttons that do for all her shirt waists. They have shanks and are put into the button side of fresh waists by means of rings. Instead of buying cheap buttons for six waists, she has these two very nice sets, which she thought, before she got this idea, were far beyond her means.

I learned from my grandmother to keep a tablespoon with a broken handle in the coffee can, and a teaspoon in the salt jar and the baking powder and soda cans. A tin graduated measuring cup, kept in the sugar jar and the flour bin, also help to make my housework lighter by saving many a step.

When I sit down to the machine, my first idea is to prepare work that I can do out of doors. Basting of all kinds and buttonholes are always laid aside for out-of-door work, when the

weather permits. Another help is to run the sewing machine out on the porch and work there on pleasant days. Somehow, being out of doors is restful in itself, and many a problem can be solved easily there that seemed difficult to cope with indoors.

A caller — the mother of four boys — brought with her some new stockings she had just bought for them. It was with some curiosity that I watched her turn them inside out and run them back and forth with darning cotton of the same color as the hose. She worked the stitches lengthwise only, running the toes, knees and heels of each pair. She explained that this extra thread did not show and that it made the stocking wear quite a bit longer than those not so treated. I have tried the plan with my own young Yankee's hose and find it such a labor and money saver that I wonder I never thought of it for myself.

Every housekeeper knows that on some days there is less to do than on others. It is a good plan to devote at least half an hour on such days to the preparation of meals that may come a week ahead. For instance, a box of macaroni may be broken into bits and put into a clean coffee can, ready to be thrown into boiling water on a moment's notice. Chocolate can be shaved, nuts cracked and the meats extracted, dry bread crumbed in the meat chopper, codfish boned, and other things done that any housekeeper knows will be a great help to have done, when the time of using the articles comes around.

A friend who has no closet off her sleeping-room has a unique way of disposing of her clothes. She nailed a cleat about one and one-half inches thick across the back of her bed and screwed some double screw hooks into it. The first and last of these are six inches

from the ends of the cleat, so that any clothing hung on them will not stick out and show from the room. Six inches above the cleat she strung a wire over which slips a curtain made of paper muslin, matching the wall paper in color. The bed stands "kitty corner" across one end of the room, the outer head post about one foot from the wall.

Have you ever eaten "apple bird's-nest"? Well, it is delicious. One way to make it is this: fill a baking dish three-quarters full of pared, cored and quartered apples, season with nutmeg and sugar, cover with a rich baking powder biscuit crust and bake until the fruit and crust are done. If the apples are quite dry, add a little water before putting on the crust. I make it that way, when I am using the oven for another dish, anyhow. But when the oven is not needed, I find it quite as good a plan to steam the biscuit dough in a buttered pan over the boiling potatoes. When time for dessert I break the crust into the serving dishes and cover with hot apple sauce, seasoned and sweetened. At still other times, when we have had baking-powder biscuits left over from the day before, I steam them over some boiling food that is being prepared for dinner, heat apple sauce, and pour over the biscuit. Served with sugar and cream this dish is delicious, prepared in any of these ways. On thought, every housekeeper will realize that many dishes can be prepared in ways that will accommodate themselves to the means at hand, or that are the most economical in the use of heat generated at the time. This fact is one secret of good and economical housekeeping.

C. F. S.

* * *

Subtraction by Addition

SINCE eighty-two per cent of American housewives do their own cooking and the great majority of American

women spend over-busy, crowded days, it is no wonder that short cuts to good housekeeping are so greatly in demand. In proof of this, note the rapid multiplying of "time-savers" columns in all our magazines, and the way they are prized in the various homes, rich and poor. Also the instant popularity of such labor-saving inventions as the fireless cooker, which works while the cook sleeps or runs the sewing machine.

Indeed, the energetic woman of today scorns the idea that she "cannot do two things at once" and more than two successfully. She even prides herself upon the variety of her interests and achievements, as well she may.

But all of these resourceful women have not yet learned that they can subtract by means of addition, that is, lessen both labor and bills by adding to the *quantity* of things; that by doing an extra amount, when once started at a piece of work, they save a great deal more time than by making two jobs of it.

We all recognize the fact that buying in larger amounts one buys less frequently and thus saves time and thought, and that a cheaper price is also paid. But we have not come to see that the same principle applies to work.

By *cooking* in larger quantities, even for a small family, I find I save myself in a remarkable degree. For instance, by doubling my cake recipe, putting half into muffin pans, perhaps, and half into a loaf, I have cake enough for nearly a week. One fire has baked it, the same amount of my time was consumed, there was but one getting out and cleaning of utensils (no small item), and it was no more labor than the mixing of one cake would have been. Kept in a tight box it does not dry out, and, if it did, a bit of quickly made sauce poured over the slices would make a splendid dessert. And oh, the comfortable feeling that follows!

Likewise a large kettle full of mashed

potatoes is a boon to the busy woman. Those left from the first meal may be made into small cakes or balls for frying; mixed with fish or ground meat, and we have an excellent dish; salads are made from them, or, by putting into a double boiler for a few minutes, one has fresh (?) mashed potato for the next dinner. All this from merely peeling a double supply while she was at it.

I have tried doubling the quantity of rice when putting it to soak. A part, after cooking, was sweetened and creamed for a second course, while a part was served, southern fashion, with meat. The sweetened rice, left over, was quickly turned into a pudding, and the unsweetened, mixed with ground meat, became delicious croquettes.

So it is all through the cooking line. While one's hands are busy preparing any food, it will be found very little more trouble to add to the amount. It is the *getting at it* and the continuous worry, the oft-recurring question of "What shall I get to eat?" that make housekeeping a trial to the woman with a diversity of cares.

And not merely in the cooking, but in other lines of household work does this method apply. The woman who can afford to buy a bolt of muslin and cut out half a dozen undergarments at one time economizes in cloth, in time and in actual labor. We cannot flutter from one piece of work to another and keep our nerves and succeed in anything.

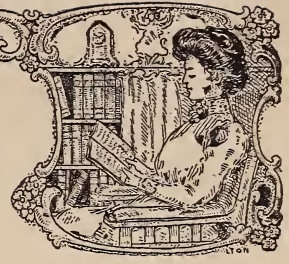
Instead, let us train ourselves to do things thoroughly, in larger quantities, with more whole-heartedness and "singleness of eye." Then we can lay aside kitchen worries with the kitchen apron, and go, with a clear conscience and a real satisfaction, to other duties and pleasures.

This is simply far-sightedness, — a quality as necessary in the business of home-making as in commercial affairs.

L. M. C.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1562. — "Recipe for Ice Cream Candy. In the recipe please state how one may know when it is time to remove the candy from the fire."

Ice Cream Candy

2½ cups of granulated sugar	¼ a teaspoonful of cream of tartar
¾ a cup of boiling water	1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract

Stir the sugar, water and cream of tartar over the fire until the sugar is melted. With a cloth or the tips of the fingers, wet repeatedly in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan; remove the spoon, cover the saucepan and let boil rapidly about four minutes. Uncover, set in a sugar thermometer and let the syrup boil rapidly to 275° Fahr. Without a thermometer, test by dropping syrup into cold water; if the drops when pushed from the bottom of the dish of water rattle in the dish, the syrup is cooked enough. Turn the syrup upon a marble or large platter, lightly brushed over with olive oil. As the syrup cools turn the edges towards the center, and when cool enough to handle pull in the hands or over a hook. Add the vanilla while pulling. At the last, pull on a marble in strips nearly two inches wide. When cold cut in strips four or five inches long. Set aside in a tin box, with waxed paper between the layers. After two days

the candy will be porous, creamy and soft, but not in the least sticky.

QUERY 1563. — "Will you repeat the name of article mentioned in these pages for thickening cream so that it may be whipped; and also state where it may be procured?"

Viscogen to Thicken Thin Cream

Pasteurized or other thin cream may be thickened by a solution of lime in sugar (viscogen) and then whipped to a stiff froth with a Dover egg beater. Viscogen is not to be found at a store, but is easily made and will keep in good condition several years if not used in the mean while.

To make the viscogen, dissolve five ounces of sugar in ten ounces of water. Add six ounces of cold water to two ounces of quicklime, and let it gradually slake; then strain through a fine sieve, to remove unslaked particles; combine the two liquids and shake occasionally for two hours. In three hours set the mixture aside to settle, then siphon, or pour off, the clear liquid. Store in small bottles, filling each full and stoppering tight, as the liquid absorbs carbonic acid from the air, thus darkening the color and reducing the strength. Use one-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen to three-fourths a cup of chilled cream. Stir the cream while adding the viscogen to it.

QUERY 1564. — "Recipe for Nut Bread."

Nut or Noisette Bread

1 cake of compressed yeast	2 tablespoonfuls of molasses
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of lukewarm water	1 cup of noisette or filbert meats
1 cup of scalded-and-cooled milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of white flour
1 tablespoonful of shortening	Entire wheat flour as needed for dough

Prepare as ordinary bread, adding the nut meats, whole, to the liquid. Less nut meats may be used. Unshelled filberts cost about eighteen cents a pound. These nuts are like a hazelnut, except larger. Do not blanch the nuts.

QUERY 1565. — "Recipe for putting up eggs in a solution of water glass and water."

Solution for Preserving Eggs

(United States Agricultural Department)

Fill an earthen or water-tight wooden vessel with the eggs. To one part of water glass, also known as soluble glass and silicate of soda, add ten parts of tepid water, stirring the water thoroughly and slowly into the water glass. When the resultant mixture is cold, pour it gently over the eggs, using sufficient to immerse them. Three pints of water glass and thirty pints, or fifteen quarts, of water will generally cover fifty dozen eggs. Keep the vessel covered and in a cool place.

QUERY 1566. — "Recipe for making Pop-corn Balls without use of thermometer."

Pop Corn Balls

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of glucose	About 4 quarts of popped corn, well salted
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water	
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of molasses	
3 tablespoonfuls of butter	

Set the sugar, glucose and water over the fire, stir until the sugar is melted, then wash down the sides of the saucepan, cover and let boil three or four minutes, then remove the cover and let cook without stirring to the hard ball degree; add the molasses and butter and stir constantly until brittle in cold

water; remove from the fire and, as soon as the bubbling ceases, add the vanilla; stir, then pour upon the popped corn, mixing the two together meanwhile. With buttered hands lightly roll the mixture into small balls. Press the mixture together only just enough to hold it in shape. Before adding the syrup to the corn, discard all the hard kernels. Have the corn warm and in a warm bowl.

QUERY 1567. — "Recipe for Chicken, à la King."

Chafing Dish Chicken, à la King

Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a chafing dish. Add half a green pepper, chopped fine, and cook three or four minutes without allowing the butter to brown. Add two level tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt, and cook until frothy. Then add one pint of cream, and stir until the sauce thickens. Set over hot water, and add half a cup of button mushrooms, cut in halves, and two and one-half cups of cooked chicken, cut in cubes, also paprika, if desired; serve on toast.

QUERY 1568. — "Recipe for Aspic Jelly."

Aspic Jelly

5 cups of broth (veal or chicken or both, or beef for dark aspic)	1 or 2 tomatoes
2 branches of parsley	1 package of gelatine
2 slices of onion	1 cup of cold water
4 slices of carrot	Yellow rind of half a lemon
1 stalk of celery	2 whites of eggs with the shells
1 piece of bay leaf	Salt and pepper

Simmer the broth and vegetables twenty minutes, strain and cool. Remove every droplet of fat; add the gelatine, softened in the cold water, the lemon rind, slightly beaten whites and crushed shells of the eggs, about a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, and stir constantly until boiling; let boil five minutes; pour in a few tablespoonfuls of cold water and keep hot without boiling until settled.

Wring a napkin from hot water, lay it over a colander in a bowl and set a sieve above the napkin. Gently pour the mixture into the sieve. The liquid that drips through the napkin should be clear and sparkling. The vegetables given above may be cooked in water, two tablespoonfuls of beef extract being added, then finished as above.

QUERY 1569.—“How may beef cooked as a stew be made tender? Kindly give explicit directions.”

Tender Beef Stew

A good beef stew may be made from the remnants of a roast of beef (either sirloin or rib) after the tender meat has been served. On account of the browned exterior of the meat such a stew is often of better flavor than a stew made from uncooked meat. When uncooked meat is purchased for a stew, see that it includes a portion of fat. Though the fat be removed before the dish is sent to the table, it is useful in giving flavor to the stew. Either a few pounds from the middle of the hind leg or the flank from a large, heavy, sirloin roast is a suitable portion for a stew. Cut the meat in small pieces (two or three inches square), dredge part of them with salt, pepper and flour and let brown in a little hot bacon or salt pork fat; add the rest of the meat, and boiling water just to cover the whole; heat quickly to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. It will take from three to four hours. After the meat has been cooking about an hour, add to it half a dozen small onions, peeled and blanched by cooking ten minutes in boiling water and rinsing in cold water. The onions may be left whole or cut in quarters. Add, also, a carrot, scraped, cut in slices and blanched. Half an hour before serving add (for three pounds of meat) about a pint of sliced-and-blanched potatoes, a teaspoonful or more of salt and a green pepper pod,

cut in slices. That the meat be tender, keep the cooking for the entire time at a *gentle simmer*. Five or ten minutes of rapid boiling, while it may not interfere with the separation of the meat into bundles of fibres, will toughen the fibres themselves past all help.

QUERY 1570.—“Recipe for Soufflé Potatoes.”

Soufflé Potatoes

This dish can be made at its best only with the imported German potatoes. With these potatoes almost every slice of potato will “soufflé”; with American potatoes only part of the slices will puff. Pare the potatoes and cut them in thin slices of a uniform thickness, let stand in water, then dry perfectly on a towel; immerse the slices, a few at a time, in a frying basket, in hot fat and let cook two or three minutes; remove from the fat and let cool a moment, then let cook in a second kettle of fat, hotter than the first. When lightly browned remove from the fat and drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with salt before serving. When the slices are immersed in the second kettle of fat, the heat should cause the thin layers of partly cooked potato on the outside of the slices to separate and puff.

QUERY 1571.—“What is the ‘soup bag’ mentioned in the recipes?”

“Soup Bag”

A “soup bag” is a collection of spices, sweet herbs and seeds tied in a tiny round of cheese cloth. There should not be a great abundance of any one article in a single bag. Three cloves, six peppercorns, four mustard seeds, three branches, each, of dried parsley, basil, summer savory and thyme, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of celery seed will make a fairly good bag.

QUERY 1572.—“Can a milk thermometer be used in candy making or must one have a special thermometer for this purpose?”

Regarding Thermometers

A milk thermometer cannot be used for candy making, but a sugar thermometer may be used for milk. The temperatures needed in preparations of milk are lukewarm, about 90° Fahr.; scalding, from 160° to 196°, and, occasionally, boiling, about 214° Fahr. Thus there is no occasion for a milk thermometer ever to register higher than 214° Fahr., and, in fact, it would probably be difficult to find a milk thermometer that registers higher than 210° Fahr.

In our living rooms we hang a thermometer that we may keep the temperature in winter at about 70° Fahr., or, we hang a thermometer outside the window that we may know exactly how hot or cold the day is. These thermometers register from 20° below zero to about 120° Fahr. above zero, the extreme range of temperature in a temperate climate.

In boiling sugar we do not care for temperatures below zero, but as syrup for frosting is boiled to 238° or 240° Fahr., and for candies to 275°, 300° and above, all sugar thermometers register from zero to 300° Fahr. and some as high as 500° Fahr. Set a milk thermometer or an ordinary house thermometer into boiling syrup, and, as the heat increases, the mercury will run up the tube to its full height, then, there being no further space for its expansion, the pressure will break the glass. No thermometer must be subjected to a higher degree of temperature than is indicated on the scale.

QUERY 1573. — "Recipe for a 'Steamed Cottage Pudding.'"

Steamed Cottage Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar	$2\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoonfuls
1 egg, well beaten	of baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk	

Mix as a cake; turn into a buttered

mold, cover and steam about one hour and a quarter. Serve hot with lemon, wine or strawberry sauce. The sauce should have a pronounced flavor, much more so than if the pudding were baked.

QUERY 1574. — "Recipes for use of Cold, Boiled Fresh Fish."

Fresh Fish Cakes

Left-over potatoes may be used. If the potatoes are whole, cut them in halves, lengthwise, cover with boiling water and bring quickly to the boiling point; let boil nearly five minutes, drain, sprinkle with salt and press through a ricer; add an equal bulk of fish, picked fine, salt and pepper as needed, one or two tablespoonfuls of butter for each pint of material, and cream, milk or left-over sauce (drawn butter or cream), to moisten the mixture; mix thoroughly, then shape into round, flat cakes; dip these in flour and let cook, until brown on one side, in hot salt pork or bacon fat, then turn to brown the other side.

Fresh Fish Soufflé

2 tablespoonfuls of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of paprika
2 tablespoonfuls of flour	1 teaspoonful of onion juice
$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of fish stock or milk	1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sifted bread crumbs (soft)	1 teaspoonful of celery salt
1 teaspoonful of salt	3 eggs
	2 cups of fish, flaked

Make a sauce of the first three ingredients; add the crumbs and seasonings (the onion, parsley and celery may be omitted), the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and the fish. Lastly, fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. Bake until firm in the center. If the oven be hot (the soufflé should not boil), set the dish for cooking, on many folds of paper, in a dish of hot water. Serve with cream, tomato or drawn butter sauce.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW: THE HEART OF RUSSIA

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

APRIL, 1910

No. 9

The Heart of Russia

By Mary Gilbert

PROUD though the Russians are of their present-day capital, "Mother Moscow" holds first place in their affections. If anything was needed to cement this loyalty, it was supplied nearly a century ago by Napoleon's invasion.

What the destruction of their ancient capital meant to the Russians, only the visitor to Moscow can begin to understand. Admiration for the brilliant Corsican cannot prevent one's rejoicing that that noble offering met with the reward it deserved. Mingled with this feeling is a hope that the world may never again see a great army cruelly sacrificed to personal ambition.

Moscow is preëminently a city of churches, with historic cathedrals enough to win world-wide fame, were all other claims to distinction lost. The most celebrated of these edifices are contained in the Kremlin, their gilt domes and lofty towers overlooking all parts of the city.

Highest of these is the tower of Ivan the Great, with its wonderful chime of

bells. The Great Bell, which once sounded loudest of them all, has been silent for nearly two centuries. It now stands on a pedestal beside the tower, with an eleven-ton "fragment" broken from its side.

Dividing honors with the Great Bell is the Tsar Cannon in the Arsenal, cast about half a century later. Its history appealed even to such an iconoclast as Peter the Great, and it was spared when all other old cannon and even church bells were recast for the war against the Swedes.

Most interesting, perhaps, of all the churches is the cathedral where the Tsars are crowned. For nearly four and a half centuries it has stood in the Kremlin, little injured by flame or sword. Most of the treasures stolen by the French were soon recovered by the Cossacks.

One may doubt the miraculous properties of its ikons and shrines, the authenticity of many of its relics, but who can remain wholly unmoved in an edifice where so many rulers of Russia have been crowned? It is no mere idle



TOWER OF IVAN THE GREAT AND THE GREAT BELL

pageant, this coronation, but the assumption of such autocratic power as is incompatible with the highest civilization.

Only men may enter the Holy of Holies behind the Ikonostas in the churches, where the most sacred relics are kept. In my interest in an illuminated copy of the Gospels, bound in gold and enamel and studded with gems, I accidentally took a step or two within the sanctuary where "women and dogs" are not allowed.

The expression of horror on the face of our guide made me at once realize the impropriety of my action. He looked as if he expected to see me vanish from the earth as a punishment for such awful sacrilege.

Monasteries, too, flourish in the Kremlin, as well as in other parts of Moscow and its environs. So numerous are they, in fact, that one marvels at the power that draws thousands of novices within their walls every year.

Of the many famous entrances to the Kremlin, by far the most interest-

ing is that known as the Redeemer Gate. Over it is an ikon, which is held in such reverence that all men bare their heads in passing beneath it.

On a bitter winter day conformity to this custom is anything but pleasing to the unorthodox, but no *izvostchik* will risk his soul's salvation by taking a capped passenger through the sacred portal.

Between the Kremlin and the Chinese Town (*not* Chinatown, but a part of the city named after the birthplace of the Regent Helena, by whose orders it was built) lies the great Red Square, one of the most beautiful parts of the city.

It, too, has its full quota of churches, the most conspicuous of which is St. Basil's Cathedral. Eleven domes, all differing in both color and design, give it a most striking appearance.

Tradition says that its architect was blinded by Ivan the Terrible, to prevent his ever duplicating this work, but one is quite inclined to doubt his ability to do so, without the imperial precaution. At any rate, one is glad

that Napoleon's order to "Destroy that mosque!" was disobeyed, and this unique piece of architecture was spared to the world.

The merchants of Moscow are, as a class, very prosperous, and their appearance by no means belies the fact. Such placid, rotund and contented-looking beings make one almost wish to join their ranks.

It is a standard joke among the Russians that Moscow merchants die only during Butter Week, from over-indulgence in pancakes! In view of the rigid fast during the seven long weeks of Lent, it is hardly to be wondered at that men with good appetites are inclined to more than improve the last preceding days.

Rich though Moscow is in places of interest, Anglo-Saxons who have long made their homes in Russia are often indifferent to its attractions. We knew one young American in St. Petersburg who had made a dozen business trips to Moscow without once taking time to see the sights of the city.



THE REDEEMER GATE

At last a party of his New England relatives arrived in the capital, bent on "doing" Russia within a week. He could hardly refuse to accompany them to Moscow, as they were really in need of an interpreter.

They had but two days to devote to the ancient city, but not a minute of those two days did they propose to lose. They knew just what they wanted to see, and exactly where it was located. The treasures of the Kremlin were viewed in record time; they rushed through the chief halls of the Great Palace; even the splendid crown jewels in the Treasury claimed their attention for only a few moments.

The great Foundling Asylum was not neglected, for did they not know that it was the largest one in the world, and supported by the Government's monopoly of the sale of playing cards?

"But the funniest thing," said our young friend, in relating his experiences, "was when we went to the Public Museum. For a wonder, they had

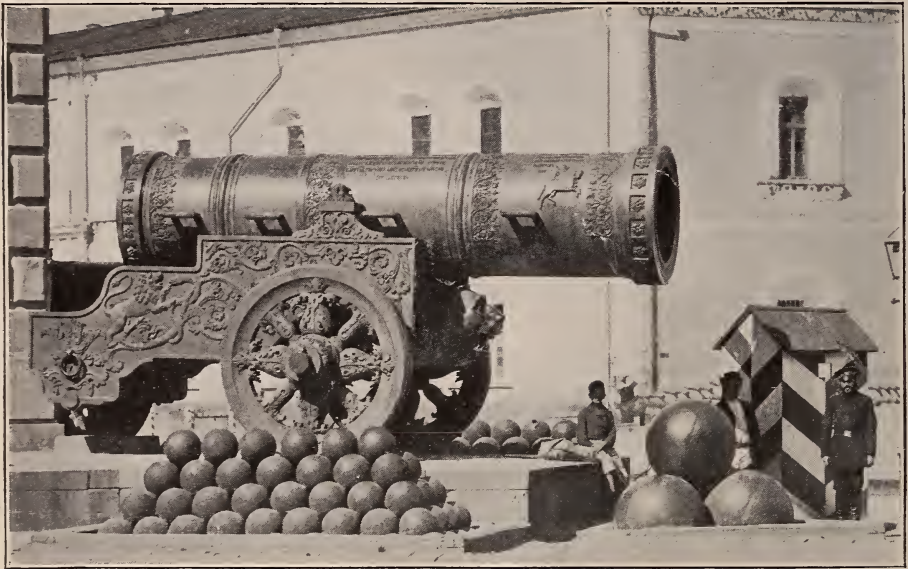


WHERE THE TSARS ARE CROWNED

made a mistake as to the hours it was open, and we reached the place with just fourteen minutes to spare. But did that disturb them? Not a bit of it! Up and down the aisles they raced, each taking a different route, and agreeing to tell one another what they had seen later. Can't say that I remember seeing much myself, but it was certainly splendid exercise. Don't I wish that you could have seen Aunt Celia go puffing through the Ethnographical collection, saying to herself, 'Fine costumes, but how a good washing would improve them!'"

The "sights" of Moscow, however numerous, are by no means its only attraction. There is a homelike atmosphere about the city, which a Russian captain summed up in the words, "Moscow is just a great big village."

Through all the centuries it has been loved, not only by its inhabitants, but by the people of the entire nation. Its shrines are visited every year by thousands of pilgrims, whose love and devotion are reflected in the friendliness of the place. No city presents better claim to its title than does loved and revered "Mother Moscow."



THE TSAR CANNON

In Quiet Ways

Eugene C. Dolson

Not all the sweetest blossoms bide
In garden bowers;
Along the quiet countryside
Are fragrant flowers.

Not all the happiness of earth
In wealth is found;
Some modest homes with joy and mirth
And love are crowned.



TEA SET, WITH ODD PIECES OF SILVERWARE

Silver and Old English Plate

By James Cooke Mills

SILVER is an admirable product of nature, and of all the precious metals it is the one which unites in itself the greatest number of useful properties with very great beauty. The appearance of a dinner table set with silver plate for a large party is exceedingly splendid. The snowy cloth, the brilliant flowers, the multitude of objects of burnished metal glistening and gorgeous under the glass canopy of lights, make a scene of enchantment. Some one has said, "Show me the kind of food a people eat, and I will tell you their character." He might have added with equal truth, "Show me the way a people dine, and I will tell you their rank among civilized beings." It is no wonder, then, that from time immemorial people of refinement, with a fine sense of the beautiful, have adopted this metal as their very own.

There is no other metal so well suited to the peculiar requirements of the craftsman's art, and in which can be found expression that delicate and characteristic chasing which, though it may have been executed a century or two ago, has been so greatly admired through the generations. It is readily fashioned into the most graceful forms by the silversmith's hammer, and is so malleable that one grain has been beaten out so thin that it covered ninety-eight square inches. This is a surface equal to one and a half of these pages. So impalpably thin was this film of silver that about twelve hundred of them would only equal the thickness of the paper upon which this magazine is printed. Gold, it is said, has never been spread over more than seventy-five inches. The fineness of temper in silver is another very desirable quality, and in this respect it is

slightly superior to the other more precious metal.

Its tensile strength, that is, the cohesive attraction of its particles, is, in the bar, nearly equal to the best cast iron. As a mixture of two metals has greater tensile strength than either of



GENUINE PAUL REVERE PLATE

the ingredients, an inch bar made in the proportion of five ounces of silver and one ounce of copper will withstand a breaking force sixteen per cent greater than one of pure silver. A bar one inch square of the same proportions of gold and copper has practically the same tensile strength. Because of this very desirable quality and the better wearing surface afforded, silver and other precious metals, in the useful arts, are always alloyed. The standard for silver the world over is Sterling, which is 925-1000 fine, or to be more exact, nine hundred and twenty-five parts of pure silver to every one thousand parts of the alloy. This measure of quality is recognized by the law, and it is a misdemeanor in the United States and some foreign countries to stamp any article "Sterling" that contains a less proportion of pure silver.

The intrinsic value of silver places it in a unique and enduring position in the commercial arts. It is so far from cheap as to be regarded as good by the wealthy, while it is sufficiently "dear"

to the masses to be held as rich treasure by them. The people of culture and good taste of every class, however, do not accumulate silver by the hundred-weight. They always prefer a rich collection of thin beaten silver, modeled in symmetrical forms and beautifully chased in exquisite designs. This may be carried, though, to an undesirable extreme, as, for instance, an article containing twenty dollars' worth of the metal having several hundred dollars' worth of work done on it. This naturally places the great bulk of useful articles in a class made up in plated ware, often of a very ugly and heavy pattern, and covered with so thin a film of silver as to show in a year or so, the base metal beneath. There are scales in Wall Street so delicate as to register the weight of an infant's hair, yet they will not record a thread of the "blush of silver" on some cheap plate.



THE POT WITH EBONY HANDLE

The relative values of silver and gold, which always are changing, are a fruitful theme for study and thought; but for everyday information it may be stated that in 1150 an ounce of gold would buy nine ounces of silver, and centuries later, in Shakespeare's time, one ounce of gold would buy eleven ounces of the other metal. In 1868, when gold was still at a premium, it was one to fifteen, while now, with gold

at par, silver is debased from thirty-two to forty and over, according to the fluctuating value of that more precious metal. The gradual cheapening is remarkable, in view of the fact that so large and increasing an amount is used every day in the arts of manufacture, from which it never can be recovered for coinage. This is due, of course, to the tremendous production of silver over gold which has taken place within the past fifty years.

The earliest art of the silversmith consisted of the simple but crude making of spoons, the processes of which were rough in the extreme. They used to take a bar of silver, heat it in an ordinary blacksmith's forge, roll it to the proper thickness by a windlass, cut it into strips by sharpened irons, and then hammer it into shape by main strength. To the rude and unlearned folk of the countryside these spoons were a highly prized possession. They were only shown and used on festive occasions, the wood and pewter spoons of common use filling every needful purpose. Other small articles in silver were hammered out, a little later, and finally bowls, pots and tankards, often of curious shapes and with the most crude decorations, were made. In the times of our ancestors, not far back from those easily traced, the solitary peddler trudged along over the hills with his pack, offering his wares of silver and less valuable metals.

The beautiful tea set here illustrated is an excellent example of the craftsman's highest conception of his art, and has not been excelled in any period. It was executed in England during the time immediately following the Revolutionary War, and is the genuine Paul Revere plate. The set, together with some odd pieces of silverware, have come down through five generations to the present owners, who are residents of Detroit. Old silver has a color, a touch, a feeling peculiarly its own. In this set the whiteness of the metal is its

chief charm, while the beauty of form and exquisite chasing accentuate its purity. Symmetry and fine sense of proportion are manifest in each piece, and the geometrical lines are executed with absolute faithfulness. The handle of the pot, of rich ebony, attests to the skill and fidelity of the makers, whoever they may have been, one hundred and twenty odd years ago. That the set has had much use is evident from the fact that the hall mark, U V, whatever the meaning, is almost worn off.

In those days the process of making such artistic plate had reached a refinement in treatment quite notable, and in our generation is of exceeding interest. The first thing done was, of course, the sketching out of the design. The lines of the body, top and handle of each piece having been decided on, the artist elaborated and completed his early conception, bringing out the details of chasing and the finished edges. From this paper design a model was made to convey to the mind of the silversmith the true values of lines and proportion. What appeared perfect on paper did not always prove geometrically correct when reduced to an actual model, and changes were frequently made. Symmetry of form was ever the paramount principle of the artisans of that period. The making of the chuck, the form on which the body of the article was spun, came next. This was made of some hard wood in sections around a core, so that when the body of the article had been modeled, the chuck could easily be removed by simply withdrawing the core. The pure silver having been melted and rolled into thin sheets of the desired thickness, and all the fine tools of the craft at hand, all was ready for the test of the worker's skill.

The "spinning" of the body was a delicate piece of work and called for the nicest and most accurate touch of the operator. Hammer work was the

vital factor in shaping the silver to the desired form on the chuck, and the methods employed today are almost identical, as the delicate touch and control have not been imitated by machinery.

Repoussé work, where the metal was first raised or "snarled," required the utmost skill. The snarling iron or hammer had to be inserted in the hollow body, and by a succession of rapid taps the metal was forced or bulged out. The operator held the metal body and guided it, to obtain the raised portion just where needed. The raised portion was then filled with some stiffening substance, probably a hardening composition of tar, to prevent any general sinking while yielding at any special point. The detail was then tapped out on the bulges by means of tiny punches.

Chasing was a most difficult branch

of the work and was regarded as a trade of itself. These artisans were not only thorough artists, having a perfect sense of the beauty of their work, but they were painstaking workmen as well. They considered themselves responsible for their work and for all the stages through which it passed. In these respects they differed from the modern silversmith, whose labor is so arranged that he has little sense of responsibility, and only wishes to produce a surface neatness with the least effort of his own.

In olden times every lord or burgher took great pride in his collection of silver plate. They had the various vessels displayed in profusion on the dinner table on festive occasions, and also on tiers of curiously constructed steps one above the other. Each step was covered with dainty, embroidered cloths, and on these were placed the flagons and cups.

In the Morn

By Ruth Raymond

In the morn when loved ones going
 Pause to smile a fond good-bye,
 Let your voice with love o'erflowing
 Answer kindly, do not sigh.
 Though for you the hours are lonely
 And your heart is full of fear,
 Clasp their hands and give them only
 Words of comfort, hope and cheer.

In the morn when loved ones going
 Seem to cast the home aside,
 Seeking new life's Springtime sowing,
 Do not check them or deride.
 Speed them on, though ever praying
 That for them all joys abound,
 Nature's voice they are obeying,
 Love them more, but do not wound.

The Little Box on the Sidewalk

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

MR. GEORGE HOLCOMB paused in his hurried walk and stood looking about him and gazing down at the small package in his hand, as if he did not know what to do with it. And this was the truth.

He had started out to find a messenger boy. But this was too transparent a device. Beyond question, he would send the box. But the person who should receive it must not know that it came from him; she could scarcely help guessing quite another person. To this end he had induced one of the clerks where he had bought it, in another town, to write the address. He was now on his way to the express office, because if he should mail the box, the postmark would betray whence it came. Yet, the express was no less traceable.

He stood there on the sidewalk, fingering the box and hesitating; and behind the hesitation as to the method of sending what he held in his hand was the deeper hesitation whether he should send it at all. "How beautiful she is," he thought; "and how I love her in spite of all — in spite of all!" he repeated. With the repetition, his brows knit, a new look came into his eyes and the lines of his mouth grew tense. "But for this 'all,'" his thoughts ran on, "she shall receive this gift from me. The only question is how to send it circumspectly, that it may do its work." Having decided, he looked up and down the street of the little town of Victor to find who would execute for him. No one was in sight.

Hold! There was a man in the distance approaching. This man should be the unconscious arbiter of fate; he should do Holcomb's errand. He would be sure to pick up the box.

Holcomb dropped it conspicuously upon the sidewalk, and taking advantage of being momentarily hidden from the corner by a clump of trees, disappeared behind some thick bushes across the road.

Mr. Sam Litchfield's jaunty walk slackened somewhat as he drew nearer his observer. His heart was bounding with the delight of an interview through which he had just passed; its happy outcome had been all that he could have desired; indeed it seemed to him that Maud Arnold loved him even better than he had dared to hope. He was wild with happiness; certainly fate had been bountiful to him.

Yet, as he came on with his lips still thrilling with the kisses of his betrothed, it was something beside the steepness of the road which made him walk more and more slowly as if studying a possibility. A man's ruling passion, said to be strong in death, is never long quiescent in life. All at once a light frown puckered Mr. Litchfield's brow — to disappear under a host of smiles. He was a thin man with yellow hair which a lover would never call sandy, and a complexion very many tones lighter and yet scarcely to be called fair, a complexion that readily assimilated wrinkles, not only from its own quality, but also from the disposition of its owner. This may have been why the frown returned and gathered force as its wearer came opposite the clump of bushes.

Meanwhile Maud Arnold, gazing out of the window with eyes that saw nothing of what was before her, was saying to herself, "He has gone to get me the engagement ring. It is to be a diamond, and a beauty — to match me; he says so." And she paused to look

into the mirror with a new delight in the pretty face reflected there.

On came Litchfield until the little box on the sidewalk was directly at his feet. "Would he see it?" Holcomb wondered.

Yes; Litchfield did more — he stopped and picked it up, and stood reading the address. This was so minutely written upon the surface about two inches in size that it took time to decipher. On the top of the box he read, "Miss Anita Bixby." Turning up the side he came to, "39 Melrose Street"; the bottom of the box gave him, "Victor," and the fourth side the name of the State. Evidently the box had been dropped by accident; he had but to forward it to its destination. This was what Holcomb was certain he would do.

But Holcomb had not calculated upon the intervention of Litchfield's ruling passion. The latter stood fingering the little parcel. It had no postage. How could he be expected to supply this? Express? What! Send it to a lady and let her pay for it? BESIDES.— He turned the box about in his hands more hesitatingly and more carefully than Holcomb had done. What was in this little box? He knew Miss Bixby by reputation; she was rich. She had been lately reported engaged. Now, why her lover had chosen to send in place of carrying, or, sending, why he had chosen so unfaithful a messenger, was none of Litchfield's business. All he knew was that in this little box was a ring for Miss Bixby. Without doubt it was her engagement ring. An engagement ring! The very thing he had been about to buy for Maud. The trouble over which he had been knotting his forehead as he came up the street was that he had promised Maud a beauty. He felt that he could not afford this, which was really as bad as if he had actually not been able to do so — perhaps worse.

But now it was quite like magic. He

had found the very thing he had promised, and ought not to buy. What rights had Miss Bixby's lover, in view of his carelessness? If Litchfield himself had dropped in the mud a ring bought for Maud, should he have expected anybody who found it to go around hunting him up? He didn't know that kind of person.

Suddenly he glanced about him, hastily, anxiously. Of course he might send on the box. But if he did not, Maud would have a beautiful ring, and it would have cost him nothing. He was so accustomed to balancing everything according to his ledger that this consideration seemed to him the only one worth attention. "I found, not took the ring," he said to himself; pocketed it, and walked off swiftly, on his forehead that little frown, one of the signet seals of character with which life stamps our actions on our faces, whether we will or not.

Holcomb emerged from his hiding place. "Good!" he said. "He must have forgotten the one thing I feared would spoil my plan. He is going straight to the post office. And should that unlikely thing happen that I am suspected, I can truthfully say I did not send it. And if she believes *he* sent it — and she will — it will separate them forever, as I mean."

But Litchfield had not gone to the post office, but directly to his own home. He looked about his pleasant bachelor quarters as he entered his rooms and remembered that all this was to be changed. Yet he loved Maud dearly; he should be very happy with her. And, at this moment, was he not sacrificing a foolish scruple to make her happy? This gift to her would cost his conscience instead of his purse. Of course, no man would hesitate in such a case.

Once more he examined the outside of the little box.

Then he whipped out his penknife, cut the string, peeled off the outside

wrapper, threw it into his fireplace and set a match to it, watching until every letter of the address was destroyed. He would take no risks of discovery.

Again he turned to the package. How very carefully the ring had been protected; an outer box, but little larger, covered the one containing it. He removed this and burned it also.

Then, like a miser gloating over treasure in a moment to be unveiled, he carried the tiny box to the light — yet not where he could be seen from the windows of the opposite house — and opened it.

He stood staring in amazement.

For there was no ring — no jewel of any kind. The box was empty — no, not quite. A tiny roll of paper lay in the place that the ring should have occupied.

He picked it out with the point of his knife, unrolled it; and there in type-written letters were the words: "April Fool!"

He had forgotten it was the first day of April.

He stood a while studying himself in this new aspect.

"Serves me right!" he muttered; tossed the box into the fireplace, and went straightway to the store of the finest jeweler in Victor.

Pompadours

By Kate Gannett Wells

THERE is something pathetic in false hair, inasmuch as it is an endeavor to hide disfigurement. And though it may be worn just for the sake of attracting mere man, it is oftener adopted as a protection to one's self against weariness or despair and the rebuffs that come to the plain, elderly growing woman.

She should not be so self-conscious, exclaims some one stalwart in self-poise. To whom retort can prophetically assert, oh, you will be there some time yourself, your turn will come when you will be laid aside to make room for somebody younger looking than yourself; then is the time you'll want a pompadour!

A natural kind of woman longs to look as well as she can despite untoward circumstances and age, her desire to appear acceptable being the very opposite to the craving for publicity or to that phase of womanhood which seeks marriage as at least a necessity

for this world. So she finds a pompadour a very respectable humbug, and sees no reason why she should not assume it, even if some women wear awry too big an one, or some colleges and schools forbid girl students to wear any puffs.

Why is it any more unrighteous to wear a pompadour or puffs to-day than it was fifty years ago to wear caps? Both are in the interest of good looks and of the community, to whom it is due that each one should look as well as she can under limiting circumstances. The more approach there is to beauty in the world, the easier it is to live. A really beautiful woman cannot understand the eagerness of the plain, aging woman to make herself presentable to her family. Her longing is not the outcome of vanity, since home and work are silent appeals to her not to be a fraud through personal negligence, by making it harder to get along with her than it already may be.

It is an affront to the beneficence of the universe not to present to it as good a face as can be made artificially, when one has it not by natural right.

A tired woman's very self is so freshened by finding that a pompadour is becoming, that, instead of being wearied when her home-made toilet is finished, she feels rejuvenated and more independent. The older she is the more keenly does she realize the contrast between the buoyancy of youth and her lack of alertness as she finds that the fund of experience she has accumulated all the way along counts for nothing, if she is not brisk, though she may be far wiser than her competitors for a given position. She is just automatically shoved aside by the pressure of youth. No wonder is it that, as she realizes she is neither allowed to share in organized work for others nor to be self-supporting, she takes to mild gymnastics, makes picture puzzles and plays bridge and solitaire.

Age has become a very factitious thing since it has been defined by government. The forced retirement of teachers, of military and naval officers and of various classes of employees, just because they happen to have arrived at the age of sixty-five or seventy, is insulting. Merit, not age, is a perennial qualification. Instead of that, age has become an ironclad prohibition against continuance in salaried employment. Not only is no regard paid to personal abilities and good health, but the indecorous ruling of retirement under any circumstances is gilded by offers of old-age pensions and insurance schemes, taxation for which should fall heavily on the young, when we might hear less of the disabilities of age.

Much of this enforced retirement business is unbiological, those who advocate it being addicted to an overweening paternalism and to being more or less disagreeable at home. Let teachers, especially, be paid salaries

sufficient to enable them to lay up something against age, and then, when they are seventy, it is up to them to live comfortably or to be cramped. It goes without saying that there are many teachers who are too worn out or too fussy to teach, long before they are seventy, but there are hundreds of others to whom it is an indignity to make them submit to withdrawal from work. That is what hurts them more than the loss of salary, for which the pension is not a compensation, as they desire the work itself.

But is not the notion that age is too old for anything partly the result of the ambition that corrodes daily life? The young girl wants the way clear for her to distinguish herself, and the quasi old wish to appear young, that they may continue to appear distinguished. As each one is eager to be "a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity," it is not strange that few are contented to live on just a little, enjoy reading, do daily jobs of small kindnesses and, whether or not they are happy, to appear so, as their tribute to the universe.

It is so natural, inevitable, right that each one should want to be a part of things important to the life of the world, and it is so provoking to be ignored just because one is past middle life! No wonder that pompadours and puffs are worn to conceal the ravages of time, and that bonnets are avoided as long as one is not decrepit. Hats are healthier, strings make the throat tender, are hygienic excuses offered in justification of youthfully trimmed hats. Still the law of fitness is supreme, and age and youth alike should conform to harmony rather than to contrasts in dress.

The question of attire has lately become an issue in suffrage and anti-suffrage campaigns, those who sit on the platform appearing in more or less full dress, doing so deliberately in supposed furtherance of a cause. Yet does

it really help? Is it not as poor a way to win adherents as it would be to go to the other extreme of not arranging one's hair becomingly, if one is to be seen in public or at home or even by one's self? "Woman is an animal that delights in the toilet," has been wittily alleged.

Harmonious dressing, like harmonious housekeeping, is getting into right relations with whatever is, as the art of skilled economy glorifies both. The sanctity of face of which poets sing is depressing to many onlookers compared with the stimulus that comes from the presence of a well-equipped woman, who knows how to make over a dress several times without grumbling. Nevertheless the determination to keep well and busy, to sit up straight and to cultivate cheerfulness, trust and religious faith has more abiding results than a pompadour. But as there is always a near end of things, which the laws of psychology illuminate, we also experience the reactionary effect of a

becoming pompadour on overwrought self-depreciation.

Did the Chinese do injustice to woman's nature by placing a mirror in the grave of a woman lest she might need it in her next stage of existence, to give her courage?

Let the pompadour be a virtual, silent appeal, coming from the heart of lonely old age, that it may still have organized work given it to do. Let it also be an assertion to the home that age can still keep house and mend stockings, for home keeping grows dearer as years grow many. Thrice blessed is the woman who has a house to keep, be it but that of one room with a soap box for a kitchen closet.

And let the pompadour give to the woman with wrinkled forehead and sunken eyes an assurance that, if she will only take pains with herself, by being mindful of the laws of proportion and harmony, she can ward off the inroads of time, as her dress becomes an expression of inward serenity.

The Maid of Spring

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Radiant with laughter, the foaming brook
 Leaps o'er its rocky bed,
 And the wild rose lulled by its crooning song
 Dreamily droops her head.
 The plaintive hymn of a sobbing pine
 Over the blue rill floats,
 And silken leaves that winds have tossed
 Sail off in their old brown boats.
 Playfully scattering their silver foam,
 But returning again, — ah, never, —
 The madcap waves 'neath the arching trees
 Rush onward, — and on, — forever.
 But list to the maiden, that merrily comes
 Through the perfumed forests singing, —
 And wheresoever her footsteps rove
 The blossoms gay are springing.
 She laughingly leans o'er the foaming brook,
 And plays with the pearls of spray, —
 While silent, grim winter draws down his
 cowl, —
 And out through the mist creeps away.

French Hospitality

By Frances B. Sheaffer

THERE are certain marked differences between the methods of entertaining peculiar to France and those which are current in Anglo-Saxon countries,—differences as expressive of the characteristics of the two races as are their speeches and physiognomies. Entertaining in France is a formidable business. It is never casual, open-handed and informal, as it often is in America; as it is, indeed, almost everywhere in America outside of New York City. I make this distinction in no spirit of criticism, but because it seems to me that living conditions in New York are so difficult that an easy hospitality is wellnigh an impossibility. A family living in a crowded flat, often themselves forced to take their meals at restaurants for lack of capable "help," cannot of necessity keep open house as do the real home dwellers, who are still old-fashioned enough to possess a "spare room," where their intimate friends can always be sure of a night's lodging.

An American society lady, who recently returned to New York from Europe, where she had had the good fortune to be much fêted, has been quoted as saying that "in France people are as nice to you as they can be, while in New York they are only as nice to you as they must be." This comment is a bit severe, but it emphasizes the fact that most New-Yorkers, if they are at all socially inclined, are really so crowded with engagements that they must make a choice. The regrettable consequence of the New York way of living is that it reduces personal intercourse even among friends to a basis of calculation very far from the spirit of real hospitality.

New-Yorkers themselves, who are

almost as great *blagueurs* as the Parisians, tell a story illustrating their attitude toward their social obligations which few foreigners could hear without a mental note of severe criticism. It is about a zealous lady who wished to secure the presence at her house of a distinguished gentleman, the lion of the moment. She called him up by telephone — that insistent instrument is responsible in part for the decline of old-fashioned courtesy in our cities — asking him to dine with her the following evening. The lion replied politely enough that he regretted exceedingly having an engagement for that evening. "Then," persisted the lady, "come Tuesday." "But," protested the *invité*, still politely, "I shall be out of town Tuesday." "How about Wednesday?" demanded the lady, who meant to capture her prey at all costs. "Wednesday?" responded the harassed lion; then, at the end of his patience, he exclaimed, "Oh, hang it! I'll come tomorrow." *Voilà!* Had the invitation been sufficiently enticing he could have accepted it at once, without all the fictions, decreasingly polite, he had invented in order to avoid an entertainment which was obviously neither a pleasure nor a duty.

Eh bien, in France, hospitality has never reached this deplorable state of desuetude. It may be less spontaneous than the American brand — the ante-telephone kind — but it means very much more. No stranger who lives in France long enough to make French acquaintances or friends can ever resist the remark, after an account of a series of social triumphs, "And you know how close the French are!" and that these French people are to an almost irritating degree. You may have French acquaintances by the

score, after a year or more in Paris, but friends — that is another matter.

The American's chances for making desirable connections among the French residents are necessarily limited. No foreigner, unless he have a marriageable title, would at once have the *entrée* into the exclusive homes of any American city he might chance to visit. If he arrived armed with creditable introductions to influential people, he might have a sudden, and to him surprising personal popularity, partly due to the American love of novelty and partly to our cordial informality in all social matters. He might be taken up and entertained royally for a space, and then, if he should depart, he would be as quickly forgotten and in a few months' time there may quite possibly remain to him of that flattering season of success not one lasting friendship; an unforeseen *dénouement* which will cause the disillusioned foreigner to make unkind remarks about the insincerity of our people.

Now in France neither the first nor the last of these situations would ever be possible, because both are incompatible with French customs and characteristics. You may provide yourself, in coming to Paris, with letters of introduction to a half dozen French people, and you may never get anywhere at all with them. Suppose, for example, you have a card to an elderly lady of the Faubourg set who has visited in New York and who was there entertained by a friend of yours. You write her a note enclosing your friend's card — introductions are never presented in person in France. The lady replies with a polite letter indicating a day on which she will be pleased to receive you. It is not even her day at home, for she does not yet know what manner of person, presentable or otherwise, you may be. You go at the appointed hour, and you find her stately, courteous, quaint — but not yet affable. She calls you "my child"

and hopes you will enjoy your stay in Paris. You drink some wretched French tea, eat a sweet cake or two, and then the old lady begs permission to send you two tickets to the Olympia, which she hopes you won't find very "shocking." "But then," she adds, "my dear, *all* the Americans go there." You leave, interested and pleased with your visit. A day of two later the tickets come. You go, since "all the Americans" do, and after a reasonable time you call on the old lady to express your thanks. She is out. You write her your prettiest note. She replies that she is glad you enjoyed the performance and that she is most happy to have served a friend of a friend of whom she retained such charming souvenirs. And that is absolutely the end of the incident. You live in a pension. There is nothing you can do to continue the acquaintance. Evidently it is not expected that you should. And what comes of it all? The good lady no doubt wonders to herself at the indiscriminate way in which Americans introduce each other all over the world to their chance acquaintances. She is the poorer by twenty francs, which she can ill afford to spend so unprofitably; and you are left with an uncomfortable sense of having incurred an unnecessary obligation which you can never repay.

Suppose again you are introduced personally. I was conducted one afternoon by an American friend to call on some lifelong French friends of hers, two middle-aged women artists who occupied, during their occasional sojourns in Paris, a *piéd à terre* in the once fashionable Place Vosges. We arrived at about four o'clock of a warm June day. I had met the two ladies before casually, so that my introduction into their household was not quite as formal as if I had been a perfect stranger. Still my French not being very flexible, I found the task of keeping up my end of the conversation a bit of a strain. After a while my friend who had, also,

at one time been my teacher, taking pity on me, said to me in English, "You look tired, don't wait for me if you want to go." The two French women were continuing their talk in French, and so I seized the opportunity to say to my friend in English, "Come with me and we'll have tea somewhere." My friend declined, and we talked once more in French, I awaiting a suitable moment to make my adieus. Presently one of the hostesses left the room, and when she came back I rose, explaining that I must leave. "But," she said, "you must wait for tea"; and then I had a horrible realization that she had understood, or rather divined my rash English sentence! The next hour was most uncomfortable, for when the tea was announced it was a collation, consisting of sandwiches, tea, cocoa, cakes of many kinds and ices. Moreover it was served in the great Flemish dining-room with an elaboration of dainty dishes; and all the time I was trying to choke down the sweets these French ladies pressed upon me. I had a sick conviction that they had never meant to have that *gouter* at all. It was a painful experience, and it taught me the folly of trusting to any tongue being unknown in a Continental salon. My friend, who was of the generation of the artists, and who knew them sufficiently well to visit in their home, evidently had no qualms of remorse, but ate her ice and her cakes with a free mind. She may even have been grateful to my *gaucherie* for having provided her with the unexpected tea party.

The chagrin of that afternoon stayed by me for many days, and it was only at last dispelled when I received an invitation to spend a day with the two artists in their lovely studio on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Then I knew that they bore me no grudge for having upset their household habits, else they would never have invited me to so intimate an entertainment. I

went and I had a very pleasant day, being made the object of a rarely tactful hospitality, stately if you like, and a bit formal, but gratifying nevertheless because of its rarity.

It is not for nothing the French guard their homes so carefully. They treasure deeply the ties of families and friends. No irreverent eyes are permitted to pry into the seclusion of their firesides. The stranger who is admitted there must first have proven *sympathique*. To the artists' home I had been invited for a given time, the trains to and from Paris having been specified. So it was easy enough for me to conform to the etiquette of the occasion. The lunch was delicious, and tea was served before I departed at four o'clock. I observed that neither of the ladies partook of the *gouter*, and of course I realized that it had been arranged out of particular consideration for my Anglo-Saxon tastes. I dare say they supposed after my previous *faux pas* that I could not get through an afternoon without it. This time I was, however, only pleased and a little amused; and I left the dear ladies feeling completely and entirely comforted. They must have sensed my gratitude, for they have remained really my friends ever since, and although I see them rarely I know that I may count them among the close ties I have made in France.

Moreover one has a feeling of conquest on being admitted behind the gray forbidding wall of so sweet and secluded a dwelling. That wall is a barrier as formidable as French reserve, and it serves precisely the same purpose, namely, to preserve from all unsympathetic intrusion the sanctity of the French home. There is no more foolish fiction extant about this misjudged race than that which credits them with being ignorant of the meaning of the word "home." Its exact equivalent, it is true, does not exist in their speech, but the actuality is

there in their *foyer*, their *chez soi*. Veritable nests are these French households where the family is exalted to the rank of an institution. They are quite right, regarding, as they do, their fireside as a shrine, to screen it from the vulgar gaze.

I have in mind now one French home whose tranquillity falls on me, each time I enter, like a benediction. I made the discovery not long ago that I am considered in the light of a close family friend. The little lady of the house was recounting to me the list of her American connections. She considers it *chic* to have cosmopolitan relations. It appears that during a stay she and her husband had made in Rome the first year of their married life they became acquainted with two American women artists whom they had since lost sight of. The little madame said to me with wondering regret, "I've written many times and I receive no reply. Isn't it strange? And *figurez-vous*, Georges and I went every Sunday to see them that winter in Rome! You do not like to lose your friends like that!" I found myself shamefacedly inventing a thousand excuses for my countrywomen, how they were probably traveling, how the letters must have been lost, when all the while I knew that, to those much-traveled Americans, the two good French people had been merely a pleasant incident in their foreign life, and had never once been considered inside the intimate circle of their friendships. To my French friends such a liberal hospitality as they had received would be inconceivable except to people you meant to honor with all your confidence.

If, then, the French give the hospitality of their homes less promiscuously than we do, once it is yours, it is yours for always, and I know of none more well worth having. Curiously enough, though it remains even in intimacy a little formal, it is at the same time

restful. A French dinner party is to my mind the most finished entertainment on earth. The service seems to move along of itself; the menus are faultlessly selected, the combinations of dishes are admirably chosen, you invariably have just the right neighbors, and above all, you have no uneasy feeling that you must contribute your share to the entertainment. You do not have to prove by your brilliant conversation that you are entitled to your place among the guests. You are there. Your hosts have accepted you, and that is enough for their guests. You can be very sure, too, that you have been properly catalogued and *dossiered* to each of the others present, just as they have been to you. "Monsieur S is a socialist. He has written for such and such publications on the subject of the day. Madame B also is interested in art. She exposes with the *Quelquesunes*. Monsieur, my cousin, designs furniture. He received a medal at the Franco-British Exposition. Monsieur, our nephew, is *bibliothécaire*. He is in the Bibliothèque Nationale. He speaks English, and is much interested in American literature." And so on.

If you cannot carry your birth certificate about with you in France, you must, at least, have your professional credentials always handy, your productive "excuse for living." It is an interesting and totally French point of view, but it has its advantages, for here all your past achievements count for you, even at a French dinner party, and if your command of the language happens to be rebellious and your wit jaded, you may still retain the respect of your fellow diners, and you may be fairly popular, too, by just sitting back comfortably and listening intelligently to a far more enlightening conversation than you will be apt to hear at a dinner table in America. It will cover the whole field of art and letters, it will deal with French politics, the English

budget, the Suffragette question, the American tariff, the new movement in music, the Cook-Peary controversy, the intrigues of a visiting monarch, the relative cost of large and small families, the remote Italian influences which affected a Spanish author whose name you have never before heard. More than likely this conversational caviar will be served up in at least three languages, French of course, and English. There may quite as likely be Italian and Spanish or German, if there should be guests of these nations present, and in a party of twelve every person present will know at least two alien tongues.

A French dinner provides you at the same time with material and intellectual food, both of them of a very superior quality, and if you have learned how to become subjective, how to absorb appreciatively this double feast,

you may come to feel, as I do, that it is the most successful and satisfying form of entertainment yet devised by man. And the hour of relaxation in the salon after dinner, over the coffee, contains the very essence of that sensation which the French designate as *bien-être*. It would be a captious soul who would ask for more abstract and concrete enjoyment than that reposeful period of absolute well-being.

French hospitality, therefore, is not merely a name. It is a tangible expression of that quality of their race which they themselves term *mûr*, ripe. What it lacks, to an American mind, of spontaneity and cordiality, it makes up in graciousness and subtle tact. It would be as impossible, as it would be unfair, to say it is either more or less really hospitable than is the Anglo-Saxon variety. Simply, it is different. It is French.

Table Proverbs

(From the German of Frida Schanz)

By Roy Temple House

PROVERBS are the unlearned man's philosophy, the striking expressions of the truth and wisdom of practical life, set in bold pictures of everyday existence. They furnish real or apparent solutions of intellectual and spiritual problems, and frequently do it in a most startling fashion. Their principal field of activity is the material side of our lives. And as they force abstract thoughts and feelings into concrete molds, so their witty philosophy offers a modest solution of specific material problems. This is true above all of those most prosaic processes, eating and drinking. As sly and cheerful self-mockery for the general weakness of enjoyment of the comforts of the table, as bittersweet

consolation in privation, as disguised envy, as good gormandizing counsel, the proverb and its nearly related comrade, the locution grown typical, appear prominently. The spice of these expressions is their laconism; their charm is their humor. Where the material side appears most broadly and comfortably, there the proverb is driest and best.

Like fine salt on substantial dishes, the Holsteiner or Mecklenburger seasons the choice morsels with his mischievous wit. The more highly cultivated the sense for eating and drinking, the more highly cultivated is this sort of table humor.

A peculiar variety of false, droll logic comes to the aid of the Holsteiner

in his best sayings. "I don't eat much, but I have good eating and plenty of it." "Leave plenty of room on the table, but it is better to have another dish instead." "I don't like thin butter, but I do like thick cheese." "I don't care much about eating, but I set a good deal of store by drinking." "Give me good eating, but leave me in peace." "He who will not work should, at least, eat well."

"Hard at work?" the guest asks ironically, when he enters and finds the family of the host busy at the well-set table. "Yes, we're getting in the harvest," comes the ready answer. "The meal's a very poor one," is the comment, when the repast touches the zenith of culinary completeness. "But a hungry man can eat anything."

All sorts of witty justifications for generous eating are current in comfortable Mecklenburg.

"Hunger alone makes no one fat." "Going hungry a long time is no way to save bread." "Red wine is an old man's milk." "Old age must get strength out of the dish," say the gormandizing youngsters.

One of the best Mecklenburg sayings is the favorite, "Just say smoked eel once more!" with the softly murmured addition, "and I'll whack you one!" when one witty friend has tried to make another's mouth water by enumerating the various good things he has enjoyed.

One city in Mecklenburg has a pretty pendant to this. It started with a former tender lover of good eating: "I don't think I like grouse!" It is thus, according to tradition, that, after three days of thoughtful and melancholy silence, one of the gormands of the city had given expression to his recovered pride and dignity before a friend who had boasted to him that he had eaten white grouse for dinner, — at that time a novelty in the town.

A necessity for comfortable gormandizing is to be kind to yourself, but

to begrudge others nothing. The proverb blames selfishness and greediness equally. The keen, sharp-tongued Dane characterizes the egoist, who always helps himself to the best morsels, with the following neat phrase: "Eggs are eggs, said the sexton, and helped himself to a goose egg."

The Hessian directs his shaft rather at the glutton than at the gormand: "When I have eaten hard for a quarter of an hour, my first appetite is gone." "I liked it, but it made me lose my appetite." "Before I eat I am hungry, and after I eat I'm sleepy."

The Westphalian, who is as little inclined to fast as any of them, sighs humorously: "The little squirrel has a hard time finding enough to eat in the rough winter!" as he sits down comfortably to his heavily laden table.

"It was very good, but you didn't urge us enough," is the jesting criticism passed on the generous host by the well-filled guests.

"It isn't mine, so help yourself," says the peasant when, a guest himself, he urges a fellow-guest to fall to.

The Austrian mocks the North German "Mahlzeit" blessing: "They say, 'Bless the meal,' because they are afraid there will not be enough; we say, 'May it do you good,' because it will be hard work to get rid of it all."

In the matter of eating the North German and South German take great delight in accusing each other. "There must be something wrong with me; little mouthfuls don't agree with me," the North German makes his Munich cousin say.

Formulas for parting after generous feasts are numerous. The Swabian says jestingly, as he takes leave of relatives or good friends after a meal, "I hope I haven't left you too poor!" "I hope you'll get it back some way," the countryman says in Lippe. "We've eaten, now we'll go," says the Vogtland peasant as he takes leave of his host.

(Continued on page xx)

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics
JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE: TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the old address as well as the new.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

The Dawning

Was't a bluebird's wing
Or the deepening hue
Of the sky's dim blue?

Did a blossom cling,
Rose-pale, in the hedge,
For an April pledge?

Ah 'tis Eastertide,
And the lily's flame
With its dawning came,
Flow'ring far and wide
As a soul's pure grace
In a sin-marred place.

There's a faint and fleet
Moist marvel of scent
With the gray mist blent;
And the wings that beat
Far south, northward swing —
It is spring — yes, spring!

— Grace Stone Field.

HIGH LIVING.

THERE is something more than a grain of truth in the remark, "It is not the High Cost of Living, but the Cost of High Living, that is ailing this country." Note the displays of automobiles in cities and towns and the general style of living in every part of the land. It has been stated that one-half of the automobiles in this country are owned by the farmers. This does not seem possible, but such is the claim.

The statement has also been made and confirmed by those in high places that, on a strictly business basis, from one to three hundred millions of dollars per annum could be saved from expenditures in the conduct of the general government.

What the people of the country would like to know is, why some attempt has not been made to save some portion of this vast sum of money in years now past? It is high time somebody was called to account for this state of affairs. There is no fun in paying taxes; involuntary and unnecessary taxation is ever a source of vexation and offense. At any rate, this much of weight might well be lifted from the burdens of the people.

What with defalcations of trusted officials, the lootings of banks and other financial institutions, the speculations in unearned profits of great industries, the times are lively, indeed. On every hand the signs of high living are conspicuously in evidence.

A condition of widespread prosperity is greatly to be thankful for. May an abundance of good things fall to the lot of everybody. At the same time, let us not forget that a reputation for prudence and economy, for living strictly within one's means, is of far greater consequence than the most lavish display of suddenly acquired wealth. The only goal really worthy of pursuit is character — a good name, rather than great riches.

After the foregoing was written we came across the following item, which points to another and quite practical phase in the discussion of the question of the high cost of living:

"The days of plain living and high thinking are in the past. It is now high living and plain thinking. The transposition of this sentence changes the meaning of the word 'plain.' Much of the thinking of the present day is not plain, but confused, some of it debased; but the mark we are aiming at is the fact that high living — that is, expensive living, living that is needlessly so — is one cause of the high prices of which such bitter complaint is made. It is a fact well known to those who are versed in culinary science that the food that is thrown away every day in a city like New York would feed, and feed well, all classes in the city of Paris, for the same length of time. The reason that the choice cuts, as they are called, of animals bring such high prices is that the other parts, which are equally nutritious, cannot be sold for their full value here as they are, for instance, in England. The meaning of that fact is that we do not know how to cook anything but steaks, chops, and roasted pieces, and in many parts of the country these are spoiled by frying and over-cooking."

HEALTH AND GOOD FORTUNE.

"**H**EALTH and strength are the first essentials of individual morality, because they are ends of happiness in themselves, and because they condition most completely all aspects of individual activity. But, for precisely the same reasons, health and strength are the first essentials of social welfare. As the conditions of happiness they are the conditions of social welfare . . ." "To be strong and beautiful and accomplished and good seem to be the full formula of individual morality. A formula that has in it the vitality of infinite promise; for strength

and beauty and accomplishment and goodness are not shallow springs to be drunk dry in the hot summer of a single lifetime, but rather unfailling wells of ceaseless effort and attainment . . ." "To be good is the general aim of which strength and beauty and accomplishment are the special terms. Good health manifests itself in efficiency and worth, which mean both individual good fortune and social welfare."

If these sayings of a well-known writer be truthful, and who can gainsay them, can too much stress be laid upon the importance of the pursuit or cultivation of health? The problem includes attention to diet, residence, occupation, recreation, etc., and the responsibility for these things should not be relegated too much to other hands or left to mere chance. It is our own personal and private business to look into the conditions of this life and so regulate them that they make collectively for health and strength.

Do we realize the full significance of good health? What compensation will not be given for the want of it? From individual or social point of view, the tide of good fortune rises in exact proportion as the sum total of health and consequent efficiency and worth are augmented.

THE THOUGHTFUL MIND

WE read the daily newspapers and shall continue to read them. How else can we know what is going on in the world. We take an interest in the incidents and events of the day and shall always try to do so. When our interests in human affairs begin to wane, our days of usefulness will soon be past. We shall soon be laid on the shelf. It is wise and proper, we think, to take a most lively interest in the current events of the day. And for the increasing influence for good in this one line, at least, our women's clubs are to be highly commended.

But aside from the passing events of the day what shall we read? Time was once when one could read about all the good things printed. That time has now passed. In the multiplicity of books and periodicals today one cannot begin to read a tithe even of what is published each month or year. What then shall we read?

Sometimes we read for amusement or diversion, but, passing over this kind of innocent recreation, perhaps, read from that author or book which interests you most and which stimulates you most to think for yourself.

Some people seem to be afraid of thought, or not to dare to think outside the range of thought of their grandmothers. This way progress does not lie. We do not wish anybody to think for us; we need to do our own thinking. The thoughts of others, like the experiences of others, can be helpful to us only in our own thinking. Whatever, then, incites and stimulates you to deeper, higher, better thought and feeling is best worthy of your reading. People who are the most thoughtful will take the lead in the onward march of civilization.

HOSPITALITY AND EXTRAVAGANCE

There is no doubt that one element in the increased cost of living now so widely exploited in the press is due to extravagant hospitality. The fashion of elaborate entertainment often carries a hostess beyond all due bounds in her household expenses. It seems a pity that the true spirit of hospitality should be so misunderstood. To serve as a pretext for mere display is a vulgar travesty upon one of the sweetest privileges of home life. Dainty food well served ought to be within the limits of every careful and intelligent housekeeper. Care and thought will often produce better results than foolish expenditure of money. The secret of hospitality is the welcome offered to

the guest. A congenial atmosphere and a pervading spirit of good fellowship are the great essentials. Where these are assured, the housekeeper's next thought should be, not how much money she can spend on her menu, but how she can make it appropriate to the occasion.

Read our contributor's little poem to be found below. We must confess that we like the sentiment and the way in which it is expressed. In these days when so many young people seem to aspire to courses of high living, one who in any wise calls attention to the saner and more charming pleasures of home life is worthy of cheerful commendation. Read the verses carefully, then read again and pass on to some neighbor or friend who may also appreciate a good thing.

Ballade of Heart's Desire

Four things greater than all things are,
Sings the poet in martial strain,
Women and horses and power and war —
But, after all, are they worth the gain?
War brings dolour; and power, pain;
Women and horses make man a crook;
Four things greater to sing I'm fain —
A wife and baby, a pipe and book.

Who'd travel the fastest and travel far
Must travel alone, saith an old refrain;
With never a curb on the snaffle-bar,
Nor white hand clutching the bridle-rein.
Who will may quest over sea and plain,
But for me the field and the running brook;
For a tent in Kedar can be Cockaigne,
With wife and baby, a pipe and book.

Like fruit that grows in Istakhar,
Life has a sweet and bitter strain,
But the sweetest part, be he clod or czar,
When nights reel round and wax and wane,
Is to own a lot or two in Spain,
A bungalow with an inglenook,
Where one is lord of a wee domain,
With wife and baby, a pipe and book.

ENVOY

Ah, lady who ruleth as chatelaine,
A word in your ear: Watch well the cook;
For my lord must be fed, else he'll soon complain
Of wife and baby and pipe and book.

—John Northern Hilliard.



CREPE PAPER CENTERPIECE FOR TABLE AT CHILDREN'S PARTY
(Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Stuffed Eggs (Hors d'œuvre)

COVER as many eggs as are needed to serve half an egg to each service with boiling water, cover and let stand, without boiling, half an hour. Let the eggs cool in cold water, then remove the shells. Cut the eggs in halves, crosswise, and remove the yolks. Reserve part of the yolks for another dish; cut part into small cubes, and to these add cubes of cooked chicken, ham and pickled beet, also a few capers. Season with salt, paprika, a little curry powder, olive oil and vinegar and let chill. Cut a slice from the ends of the halves of egg, that each may stand level, and set upon small lettuce leaves on small plates;

fill each half of egg, rounding it up high, with the chilled salad preparation. Serve as a first course at luncheon or dinner. Smoked fish or anchovies may take the place of the chicken and ham. One-fourth a teaspoonful of curry powder to three tablespoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar gives about the right flavor of curry. Mustard may replace the curry.

Crab-flake Cocktail in Green Pepper Cups

Cut green peppers to form cups of uniform size, discarding the seeds and the white portion on which the seeds grow. Into each pepper turn about three tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Add additional flavoring, as paprika,

lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce or salt, as suits the taste. Set the peppers in the center of the serving plates, around them dispose heart leaves of lettuce and on the lettuce dispose the crab flakes. Serve in the place of raw oysters at luncheon or dinner.

Tomato Soup

Cook half a can of tomatoes, two slices of onions, two branches of parsley, a chilli pepper, four slices of carrot and half a teaspoonful of spiced herbs, tied in a bit of cheese cloth, twenty minutes. Strain through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds. To the pulp add five or six cups of broth — lamb, beef or veal — and salt as needed. Let

fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and two cups of milk. When ready to serve, gradually stir the asparagus mixture into the cream sauce. For a richer soup add, at the last, the beaten yolks of two eggs mixed with half a cup of cream.

Deviled Crusts

(To serve with a clear soup or with the Tomato Soup given above.)

Prepare a Parker House Roll mixture; shape in ovals and bake when light. Cut the rolls in slices. Either fresh-baked or stale rolls may be used. Spread the slices on both sides with butter, paprika and mustard, creamed



CRAB-FLAKE COCKTAIL IN GREEN PEPPER CUPS

boil thoroughly, skim, if needed, and serve. Boiling water with beef extract may replace the meat broth.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Cook three cups of canned asparagus (reserve the choice tips to serve in the soup), two slices of onion with a clove in each, six slices of carrot, half a teaspoonful of spiced herbs and half a cup of boiling water, covered closely, until the water is evaporated. Press the asparagus through a sieve, add a quart of chicken or veal broth, and salt as needed. Make a white sauce with one-

together and set into the oven to brown. Serve very hot.

Eggs with Bread Sauce

Use bread that has been baked about twenty-four hours; remove the crust and press the crumb through a colander. Put a cup of the crumbs (lightly measured) into a double boiler with a pint of milk, an onion, into which five cloves have been pressed, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika. Let cook (covered) about half an hour; remove the onion and press the rest through a sieve. Add two or three tablespoonfuls of

cream or butter and turn into an au gratin dish. Break in three or four eggs. Set the dish into the oven until the eggs are set. Serve at once. Three or four tablespoonfuls of coarse bread crumbs, browned in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, may be sprinkled over the eggs before they are sent to the table.

Salt Pork, Country Style

Cut fat salt pork in quarter-inch slices and score the rind in three or four places, that the pork may not curl when the rind shrinks in cooking. Cover the slices with boiling water, dip them, one by one, on each side, in sifted flour and let cook very slowly in the frying pan; when lightly browned on one side, turn to brown the other side. If cooked slow enough the greater part of the fat will be extracted and a dry, crisp, sweet-tasting morsel results. Serve with creamed or Lyonnaise potatoes.

Lyonnaise Potatoes

Cut cold, boiled potatoes into thin slices (about one-fourth an inch thick, less rather than more); melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, and add three tablespoonfuls of onion, sliced as thin as possible; stir

and cook the onion until softened and yellowed: add more butter, then turn into the pan a pint of potato slices; sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and let cook six or seven minutes, tossing gently mean-



SALT PORK, COUNTRY STYLE

while. Press the potatoes into an omelet shape, and let cook to a golden color. Turn upon a hot dish, sprinkle with fine-chopped parsley and serve at once. Salt pork fat may be used in place of butter. Also, without pressing the potatoes into omelet shape, let cook until lightly browned, then sprinkle with parsley and turn into a hot dish.

Ham Muffins

Split some English muffins. Baking powder muffins may also be used. Spread both sides of each with butter and mustard mixed for the table; over this spread a thin layer of cold, cooked ham, chopped and heated in brown sauce to which tomato catsup, curry



STUFFED EGGS FOR HORS D'ŒUVRE

and Worcestershire sauce have been added. Toast first on one side and then on the other. Oil the toaster before using.

Ham Mixture for Muffins

Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it brown three tablespoonfuls of flour; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and curry powder, half a cup of brown stock, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup; stir until boiling, then stir in about three-fourths a cup of chopped ham.

Potted Ham

Chop fine the remnants of cold, boiled ham. Use about one-eighth fat to seven-eighths lean meat. Cook the rest of the fat, cut in small pieces, very slowly on the back of the stove or in the oven. Pound the chopped ham to a smooth paste with a pestle, adding, while pounding, about a teaspoonful of paprika, or one-fourth a teaspoonful of cayenne, to each pound of meat. Press the meat firmly into an earthen dish, making smooth on top, then strain over it the fat cooked from the fat ham. When cold cover and store in a cool place. This ham is good for sandwiches, timbales, omelets and with scrambled eggs. Store in small dishes, that the portion opened may be used at once. Melted lard or butter may be used in place of the ham fat. The fat must cover the ham completely to the depth of one-fourth an inch, and

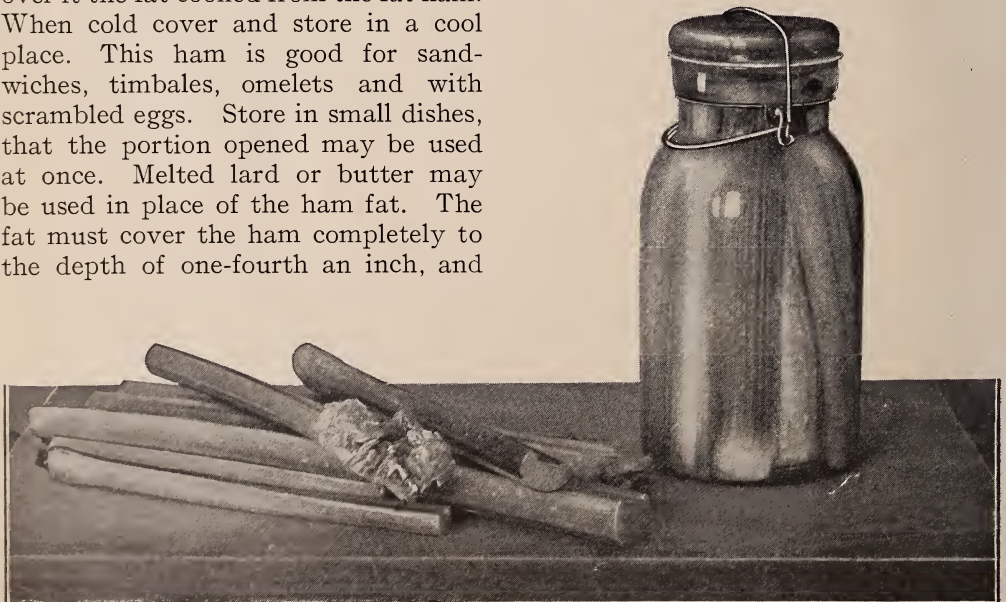
the ham must be *packed solid* to exclude air.

Canned Rhubarb

Select stalks of choice rhubarb that has been quickly grown. A barrel, from which the heads have been taken, set over a bunch of well-enriched rhubarb will occasion very tender stalks. Wash and wipe the stalks, but do not remove the skin. Cut the stalks to the height of the jar below the neck, fit in as many as the jar will conveniently take, then fill the jar to overflow with cold water; adjust a new rubber and the cover and set aside in a cool place. Wash and rinse the jars and covers thoroughly in boiling water before using.

Shad Roe, Maryland Style

Wipe two shad roe with a damp cloth, or carefully rinse them in cold water. Do not break the skin. Butter an agate or earthen baking dish, set in the roe, dot them with bits of butter, turn in half a cup, each, of white broth and sherry wine or water, cover and let



CANNING RHUBARB

cook in the oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Have ready the beaten yolks of two eggs, mixed with half a cup of cream; stir these into the liquid and when slightly thickened set two bacon "rolls" on each roe and serve at once in the baking dish. Additional salt, also pepper to taste will be needed.

Shad Roe, Creole Style

Prepare the roe as above. Cook a tablespoonful of chopped bacon, a tablespoonful, each, of chopped green pepper and onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until brown, then add half a cup of beef broth and three-fourths a cup of tomato purée, and when boiling turn over the roe disposed in a buttered baking dish. Cover and let cook in the oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve in the dish.

Baked Sea Bass

Have the fish thoroughly cleaned, washed and dried; fill the body with dressing and sew the opening with twine. Lay slices of salt pork on a

fish sheet. Skewer the fish in shape and set upon the fish sheet (any flat piece of tin, as a cover of a cracker box with edges flattened, will do nicely); add



FLANK STEAK, STUFFED AND BRAISED. See page 439.

half a cup of boiling water, and lay slices of pork over the fish. Bake about fifty minutes, basting five or six times with the dripping in the pan. Serve with Hollandaise or drawn butter sauce. The flesh, freed of skin, may be removed from the bones in two large fillets. These may be cooked with the dressing between in the same manner as the whole fish.

Asparagus Cream Glacé

This dish may be made from either fresh or canned asparagus. If canned asparagus tips be used, pour the asparagus into a colander, turn over it



ASPARAGUS CREAM GLACÉ

cold water, to rinse thoroughly. Reserve about a cup of the choicest pieces to season with French dressing. To three cups of the "tips" add two

frozen throughout. Unmold upon a chilled plate, surround with lettuce and the tips, seasoned with French dressing. Serve, as a course by itself, with rolls or sandwiches, or serve, as an entrée, with chicken.



ORANGE CRULLERS

Orange Crullers, (Mrs. Parish)

Beat two eggs, without separating the whites and yolks, beat in half a cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth cup of rich milk. Sift together, two or three

slices of onion, a clove pressed into each slice, two slices of carrot, two sprigs of parsley and half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs and spices, tied in a bit of cloth; add, also, about half a cup of water, cover and let simmer very slowly about fifteen minutes, or until the water has evaporated. Remove the onion, carrot, parsley and herbs and press the asparagus through a fine sieve. There should be a cup of asparagus purée. Add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, then set aside to become very cold. Beat one cup of double cream till firm throughout, then fold it into the chilled asparagus purée. Turn into a mold lined with paper. Pack in equal measures of rock salt and crushed ice to stand until

times, two cups of sifted flour, a scant half teaspoonful of salt, a very slightly rounded teaspoonful of cream of tartar and three-fourths a level teaspoonful of soda; add the grated rind of an orange and the egg mixture and mix the whole to a dough. On a floured board roll the dough, part at a time, into a sheet one-fourth an inch thick. With a cutter, about an inch and one-fourth in diameter, cut the dough into rounds. Put about one-fourth a teaspoonful of orange marmalade on a piece of dough and cover the marmalade with a second round; press the edges together close; fry in deep fat. The small end of a fluted, French patty cutter is a suitable utensil with which to cut out the crullers. Roll in powdered sugar after frying, if desired.



GRAHAM NUT BREAD

Graham Nut Bread (Mrs. English)

Sift out and discard the bran from a quantity of graham flour. Then sift together, three times, three cups of graham flour, half a cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of salt and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one cup of sugar, one cup of nut meats, chopped fine, and two cups and a half of milk, and mix the whole to a dough. Bake about one hour.



LOVER'S KNOTS

Nut Bread (Mrs. English)

Sift together, three times, four cups of pastry flour, one scant cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one cup of nut meats, chopped fine, and one cup and a half of milk and stir to a smooth dough. Turn into a bread pan. Let stand twenty minutes. Bake about forty minutes.

Date Loaf Cake (Mrs. English)

(Mrs. Yates, wife of the ex-Governor of Illinois, served cake made by this recipe to a party of twenty-six ladies, and at last reports all but nine had telephoned for the recipe. The cake is easily made and keeps well.)

Stone enough dates to make a pound, after stoning, and add one pound of nut meats (English walnut). Leave the dates and nut meats whole; sift over them one cup of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder that have been sifted together three times. Mix thoroughly, add a cup of granulated sugar

and mix again. Beat the whites of four eggs dry, and the yolks till light colored and thick. Mix the yolks evenly through the cake mixture, then mix in the whites and a teaspoonful of

vanilla extract. Bake in a pan, neatly lined with a buttered paper, one hour. The heat of the oven must be moderate. Two brick-loaf bread pans are good for this cake, when a larger pan is not at hand. Bake one hour in the bread pans.

Lover's Knots (Mrs. English)*

Beat two eggs until yolks and whites are well mixed and light; add one rounding teaspoonful of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, then stir in flour to make a stiff dough. Knead slightly on a floured board, roll into a sheet, thin as a blotter, and cut into ribbons about an inch wide, tie in knots and fry in hot lard to a delicate brown. Dredge with powdered sugar. In fry-



DATE LOAF CAKE

ing, turn the knots when they rise to the top of the fat. Cut and tie all the knots before beginning to fry.



BAKED ALASKA

Baked Alaska

Have ready a quart mold of ice-cream, frozen very firm, and a piece of sponge cake, about an inch thick and an inch wider and longer than the mold of cream. Dispose a piece of paper on a meat or cutting board, upon this set the cake, and unmold the ice-cream upon the cake. The cake should come out half an inch beyond the mold of cream, on all sides. With a silver knife spread a thin layer of meringue over the ice and the cake to completely cover them. Then with pastry bag

and tube cover the thin layer with meringue. Dredge the whole with granulated sugar and set the ice-cream, just as it is, on the board into a hot oven, to brown the edges of the meringue. It will take about five or six minutes. Turn the board as is needed to color the meringue evenly. By means of the paper, slide the browned ice-cream to a platter and serve at once.

Meringue for Baked Alaska

Beat the whites of five eggs until dry, then gradually beat in five rounding tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Beat thoroughly after all the sugar is added. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. The meringue, cake, board and paper, all, act as non-conductors of heat, and a mold of well-frozen cream, when ready to serve, is in just the right condition to be at its best.

Recipes for the use of the cheaper cuts of meat, of which we have made something of a specialty in this number, will be found on pages 439-441.



JACK HORNER PIE FOR CHILDREN'S PARTY
(Courtesy of Dennison Mfg. Co.)

Menus for a Week in April

"A common error to be guarded against is putting hot food upon cold dishes, thus making it lukewarm and unpalatable."

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Grape-fruit Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk White Hashed Potatoes Hot Baking Powder Biscuit Radishes. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Tomato-and-Lamb Bouillon Flank Steak, Stuffed and Braised, Onions French Fried Potatoes. Spinach Vanilla Ice Cream (Junket) Date Loaf. Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Hot Boiled Rice, Butter, Sugar Grape Juice Lemonade Cookies</p>	<p>Breakfast Oranges Eggs Scrambled with Potted Ham Small Potatoes, Baked Rice Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Sliced Cannelon of Beef warmed in Macaroni, Tomato Sauce and Cheese Bread and Butter Pineapple-Tapioca Sponge, Cream. Tea</p> <p>Dinner Hot Boiled Ham Spinach with Boiled Eggs Scalloped Potatoes Cream Puffs. Half Cups of Coffee</p>	WEDNESDAY
	<p>Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Eggs Cooked in the Shell Buttered Toast. Pop Overs Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Kornlet Soup, Buttered Crackers Lettuce, Orange-and-Date Salad Bread and Butter</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Spinach Soup Halibut Steak, Sautéd in Pork Fat Philadelphia Relish. Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Sliced Pineapple (Canned) Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Eggs Poached in Cream on Toast Molded Rice, Fried in Slices, Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin Creamed Potatoes. Graham Muffins Cabbage Salad Scalloped Rhubarb (buttered bread crumbs and rhubarb, baked) Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Fresh Fish Chowder Lettuce, French Dressing Strawberry or Apricot Shortcake Cream. Half Cups of Coffee</p>	THURSDAY
	<p>Breakfast Cold Flank Steak, Sliced Thin Delmonico Potatoes Corn Meal Muffins Orange Crullers. Cocoa. Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Oranges. Shad Roe, Creole Style Bread and Butter Apricots, Easter Style Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Cannelon of Beef, Brown Sauce Potatoes Browned with the Meat Stringless Beans Rhubarb Pie. Edam Cheese Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Oranges Ham Muffins. Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Eggs with Bread Sauce Stewed Tomatoes (Canned) Coffee Jelly, Boiled Custard Tea</p> <p>Dinner Clam Bouillon Boston Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup Graham Nut-Bread Custard Renversé Lover's Knots Half Cups of Coffee</p>	FRIDAY
SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Boston Baked Beans on Toast (reheated) Bacon Rolls Parker House Rolls Orange Marmalade Coffee. Cocoa</p>	<p>Luncheon Ham Timbales, Peas in Cream Sauce Parker House Rolls Mock Mince Pie Coffee</p>	<p>Dinner Beef from Chuck Cooked en Casserole Pickled Beets (Canned) stuffed with Cole Slaw Graham Nut-Bread Delmonico Pudding with Canned Peaches Half Cups of Coffee</p>

Menus for a Week in April

Food Requiring but Little Preparation at Home

When food is purchased at a delicatessen store, you have to pay the keeper of the store for preparing the food, but you have your time for other things.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Grape-fruit Eggs Cooked in Shell Zwiebach (reheated) (tea room) Coffee	Breakfast Creamed Asparagus with Poached Eggs on Toast. Doughnuts (tea room) Orange Marmalade (tea room) Coffee	WEDNESDAY
	Dinner Hot Consommé (canned) Cold Boiled Ham (delicatessen shop) Mustard. Baked Potatoes Stringless Beans (canned) Boiled Custard. Sponge Cake (tea room) Half Cups of Coffee	Luncheon Tomatoes (canned) stewed with Kornlet Bread and Butter. Strawberries. Tea	
MONDAY	Breakfast Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham Buttered Toast Evaporated Peaches, Stewed Doughnuts (tea room). Coffee	Breakfast Ready-to-eat Cereal, Thin Cream Bacon Broiled in the oven, Fried Eggs Creamed Potatoes Zwiebach (reheated) (tea room) Grape-fruit Marmalade (tea room). Coffee	THURSDAY
	Luncheon Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Cold Boiled Eggs. Bread and Butter Sliced Oranges and Dates. Cookies, Tea	Luncheon Bread and Sliced Cheese (made hot in oven) Canned Pears. Fig Layer Cake. Tea	
TUESDAY	Dinner Canned Salmon, made hot in Can, Drawn Butter Sauce Boiled Potatoes Canned Beets made hot and Buttered Toasted Crackers. Cream Cheese Currant Jelly. Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Individual Chicken and Oyster Pies (tea room) (reheated) Canned Asparagus, French Dressing Slices of Canned Pineapple Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee	FRIDAY
	Breakfast Boiled Rice, Thin Cream Salmon-and-Mashed-Potato Cakes Pickled Beets Bread and Butter. Coffee	Breakfast Oranges Asparagus Omelet Parker House Rolls (baker) (reheated) Cocoa	
SATURDAY	Luncheon Canned Asparagus, French Dressing Bread and Butter Junket with Macaroon Crumbs, Whipped Cream. Tea	Luncheon Sausage Cooked in Oven Mashed Potatoes. Radishes Baked Custard. Fig Cake Coffee	
	Dinner Broiled Beef Tenderloin Saratoga Potatoes (tea room) Wax Beans (canned) Ivory Jelly, Sugar, Thin Cream Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Creamed Oysters on Toast Philadelphia Relish Yeast Rolls (reheated) Strawberries. Sponge Cake Half Cups of Coffee	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Hot Boiled Rice Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream Frizzled Dried Beef Rye Biscuit (reheated) Coffee	Luncheon Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Canned Salmon Bread and Butter Pineapple Tapioca Sponge Coffee	Dinner Clam Bouillon Boston Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread or Graham Nut Bread Tomato Ketchup Stewed Figs, Cream Half Cups of Coffee

How to Use the Cheaper Cuts of a Side of Beef

"There are some persons pretending to be cooks who cannot tell what is the essential peculiarity of roasting, or why some meats are to be roasted and others only stewed."

MANY people having become fond of the high flavor, crisp, rich colored exterior and bright, juicy interior of roast and broiled meats are not satisfied with meat lacking in these particulars. Meat suitable for roasts and steaks has short fibers, held together with but little connective tissue. In cooking dry heat is employed. We brown the exterior of the meat, to imprison the juices, and by prolonging the heat a time partially coagulate the proteids in solution in the fibers. No further cooking is required. But when we deal with meat having long fibers and, in consequence, much connective tissue, the meat must be so treated in cooking that the connective tissue be changed to gelatine. To do this moisture, in the form of water, is introduced, and prolonged cooking is needful. As in roasting and broiling, the meat is first subjected to comparatively high heat, that a coating may be formed, to keep in the juices; after that the cooking is completed at a lower temperature. By experiments it has been found that the temperature in the center of a large piece of meat during cooking is much lower than that of the liquid surrounding it. Thus albuminous juices, which coagulate between 134° Fahr. and 160° Fahr. are not overcooked, though the liquid surrounding the meat be at the boiling point of water, 212° Fahr., especially if the piece of meat be of large size. To give the best results, however, the liquid that supplies moisture for the cooking of meats containing much connective tissue should be kept at a temperature between 185° and 200° Fahr. By lengthening the time of cooking just as good results may be obtained and at a much lower degree of heat, as is done in the fireless

cooker. In all cases the cooking is completed when the fibers are tender and held together loosely, yet compactly, in a slightly gelatinous mass.

Now, while in long-fibered meat, with much connective tissue, we may not be able to secure the rich juiciness and high flavor we are wont to consider so desirable in meat, it does not follow that this meat cannot be made into palatable and savory dishes. It is simply a matter of education, education on the part of the one who prepares the meat and education of the palate to which it is presented.

Let us look at a side of beef, that we may learn more about the comparative cost and value of the cheaper cuts.

The dotted line marks the division into fore and hind quarter; the expensive cuts are in the hind quarter, 2', the upper part of the hind quarter "a," "b" and "c" being the choicest; "f" and "g," the vein and round, are juicy portions, and some parts of the round are comparatively tender and may be broiled. These cuts, as also the flank, "e," are well adapted, when passed through a meat chopper and pressed into shape, to be cooked as roasts or steaks. See recipes for Hamburg Steak and Roast. By cutting the connective tissue in the chopper, moisture need not be added, nor is long cooking necessary. The hind shin, "h," contains a good supply of marrow; this is a choice form of fat and may be spread on steak in the place of butter, or it may be used as fat in which to brown the lean meat of the shin, afterwards to be used in a casserole dish or a stew.

From the flank, "1," a flank steak may be had. This costs fifteen cents a pound. It weighs about two pounds

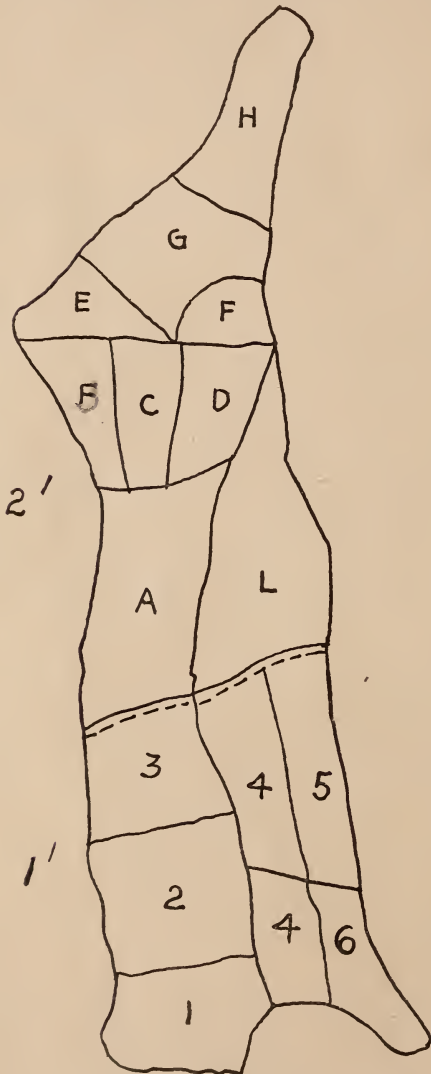
and a half. The fibers are long, but the connective tissue which holds the fibers together is largely upon the outside. Part of this may be drawn from the meat, and by drawing a sharp knife repeatedly across the steak on both sides, and in both directions, the remaining tissues can be cut through and broken up as in chopping. This steak may be broiled, and is particularly good, stuffed and braised.

For a soup or a stew a part of the fore or hind shin is usually selected. The hind shin costs two cents a pound more than the fore shin, but it is well

worth the difference, as it contains a larger proportion of meat to bone and much more marrow. When cooked for soup, part of the meat may be removed when tender and used in a Shepard's Pie, or in an ordinary meat pie, with pastry or biscuit crust. In both dishes some of the soup stock should be taken for the gravy of the dish.

Corned beef cooked at a gentle simmer until tender is always palatable. That taken from "5" or "6" or the flank, "1", one end of which contains rib bones, is cheaper in the end than cuts from "4." Well-made, creamed corned beef and corned-beef hash are dishes that will always be received favorably. For creamed corned beef, dried celery leaves should be made ready, when celery is seasonable, for the dish is at its best only when flavored with celery and onion.

In all cooking of cheap meat the two things to be secured are tenderness and flavor. Long cooking at a gentle simmer secures the one and the use of savory vegetables and herbs, the other.



Divisions of a Side of Beef with Cost in Boston Markets

- 1' = fore quarter of beef.
- 1 = neck, 10c. to 15c. per pound.
- 2 = chuck ribs (five), 15c. to 22c. per pound.
- 3 = prime ribs (five) (roasts), 22c. per pound.
- 4 = rattlerand (usually corned), 12c. to 15c. per pound.
- 5 = brisket (usually corned), 16c. to 18c. per pound.
- 6 = fore shin (soup and stews), 6c. to 8c. (whole shin).
- 2' = hind quarter of beef.
- a = sirloin, 25c. to 35c. per pound.
- b = back of rump, 20c. per pound.
- c = middle of rump, 35c. (cut in steaks).
- d = face of rump, 22c. per pound.
- e = itch bone, 7c. to 14c. per pound, according to proportion of meat and bone.
- f = vein, 22c. for first cut; lower price for rest.
- g = round, 28c. top of round; 20c. bottom of round.
- h = hind shin, 8c. to 10c.; 14c. meat without bone.
- 1 = flank 8c.; 2½ pounds flank steak 15c. per pound.

Flank Steak, Stuffed and Braised

(Weight about two pounds and a half, cost about forty cents.)

Have the dealer peel off the fat and outer tissues, and cut the surface of the meat on both sides, diagonally, in both directions. Lay the steak upon a board, spread over it a thin layer of bread dressing, roll up very compactly, and sew the side and ends to enclose the dressing securely. Cut one or two slices of fat salt pork or bacon in bits and let cook until the fat is drawn out; dredge the roll of meat with flour and rub it in thoroughly, then brown it in the fat, turning the roll as it browns, until the whole surface is nicely colored. Set the meat in a casserole or an agate dish that can be tightly closed, put in, also, an onion, sliced very thin, half a carrot, cut in thin slices, and a cup of tomato purée. Rinse the frying pan with a cup of boiling water, turn this into the dish, cover and let cook, three hours or longer, in the oven. Let the heat be very moderate. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper, mixed to a smooth paste with cold water; stir this into the liquid in the casserole. Let the sauce boil two or three minutes, then strain it over the meat. Set boiled onions around the dish. This dish may be cooked in three hours, after the browning process is completed. But in a slow oven or in a fireless cooker it may stand a much longer time (even six hours) and be improved thereby. This dish, if properly rolled and fastened, will cut, when cold, in smooth, handsome slices.

Dressing for Flank Steak

Have a generous cup of soft bread crumbs; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of sweet herbs or poultry seasoning. Sweet basil, often used for fish and venison, is good in the dressing for this

meat. Add also a chilli pepper and a slice of onion, chopped very fine, and one-fourth a cup of melted butter or bacon fat. Mix thoroughly and use as directed.

Hamburg Roast

This may be made from the pieces marked *f*, *g*, *l*, and some parts of 1 and 2; solid meat that can be chopped (that does not contain too large a proportion of connective tissue) is needed for this dish. The top of the round is more tender than the bottom, but the bottom of the round, the vein, or a thick, solid piece from the chuck and neck (2 and 1) may be used. For four or five people two pounds of meat is enough. *Chop this at home.* Put the meat, two branches of parsley, a slice of onion and a piece of red or green pepper, if at hand, through the food chopper; add one-fourth a cup of bread crumbs, soaked in cold water and wrung dry in a cloth, one egg, beaten light, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all together thoroughly and press together in a compact roll. Set in a baking pan, on several skewers, and put a slice of fat salt pork above. Put into a hot oven; after ten minutes reduce the heat. Baste often with the fat in the pan or with fat taken from the top of a kettle of broth. Cook from thirty to forty minutes. The bread and egg may be omitted. The meat is less crumbly and slices better, when these are used. Serve with brown or tomato sauce made in the baking pan, after the removal of the meat.

Tenderloin Cutlets

Prepare meat as for Hamburg roast, omitting the egg and bread crumbs. Also, if desired, use nutmeg in the place of the onion and parsley. With the hands press the meat into cutlet shapes, rather less than half an inch thick. Roll these in sifted bread crumbs — from center of a loaf baked, at least, twenty-four hours — then cover with

beaten egg, diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, and again roll in crumbs. Fry about five minutes in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce. These cutlets may, also, be broiled over the coals or pan-broiled in a hot frying pan, without fat. When cooked, spread with marrow or butter. Marrow, beaten to a cream, may be mixed through the chopped meat for any of these dishes and the dish be thus improved.

Hungarian Goulash

Cut two pounds of meat from the chuck ribs or neck, near the chuck ribs (1 and 2), in inch cubes, put these in a granite dish, pour over them two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and let stand an hour or two. Heat two tablespoonfuls of beef dripping or marrow in a porcelain-lined dish, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion and let cook, stirring often, until yellowed and softened; add the prepared meat, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of caraway seed and powdered sweet marjoram (these may be omitted) and cover close to keep in the steam; let simmer slowly an hour; stir a level tablespoonful of flour in half a cup of cold water or broth and stir into the meat; if the meat is not tender, add a half cup of water or broth and let simmer until tender, then add a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a cup of cream, and paprika to taste.

Curry of Beef

Cut two pounds of beef from 1, 2, *l*, *f* or *g*, in two-inch pieces. Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of curry powder; in this roll the meat. Cook an onion, sliced thin, in one-fourth a cup of beef drippings until well browned, then skim out the onion and cook the pieces of meat in the fat, until nicely browned on both sides. Put the meat in an earthen dish, return the onion to the frying pan, add

about a pint of boiling water and stir until smooth, then strain over the meat. Cover the dish secure, to keep in the steam, and let cook in the oven, at a very moderate heat, five or six hours. Before serving add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice, and two tablespoonfuls of fruit jelly, as apple, currant, etc. Serve boiled rice at the same time.

Beef en Casserole

Cut two pounds of the same cuts of meat as used for curry of beef into small pieces, roll in flour and let cook in hot bacon or salt pork fat in a frying pan until brown on one side, then turn and brown the other side. Put the meat in a casserole, add about a pint of boiling water, cover, and let cook about two hours. Peel eight small onions; add more fat to the frying pan, if needed, and in this cook the onions until browned, turning, as is needed, to color evenly. Add the onions to the meat in the casserole, and return to the oven for another hour. Meanwhile, pare eight potatoes and cut them in eighths, in the shape of the sections of an orange. Pour on boiling water, let boil three minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and add to the casserole. Add, also, eight small carrots, scraped free of skin, or the equivalent of a larger carrot, cut in slices, and boiling water to nearly cover the whole. Sprinkle in a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, mix thoroughly, cover close again and let cook about half an hour, when all should be tender. Longer cooking is no disadvantage.

Beef en Casserole, French Style

Prepare as Beef en Casserole, but omit the potatoes. Cook a cup of fresh or dried Lima beans or flageolet till tender; season with salt, pepper and a little butter, and mix thoroughly. Five minutes before sending the cas-

serole to the table, add the beans in a circle next to the dish, pressing them down a little, partly under the gravy.

Beef en Casserole, Italian Style

Prepare as Beef en Casserole, omitting the potatoes and carrots, and using half tomato purée and half boiling water as the liquid. When about ready to serve, add a cup of macaroni, cooked tender, drained and rinsed in cold water, also a teaspoonful or more of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and half a cup of grated cheese; lift the meat and macaroni with a spoon and fork, until the ingredients are well mixed, and return the dish to the oven, that the contents may become very hot.

Beef and Macaroni, Creole

Cook one cup of macaroni, in inch lengths, in boiling salted water until tender, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. In the meanwhile cook one pint of canned tomato, three-fourths a cup of sliced onion and half a teaspoonful of salt, until the onion is tender. Stir a pound of beef, chopped for Hamburg steak, in a very hot frying pan, until it turns from red to brown, then add the macaroni, one-fourth a cup of marrow, beaten to a cream, or the same quantity of butter, half a cup of grated cheese, a teaspoonful or more of kitchen bouquet and the hot tomato and onion. Lift the whole with a fork and spoon until well mixed, then serve at once.

How to Select and Open a Lobster

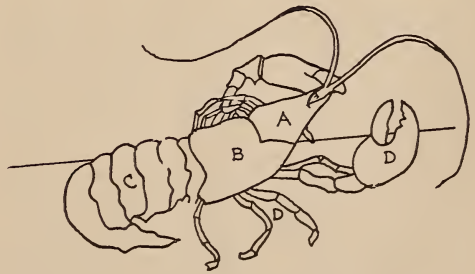
By Kathryn Harrison Filoon

IN buying a ready-boiled lobster, select one which is firm and heavy in proportion to its size. One with thin shells, and which produces a rattling sound when shaken, will not contain a large amount of meat.

The freshness of the lobster may be determined by bending back the tail, which is usually curled over toward the body. If the tail springs back into place, the lobster was alive and in good condition when put into the pot for boiling. Fish dealers in market will often say, "These lobsters are freshly boiled because they are warm." The warmth, however, is not always an indication of freshness, as left over lobsters may be reboiled.

The female lobster, only, contains the coral, which is considered a great delicacy by many. Sex may be determined by the pair of appendages in

the tail, which lie nearest the body. In the male they are hard and stiff, while, in the female, soft and pliable.



The task of opening a lobster is quite simple, especially if one understands something of the anatomy of the shellfish. The accompanying diagram may be of some assistance to a novice.

The lobster consists of four distinct parts: head, A; body or thorax, B; abdomen or tail-portion, C; and claws,

D, including two large ones and four pairs of small ones.

All the meat of the lobster is edible, except three injurious portions, namely: the gills or lungs; the stomach, popularly called the "lady," which is located in the head, and the intestinal tract.

To open:

First, remove the eight small claws or legs, by twisting them off low down, where they are fastened to the body. These may be washed and reserved for garnishing.

Next, remove the large claws in like manner.

Remove the tail-portion, C, by holding the body, B, firmly in one hand, and giving the tail a sidewise twist, thus preventing any spattering or loss of liver.

With a sharp knife cut the translucent shell on the under side of the tail-portion, and, breaking open the shell with both hands, remove the meat whole.

Now cut the meat lengthwise down the center, laying the muscle back from the middle, and remove the intestinal tract, which is a vein running the entire length of the lobster, sometimes black, sometimes green, and sometimes almost invisible, but always present. This, it will be remembered, is one of the injurious portions and must be carefully removed. It terminates in a small sack, which also should be removed.

The parts, A and B, now remain. Stand the body on its head and insert both thumbs into the cavity in B. With the right hand against the back shell and the left against the under

side, gently pull it apart, leaving the inedible and injurious stomach or "lady" in the right hand shell intact.

Shake out all the greenish liver and scrape out the thick white juice from the head. On the sides of the body-portion or thorax, B, the feathery white gills or lungs are found. These must be discarded.

Break the body-portion through the middle, and pick out the fine meat found between the small bones, which is very little, but very choice. Save the pink coral, if there be any, for garnishing.

Disjoint the large claws with the hands, and remove the meat from the joints with a fork. In opening the large part of the claws, if the shell is thin, cut off a strip from the sharp edge and break the shell apart, taking the meat out whole.

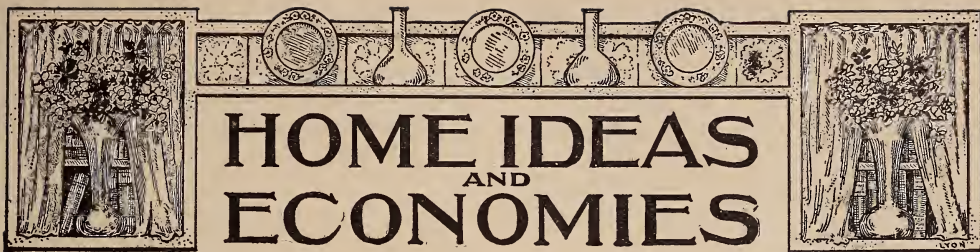
In case the shell is too thick to cut, hold the claw on the table, thin edge up, and break it with a mallet, being careful not to crush the meat.

The shell of the body, tail and lower part of large claws, if kept whole, may be cleaned and used in serving the lobster.

The meat, garnished with a few lettuce leaves, may be arranged on a platter in such a way as to simulate the natural shape of the lobster, and may be served with melted butter; or it may be chopped and more elaborately served in a variety of ways, such as curried lobster, lobster croquettes or lobster cutlets.

A boiled lobster weighing about one pound will furnish nearly one-half a pound of clear meat.





HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

INSTEAD of sewing bows to underwear, only to be removed when sent to the laundry, make a loop of thread and buttonhole it. Ribbon run through this is quickly tied and as quickly removed when so desired.

Few women seem to know how to iron round or oval centerpieces and the back breadths of skirts so that they will keep their shape. It is a very simple thing to do: merely to be careful to iron the "way of the cloth," which is the parallel threads that ran up and down as the goods lay in the piece.

Hair ribbons are not a small item in the expense of dressing a small girl these days. Most mothers tie a fresh bow each time they do the little girl's hair, and the ribbon soon wears out. A better way is to make a pretty bow or rosette and leave about three inches of two ends for tying the bow to the hair. Such an ornament will outwear many of the ordinary ones and is far prettier, too.

I have two vases and a vinegar cruet that have always been a task to clean. The following method is the latest and simplest I have used, and it is so easy that the articles can never more daunt me. I put into them a tablespoonful of lye, such as I use in my refrigerator when cleaning it, and fill them with water. After they have stood a couple of days I shake the water around well,

pour it out and rinse with clear water. They are then as clean as they can be.

We think ours is a unique idea for decorating the baby's room. Very carefully we cut out appropriate pictures from the covers of the best magazines and pasted the larger ones above the picture molding, to form a frieze. Those smaller in size were arranged in a row down the two walls that formed each corner of the room. We took great pleasure in grouping the pictures to the best advantage, and the small boy's enjoyment of the result seems almost boundless. It is so great that we want to pass on the idea to other parents who like to give their children great but inexpensive pleasures.

The gas pipe sprung a bad leak near the stove and close to a wooden wall. In our efforts to discover the location and seriousness of the leak, the gas caught fire and leaped into a blaze. Efforts to turn off the gas by means of the valve near the meter proved unavailing, because the screw could not be turned by a woman's fingers, and in the excitement no wrench could be found. This experience led my husband to secure a small wrench, which he keeps fastened to the valve, so that in case of another emergency the gas can be cut off immediately. Through the presence of mind of a woman who dashed the dry wall with water until the gas was cut off we were saved a

serious fire. Otherwise this discovery would have cost us considerable loss.

C. F. S.

* * *

I HAVE a friend who cleans out the dust from the registers by using the bellows belonging to the fireplace set. It blows out corners that cannot be reached otherwise.

I have sewed loops of tape on the ends of my feather pillows, so that they may be hung on hooks inside the closet door during the daytime, when the sham pillows or bolster rolls are in use. It keeps the pillow-case fresh and is a convenient way to keep them away from the dust. The same thing could be done to the sham pillows during the night.

I always train a new maid to dispense with a wire dish drainer and use instead a round, red fiber pan, the size of the tin dish pan. The fiber pan is kept filled with clear, hot water, into which the dishes are put as fast as they are washed, and from that they are taken and put on a clean dish towel that has been spread on the table. When they are wiped, they will be found *nearly* dry, the towel having absorbed so much of the water. In this way there is very little chance of breaking dishes.

M. H. P.

* * *

Comparative Digestibility of Raw and Boiled Milk

THE proteids in milk begin to coagulate at 158° Fahr. and are hardened as the heat is increased. Solubility is one test of digestibility. Raw eggs are well known to be more soluble or digestible than hard cooked eggs, and in a similar manner raw milk is more easily assimilated than boiled milk. The loss in digestibility of boiled milk may be seen by noticing the action with rennet. Rennin in the human stomach

causes raw milk to form a soft curd, this being the first step in its digestion. Rennin outside of the stomach will change milk at a lukewarm temperature to curd, but has no effect whatever upon milk that has been boiled.

* * *

THE fly, too, is now known as a common carrier of disease; municipal and individual efforts should combine in its extermination. The best exterminating agent for flies seems to be a weak solution of formaldehyde in water (two teaspoonfuls to the pint), to which should be added a little sugar. Flies are attracted to this mixture, which they drink; some die in the water, others will fall dead near the place.

* * *

Menus for a Week, Two Adults. Cost, Four Dollars

UNDER "stock" is included the cost of such items as flour, tea and canned fruits put up at home. In summer, when eggs and butter are low and green vegetables take the place of canned goods, I am able to save enough each week to pay for the fruit to can, as it comes into market. Breakfasts consist of an egg on toast for myself and coffee and fried cakes for my husband, with fruit, stewed rhubarb, or something of that kind, several times a week. A quart of milk is bought daily, the cream used for coffee and the skim milk for cocoa or soup. The meals we take with friends about offset the cost of company. I am a college woman and ex-teacher. I took up housekeeping as a study—a profession—and I like to think that I can keep the cleanest and most homelike house with the least labor and expense, and serve the best meals at the least cost that is possible. I use a gas stove, and heat and light the house on about two dollars a month, with gas at ninety cents.

S. K. H.

Menus for a Week

Two Adults: Four Dollars

MONDAY

Lunch
Baked Beans, Chilli Sauce
Bread and Butter
Canned Red Raspberries
Tea

Dinner
Corn Chowder
Soup Meat Croquettes
Gravy. Pickles
Mashed Potato. Tomato
Bread and Butter
Apple Pie (left over)
Coffee. Cream

TUESDAY

Lunch
Domestic Sardines
Cabbage Salad
Bread and Butter
Cocoa
Ginger Cookies

Dinner
Hub Soup
Crackers
Shepherd's Pie. Boiled Onions
Bread and Butter
Red Raspberry in Pudding Dish with
Cottage Pudding "Crust"
Coffee. Cream

WEDNESDAY

Lunch
Tomato Cream Toast
Canned Peaches
Bread and Butter
Tea

Dinner
Rice Soup. Crackers
Roast Mutton. Baked Potatoes
Rhubarb Tart. Sour Baked Apples
Coffee. Cream

THURSDAY

Lunch
Rarebit
Bread and Butter or Toast
Pineapple
Cocoa

Dinner
Vermicelli Soup
Crackers
Creamed Pork
Mustard Pickle
Fried Potatoes. Cabbage au Gratin
Pie or Tart
Coffee. Cream

FRIDAY

Lunch
Currant Jelly
Scrambled Eggs
Bread and Butter
Tea

Dinner
Cream-of-Pea Soup. Crackers
Fish
French Fried Potatoes
Onion-and-Lettuce Salad
Nuts
Coffee
Cream

SATURDAY

Lunch
Corn Bread
Syrup
Cocoa

Dinner
Stock Soup with Croutons
Roast Mutton
Rice and Cheese. Browned Potatoes
Currant Jelly
Pineapple Salad, French Dressing
Crackers

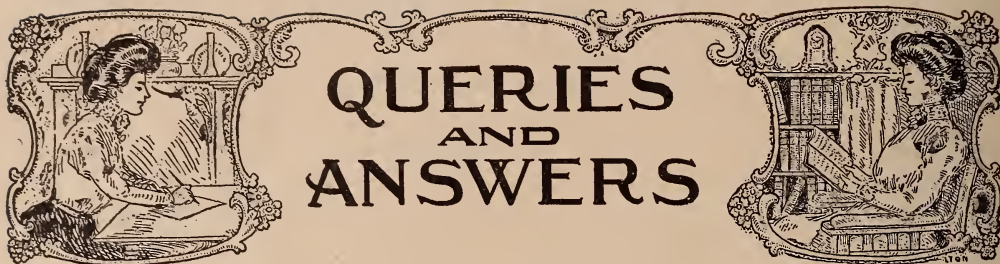
SUNDAY

Dinner
Stock Soup with Vegetables
Crackers
Mutton, Diced, in Gravy in Potato
Border, with Peas
Peaches and Whipped Cream
Coffee. Cream

Supper
Stuffed Eggs. Potato Salad
Preserves
Sponge Cake
Milk

Fried Cakes, 1½ doz.....	\$0.15
Baked Beans, 1 lb.....	.07
Bread (Bakery).....	.20
Crackers, ½ lb.....	.06
Cocoa.....	.07
Sardines.....	.05
Cabbage.....	.05
Cookies (Bakery).....	.03
Milk, at 7½c. qt.....	.54
Cheese, ½ lb.....	.11
Pineapple.....	.16
Butter, 1 lb.....	.34
Eggs, 1½ doz., at 35c.....	.45
Soup Meat.....	.10
Potatoes (50c. bushel this year).....	.05
Tomato (Home canned).....	.02
Coffee, 1 lb.....	.35
Lettuce.....	.05
Mutton, at 12½c.—piece larger, but went over to next week, and this was average per meal.....	.37
Rhubarb.....	.08
Sugar.....	.11
Pork.....	.05
Nuts.....	.10
Peas.....	.08
Fish.....	.15
"Stock".....	.21

\$4.00



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1580. — "Recipe for Candied Grape-fruit Peel, soft and quite like paste."

Candied Grape-fruit Peel

SELECT choice fruit. The peel is best in the best fruit. Remove the peel in quarter sections and cut it into strips nearly half an inch wide. Weigh the peel and take its weight in sugar. Cover the peel with cold water and let stand overnight. In the morning let *simmer* until the peel is very, very tender. It will take five or six hours. The cooking must be very slow; the dish should be large in extent that the peel may not be broken during the cooking. Set the kettle aside overnight. Drain off the liquid, if needed, add water that the weight may be half that of the sugar. Cook the sugar and water to a syrup; add the peel and let simmer very slowly until the syrup is thick and the peel comparatively clear; when partly cooled pick out the pieces of peel, roll them in granulated sugar and set them on waxed paper to dry. Store in closed tin receptacles.

Cucumber Jelly

Pare two cucumbers and cut in slices. Add a slice of onion, a stalk of celery, half a tablespoonful of nasturtium seeds, a piece of green pepper pod and half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, with water to cover. Let simmer until the cucumber is tender, then press through a very fine sieve. Season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Then add, for each pint of liquid, one-third a package of gelatine, softened in one-third a cup of cold water and dissolved over hot water. Tint delicately with green, vegetable, color paste, and turn into molds, to harden. Serve, with any salad dressing, in the same ways that tomato jelly is used.

Salad Dressing of Oil and Cream

We cannot give a recipe for the salad dressing described. French dressing is made without egg; possibly such a dressing was gradually beaten into cream, beaten dry. Or the ingredients of a French dressing, as four tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika may be added to a cup of double cream and the whole beaten until firm.

QUERY 1581. — "Recipes for Cucumber Jelly to be served with fish; also a Salad Dressing made of Oil and Cream but without egg. It was served as a dressing for asparagus."

QUERY 1582. — "Recipe for Almond Paste for covering Fruit Cake. It is quite saffron in color."

Almond Paste for Fruit Cake

This recipe is from "Practical Cooking and Serving." This preliminary icing is used to cover a cake and keep in crumbs that would be objectionable when spreading a soft frosting upon a cake. It, also, by excluding air, tends to keep a cake moist. The almond icing or paste may be applied to the cake as soon as the cake is baked and cooled, and the outer frosting be put on just before the cake is to be served. For a small cake take four ounces of almond paste and about two yolks of eggs. Beat the yolks into the paste; another yolk may be needed. Dust the board with powdered sugar; on it knead the dough and roll it out into a sheet, one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut out a pattern to fit the cake; by this cut out the paste and cover the cake completely. Pinch the edges of the paste together and flatten them. The paste should be pressed closely to the cake.

QUERY 1583. — "Kindly repeat the recipe for Cooking Mushrooms in Cream given in a former number of this magazine."

Mushrooms Stewed in Cream

Remove the stems and peel the caps of the mushrooms. If the mushrooms are small, leave the caps whole, if they are large, break them in pieces. For a pint of mushrooms, scald a pint (scant measure) of thin cream; add the mushrooms and let simmer very gently about ten minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of salt. Serve on slices of toast.

Mushrooms Cooked in Cream Under Bells

Melt one or two tablespoonfuls of butter in an agate frying pan; add one-fourth a pound of peeled mushroom caps and stir and cook until the butter

is absorbed; add half a cup or more of thin cream, also salt and pepper as needed and let simmer a minute. Put a round of bread in a mushroom dish; on this dispose the mushrooms, pour over the liquid and cover with the glass bell. Let cook fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

QUERY 1584. — "What is Jell-O and what is its food value? Recipes for Gluten Muffins and Sweet Crackers."

What is Jell-O?

Jell-O is a self-flavored preparation that gives a light dessert similar to those made of fruit juice and gelatine. All such desserts are valuable chiefly for their flavor. The principal food value is found in the sugar used either in the preparation of the dish itself or eaten with the dish. Often cream or boiled custard is eaten with such desserts, and these increase their nutritive qualities.

Gluten Muffins

2 yolks of eggs	1 teaspoonful of bak-
1 cup of milk	ing powder
1 cup of gluten flour	2 whites of eggs
½ a teaspoonful of salt	

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the whites of eggs dry and the yolks very light. Add the milk to the beaten yolks and stir into the flour mixture, then fold in the beaten whites. Bake in a hot muffin pan, in a quick oven, about twenty-five minutes.

Gluten Muffins, No. 2

2 cups of gluten flour	1 egg, beaten light
½ a teaspoonful of salt	2 cups of milk or
2 rounding teaspoon-	water
fuls of baking	
powder	

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder, add the liquid to the egg and stir into the dry ingredients. Beat thoroughly. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

Sweet Crackers

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	1 slightly rounding
1 cup of sugar	teaspoonful of
1 white of egg	cream of tartar
$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water
soda	Graham flour to knead

Mix as a cake batter, knead on a flowered board, roll very thin, cut in squares with a sharp knife and prick with a fork; bake until crisp and a delicate brown in color.

QUERY 1585. — "Recipe for Calf's Foot Jelly."

Calf's Foot Jelly

1 calf's foot	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of cold	$\frac{3}{4}$ whites of eggs with
water	shells
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sherry wine	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of cold water
juice of one lemon	

Scald and clean the foot thoroughly. Split the foot and cut it into several pieces; add the cold water and heat slowly to the boiling point, skim and let simmer about five hours, strain and let stand until cold. Remove all fat. Crush the shells of the eggs and beat the whites slightly; add the water, lemon juice, about a teaspoonful of salt (to a quart) and the sugar and stir the whole into the jellied liquid. Stir constantly while heating to the boiling point; let boil one minute, then let stand to settle. Have ready a bowl, a colander in the bowl, holding a napkin wrung out of hot water, and a sieve on the napkin. Turn the hot mixture into the sieve, lift this with the egg shells and let the hot mixture filter through the napkin into the bowl. Strain a second time if necessary. When cool add the wine and strain into cups or molds.

QUERY 1586. — "A formula for making a Poultry Dressing from herbs in dry or powdered forms."

Formula for Poultry Dressing

The following formula is simply suggestive. It has not been experimented with. A small quantity of the dressing might be made up and

tested, when corrections in proportions can be made, until a satisfactory dressing is secured:

1 oz. of parsley	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of thyme
1 oz. of summer sa- very	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of sweet basil

QUERY 1587. — "Recipes for use of Sour Cream."

Recipes for Use of Sour Cream

A recipe for Gingerbread made with Sour Cream was given in January, 1910, number of this magazine. Drop Cookies with Sour Cream was given in the June - July, 1909, magazine. Sour Cream Pie and Graham Cookies with Sour Cream, in the magazine for Aug.-Sept., 1909.

Referring to Sour Cream Biscuit

Into each cup of thick, sour cream, milk or buttermilk that is to be used, beat half a level teaspoonful of sifted bicarbonate of soda, then use the mixture as if it were sweet cream or milk, scanting, however, the measure of baking powder a little. With cream cut down the quantity of shortening.

Recipe for Sour Cream Biscuit

3 cups of sifted pastry	2 to 3 tablespoonfuls
flour	of shortening
2 rounding teaspoon-	1 cup of sour cream
fuls of baking	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of bi-
powder	carbonate of soda
$\frac{3}{4}$ a teaspoonful of	A little sweet milk or
salt	water, as needed.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, three times. With a knife or the tips of the fingers work in the shortening. Stir the soda into the sour cream. Then use the cream to mix the dry ingredients to a dough. A little more liquid may be needed. Turn onto a floured board, knead slightly, roll into a sheet, cut into rounds and bake in a quick oven.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing

Beat one cup of sour cream, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, paprika and mustard until firm

Food From Heaven

By Helen Coale Crew

Dawn on the vast rim of the wilderness,
And manna falling on the earth bedewed;
Dusk, and the quail's soft piping in the grass,
And Israel's host supplied with daily food.
But Moses to the stars uplifts his head,
And yearning, sees the Vision, and is fed.



VERANDA, GLASS-ENCLOSED

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIV

MAY, 1910

No. 10

Porch Parlors

By Mary H. Northend

THE outdoor living-room, or porch parlor, is coming more and more to be recognized as a necessary adjunct in modern house building, and today its location is as carefully thought out as the arrangement of any of the interior apartments.

Fifty years ago its erection was looked upon as a useless luxury, and the uses to which it could be put were undreamed of, but all that has passed, and the homes of the present, whether situated in the city or suburbs, in the mountains or at the seashore, or whether constructed on an elaborate or simple scale, are considered incomplete without the addition of an open-air living-room.

For years women who love to cling to old-time housekeeping traditions frowned upon the "fads and frills" of their more up-to-date neighbors who took tea and entertained their friends on porches transformed into summer bowers, but at length their eyes were opened to the delights and benefits of the fashion, and gradually they, too, took up the so-called "fad,"

and its adoption has now become almost universal.

And one cannot wonder at this, for surely there is no room in the house which lends itself so readily to artistic decoration as does the porch parlor, with its outline of vines and pretty shrubs, and its free circulation of health-giving air, the benefits of which humanity, at last, is beginning to realize. It is a cosy retreat, where informality and unconventionality have full sway, and it is a place where one may lounge and read, or entertain, as fancy dictates.

The first consideration in the erection of a porch parlor is its location, upon which depends its success or failure. It should be planned to be sufficiently broad to fulfill its purpose, for a narrow porch is worse than none at all, and then, too, it should be erected at a point where it will not interfere with the lighting of the interior apartments. Within the angle formed between the main house and a wing is a good spot to build it, and along the rear of the house, if the service portion

is in a separate wing, is another excellent location.

Often it is found across the front of the house, and this position is desirable, provided the house is far enough removed from the main highway to be partially screened from the view of passers-by. The principal advantage of the porch parlor is the semi-privacy it affords, and, therefore, if it is erected at a point where its every nook and cranny are exposed to the gaze of pedestrians, it loses its chief charm and becomes the useless luxury it was once considered to be.

It should always be roofed over, to prevent the warm rays of the sun from beating too fiercely upon it, and it may be railed in or not as the owner desires. Sometimes the roof is supported by large pillars, the spaces between being left vacant, or they may be filled in

with potted plants and boxes filled with flowers. Again, a rail of stone or wood extends around it, against which trellises are built, the whole rendered bright and artistic by means of pretty vines trained to clamber over the trellis framework.

A very pretty effect was introduced in the porch roof and outline rail of a large bungalow situated just outside the little town of Lincoln. The roof of the house was extended to form a covering for the outdoor living-room, and it was supported at the edge by rough, notched, twin-elm posts, set in a rail of field stones, left uncut. The effect was most unique, and the whole contrasted admirably with the picturesque rural character of the surroundings.

If the porch parlor is sufficiently large, enclose a portion of it for a sun-



SOMEWHAT SPACIOUS AND ELEGANT



SUN PARLOR

room. This is a place that is always enjoyed, even in inclement weather, and in addition can be successfully converted into a conservatory during the winter season.

But it is not alone in spacious outdoor living-rooms that this feature is found, for one of the most interesting sun-parlors I have seen was located at the end of a little porch at the rear of an old-fashioned farmhouse. It was constructed of a quantity of tiny four by five photographic plates, which had proved of no use when developed, and were purchased very reasonably from a photographer who was glad to dispose of them. They were inserted into slender laths and firmly puttied, and served the purpose admirably. The work was all done by the son of the house, in leisure moments, and when finished, after weeks of patient toil, was well worth the effort. The cost complete was but ten dollars, and the retreat was a bower of beauty and a source of pleasure the entire year, being transformed into a tiny conservatory during the winter months, and serving the purpose of a tea-room

in the summer season, with blossoming plants placed all about.

The floor coverings of the porch parlor are numerous and varied, the favorites being grass mats and rag rugs, although art squares, small woolen rugs and arts and crafts mats are also extensively employed. The grass mats have the advantage of being cool and easily kept clean, but at present are not quite so much sought after as the rag rugs, which come in a variety of soft dainty colorings and are charming additions to any apartment. They are made in much the same manner as the old-time rag carpets, the difference being not so much in the method of making as in the contrasting of the colors used, the rugs of today being perfectly harmonious in tone, and not presenting a confusing mass of tints as did the old rag-bag remnants. The art square has the advantage of being able to cover considerable space, and the arts and crafts rugs are always attractive, but to my mind the small woolen rugs are better omitted from the list of porch floor coverings.

Wicker is undoubtedly the most pop-

ular porch furniture, and deservedly so, for it combines in construction the desirable qualities of coolness and light weight. It is equally attractive in its natural light coloring or when stained a soft green. Chairs of this material can be purchased in almost any shape, one of the most comfortable being an adaptation of the old English wing chair, with high back and wing-shaped extensions to the sides, a writing rest being arranged on the right arm, and a magazine pocket on the left arm.

Another comfortable type resembles a couch more than a chair, and is fitted with a very low seat, an adjustable back and a foot rest arranged beneath the chair, which may be drawn out when desired. On either side is contrived a newspaper or book rack, and in the right arm is a round hole sufficiently large to hold a glass of lemonade, or some other cooling drink.

Low, broad settees, very long or of medium length, are very fashionable

at the present time, and come in wood, cane or wicker. The first named is generally fitted with cushions, which are removable, and which serve as a foundation for the loose pillows scattered about. The cane and wicker settees have no fitted cushions, but are generally piled with downy pillows of all sizes.

Large swings, broad and high, of canvas or wicker, are charming additions to the porch furnishings, and have taken the place to some extent of rocking chairs. Then, too, there is the hammock, which is always suggestive of comfort, and can be used in conjunction with the swing without causing a discordant note.

Besides the easy chairs, settee, and swing already referred to, provision should also be made for one low chair, with a comparatively straight back, at which one may sit to pour tea or write. Of course this must not be of the ordinary type of straight back



ANOTHER CORNER OF GLASS ENCLOSED VERANDA

chair used inside the house, but of a specially contrived veranda variety easily obtainable at any furniture establishment.

The selection of a table for the outdoor living-room is an important point, but one quite easily decided at the present time, with the wealth of designs that are today on the market. A favorite type of table is of medium size, constructed of unstained wicker. It has two rectangular shelves with a smaller square shelf on two of the sides between the larger ones. It proves an ideal receptacle for books and magazines and also furnishes space for the display of cut flowers. The wicker capstan stool is much used and is handy to hold jardinières filled with palms or plants, and then when turned upside down it serves the purpose of a scrap basket.

The tea wagon is a useful bit of furniture to install in the porch parlor, and has been much improved of late. An attractive model much in demand is in reality a wicker table with the top sunk in to hold cups and saucers, and fitted at one side with a handle and mounted on two wheels. It is pretty in its natural coloring, but is seemingly preferable when stained a dark green or deep red. Then there is a wicker stand which has come to be considered an important accessory to the tea wagon. It contains three shelves, placed one below the other, and is very convenient to hold plates of cake or other dainties generally served with afternoon tea.

Flowers have come to play a prominent part in the decoration of the outdoor living-room; in fact, it has become quite a fad to employ florists to give fragrant finishing touches to furnished porch parlors.

The stone rail lends itself admirably to the effective display of boxes filled with blossoming plants, and some of these rails resemble a bit of an old-time garden, lined as they are with



A SUN ROOM

boxes planted with mignonette, heliotrope, and other old-fashioned favorites. The geranium, too, is a favorite plant much used in filling these boxes, and is always pretty, whether employed in a combination of tints or used in one solid tone.

Nasturtiums are particularly well suited for hanging baskets, which are most attractive when covered with natural colored rattan. All of these baskets are made with a drainage, so that flowers thrive well in them. Among the larger flowering plants, which are suited to decorate the porch steps, is the hydrangea, which is a free bloomer, and is most attractive when planted in a soft blue Japanese crock. These plants are also pretty to place about the interior of the porch parlor.

Vines are useful as screens, and at the same time possess decorative qualities. The crimson rambler rose is most attractive and easily grown, and the virgin's bower vine is particularly

well adapted to the outdoor living-room, its thick growth serving admirably as a screening, and then, too, it has a long season of bloom, during which time it presents a snowy bank of star-shaped flowers of delightful fragrance. The clematis is one of the best of vines, and when in flower displays a mass of downy white blossoms. It is particu-

larly effective when used in conjunction with the coccinea, whose rose-colored blooms resemble half-closed rosebuds at a distance. Then there are the wistaria, honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, and numerous other vines, all finely suited to ornament the outline rail and roof supports of the outdoor living-room.



AN ATTRACTIVE DEN, WENHAM, MASS.

The Storm

By Lalia Mitchell

Clouds were heavy, and raindrops fell,
 'Twas dreary, dreary weather,
 And I sat by the window looking out,
 My heart oppressed by a grievous doubt,
 — That's far from light as a feather —
 Till I saw two birds in a tree outside,
 Two little birds in a tree outside,
 And they cuddled close together.
 And the two little birds were as happy there
 As though the sunshine were bright and
 fair.

Clouds were heavy, and raindrops fell,
 But it was not dreary weather,
 For I went and gathered my loved ones near,
 And we each of us whispered a word of cheer,
 And it mattered nothing, whether
 The clouds were dark or the skies were fair,
 So long as the same roof sheltered there
 I and my love together.
 And that was the lesson I learned that day
 From the two little birds on the rain-swept
 spray.

Her May Baskets

By Alix Thorn

THE dignified old mansion stood far back from the village street, surrounded by elm trees, so perfect in shape that, even in winter, their leafless branches were beautiful. On one side of the yard grew a tall hedge of purple and white lilacs. Indeed they could almost be called lilac trees, instead of bushes. On the other side was a prim garden with carefully kept beds, filled in the season with old-fashioned flowers that our grandmothers loved, such as bleeding-heart, sweet-william, four-o'clocks, petunias, and the gay portulacas. In this old mansion lived Miss Constance Ogden, alone, but for her two devoted servants, Sarah in the kitchen and Jane upstairs.

A typical New England woman was Miss Constance, tall, thin and erect, presiding with dignity over the home that had always been hers. No home in the village was as large, and visitors to Little River were always shown it with considerable pride.

It was late in February that Miss Constance found in her box at the post-office a letter directed to her in a handwriting with which she was not familiar. She studied it thoughtfully for a moment, then tore it hastily open and began to read the letter as she walked home. Wonder grew in her face as she read. "To think," she said to herself at last, "that I should hear from Marion Creighton after all these years! Why the reunion was so long ago! How vividly *she* remembers our two years at boarding school; says I have influenced her life more than I can ever know. Why, she was one of the younger girls, and I saw comparatively little of her. Well, well!" Then continuing her letter.

"Dear Constance, I am asking you, if you think you could, if you *will*, ar-

range to let my one little daughter, my youngest child, your namesake, come to you in that dear old home, and remain with you for the three months I must be in England, called there by the illness of my husband whom you may remember is an artist. The two boys, twelve and fourteen, are at a Military Academy, but I am unwilling to send this little eight-year-old child away to a strange school; she would be so forlorn and lonely. Will you take her?"

"The very idea!" exclaimed Miss Constance, stopping short and frowning suddenly, "take a child for that length of time! why my nephews are hard enough to get used to, and they always come for short visits only, and with their parents; the very idea!"

As she neared home she instinctively quickened her pace. How even were all the shades at the small paned windows. Jane was very good about keeping them even, and as she opened the door, she observed with some satisfaction how beautifully the brass knocker shone in the sunlight. As she ate her solitary lunch Miss Constance pondered over the altogether surprising suggestion contained in her old school-mate's letter, and that same afternoon she looked up a long neglected album and found a somewhat faded photograph of a wide-eyed young girl, whose smoothly brushed back hair disclosed a broad forehead, and whose well-cut mouth seemed half ready to smile.

"Wonder if the daughter resembles the mother?" she thought as she closed the album and went out to give her orders for dinner. I do not know through what mental processes Miss Ogden passed before she made up her mind to write a certain letter, but I do know it was written in her usually care-

ful, painstaking fashion and mailed by Jane herself, who never forgot to mail letters, and on a day early in March Miss Constance might have been discovered standing by one of the French windows in the parlor, with the heavy lace curtains carefully pushed aside, looking anxiously down the street. Her guest was due at any moment, and as Miss Constance's cold would not allow her to venture out, Jane had gone to the station to escort the young traveler to the house. She had not long to wait, for the expected pair soon appeared around the corner by the evergreen hedge. A round-faced little girl, wearing a long blue coat, and carrying a large gray muff in one hand, and a diminutive pocketbook in the other, was walking by Jane's side. Sober Jane was smiling down at her charge, and suddenly they looked up at the window to see Miss Ogden watching them. The little girl evidently asked a question to which Jane nodded an answer. Up the steps skipped the newcomer, and was in the darkened parlor before Miss Constance had thought she had more than reached the front door. Straight over to her dignified hostess she went, holding out a friendly little hand, and raising her rosy face, with the very evident expectation of a kiss.

"And this is Constance," said Miss Constance in her even voice.

"No, it's Connie; yes, it's Constance, I mean," said the small visitor cheerfully, "but 'most everybody but our Rector calls me Connie."

"I cannot kiss you, child, for I might give you a cold, but you are very welcome, Constance."

"Why, I am not afraid of a cold," smiled the guest cheerfully, "not a bit, you might kiss me and then see what would happen." And to her own surprise as well as that of Jane, who stood waiting with the bag in her hand, Miss Constance dropped a hasty kiss on the fair forehead. Then she, her-

self, conducted small Constance to the room assigned her.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the new arrival, "oh, there's a fireplace in this room, and I'm glad it's mine! I've read about fireplaces in bedrooms, but I never had anything but a radiator before."

"There is a register here besides," replied Miss Constance, "but I'm glad you like fireplaces, for I, too, am fond of them."

"I won't ever be lonesome when I go to bed with that open fire," remarked the small guest, and suddenly Miss Constance felt a thrill of pity for this child whose father and mother were separated from her by the broad ocean and who was so bravely playing her little part. "My room is just next to yours," she said gently, "see, there is the door between, so should you want to speak to me at any time, I shall be near by."

"Thank you," was the eager reply. "I—I won't forget that I can easily find you, and maybe some night, if the wind should get to blowing *very* hard, why, you might hear me at the door." As if conscious of scrutiny the little girl hastened to add, "I'm not going to be homesick, for," winking hard as she spoke, "you see, the three months will pass so quickly, and then I shall get letters about every day."

It was with really a pleasurable thrill that Miss Constance sat down to dinner that evening. It was very cheerful to look across the broad mahogany and see a happy little face opposite, and hear a happy voice in the room that was so apt to be quiet, save for Jane's discreet footsteps as she passed around the table. The young guest very evidently approved the ice cream, which was served on quaint crystal plates. Jane reported the dining-room doings to Sarah in the kitchen, and Sarah fairly beamed with good nature, resolving to make sundry frozen dainties whenever occasions

offered. Very easily and naturally the small Constance settled down in the old Ogden house, became quite one of the family, and the villagers grew accustomed to seeing the little shadow that so often accompanied Miss Constance to church and post office. She made decorous calls, as well, with the hostess and won golden opinions from the neighbors.

March came and went; its boisterous winds making a great ado among the tall elms that guarded the old home, and sometimes, in the darkness, a soft tap at her door told the elder Constance that a certain little figure clad in a blue kimona wanted companionship and comfort, while the shutters rattled and the bare boughs creaked eerily, and the door was always opened.

In April the daffodils made a golden glory in the garden beds, and little Constance discovered white and blue jonquils lifting up their frail cups under the dining-room windows. The child loved flowers as did Miss Constance herself, and, as red buds swelled in the maples and the shrubs took on a wonderful green, she welcomed each new sign of spring, and flitted like a cheerful robin from end to end of the long yard. Somehow spring had never seemed more joyous and wonderful to Miss Constance than this year. She didn't pause to ask herself why she was so filled with the glory and miracle of the changing season, but enjoyed each day, as did her sunshiny little companion. Each morning small Constance went to the private school kept by an old friend of the Ogdens, and thus by degrees the newcomer learned to know the children of the village. Sometimes shy little girls came in for an hour or two in the afternoon, and their young voices echoed strangely in the usually quiet house.

It was the last week in April that one rainy day, after lunch, found Miss Constance and her namesake in the library before the open fire. The child's chair

was drawn close to that of her friend, while a small hand lay on the carved arm of the great rocker. So sober did the child's eyes look as they watched the leaping flames that Miss Constance inquired, "Of what are you thinking now, little one?"

"Oh, just about May baskets, and the ones that mother and Cousin Eleanor and I made last year. Why," smiling at memory, "we worked so hard, so hard, to get them done, and how many do you suppose we made? now guess!"

"Well," began Miss Constance guardedly, "I should say seven." "More than that; yes, more," was the reply.

"Perhaps ten then," said Miss Constance.

"I guess I must tell you," cried her little friend; "twelve there were, and most thirteen, only it grew so late that it was time for Eleanor to go home, and I fell asleep on the couch while she was putting on her things, and mother said we'd put away the thirteenth one we didn't quite finish for a nest egg. Mother does say such funny things sometimes, but you see she meant we'd finish it this year, and make some more besides, and now my mother is pretty far away."

"She is rather far away," agreed truthful Miss Constance, "but, child, I think you and I together might make some May baskets. I've read about them. By the way, Constance, what do you *do* with the May baskets, once they are made?"

"Why," explained the little girl, "you just hang them on the doors of your best friends. I've always given mine to girls in my school, and you must go out *very* quietly, yes, steal out in the evening, the last day of April, and after you have tied the baskets to the door knobs, then run away as quickly as you can, so no one can *possibly* see who it is. Oh, it's a lovely plan!"

"It must be, I can well believe that," agreed Miss Constance sympathetically.

Four days later any one who had

peeped into that same library might have seen the mistress of the house and her young guest surrounded by gay sheets of tissue paper, rolls of ribbon and small splint baskets, making the daintiest creations imaginable. Little Constance's face shone with happiness and Miss Constance looked thoroughly interested in the work.

"Now see this one," the child would exclaim, "this dear, pink one." "Yes, it is most attractive," this from Miss Constance, "but this violet and white basket is very pretty, too," and so the work went on until six of the airiest, fluffiest and most desirable of May baskets stood all trimmed and ready on a low bookcase.

"And now for the candy," said Miss Constance, briskly going into the kitchen, to appear presently bearing large white platters, which were entirely covered by golden brown squares, chocolate squares, and creamy round peppermints.

"To think that you and Jane made all that yesterday. It's not my candy at all, when I only scraped the chocolate and buttered the tins," cried the child.

"You did your part, and now you shall help me pack all this sweetness away in the baskets," was the reply.

"Oh, I love to fill the baskets," and suiting the action to the word, the little helper's small fingers deftly arranged the candy, and then paused to survey rapturously their handiwork.

At eight o'clock that evening two mysterious looking figures might have been seen, like the Greeks "bearing gifts," wending their way down the silent village street, pausing here and there at a doorway to fasten deftly a ribbon loop over the knob and step lightly away, leaving a gay basket there to swing until next morning, May Day, a happy little girl should discover her treasure, all a flutter of paper petals and waving ribbons. "Won't Emily just love her basket, Jane, oh, won't

she?" little Constance exclaimed, and the sympathetic Jane's reply was, "Indeed, she will be that glad, Miss."

"Well, if Millie Smith don't like hers she'll be a funny girl," chattered the youngest member of the party.

"I feel to say that she never saw a finer May basket — of that I'm sure," answered Jane. And then, their task accomplished, through the quiet country dark, empty-handed, the two conspirators went home.

Constance's first thought on awakening next morning was of the joy of May Day, and the thrilling experience of the previous evening. She could almost hear the shouts of delight, and the surprised exclamations, as her friends found their baskets. "It's beautiful to surprise people; it's beautiful—better than being surprised yourself," she murmured, as she jumped out of bed to look out of the window at the wonder world of bursting buds, bird songs, and sunshine.

It was as she hurried downstairs to breakfast, humming a soft little tune as she went, that small Constance spied her hostess awaiting her at the dining-room door. Looking down the long hall she saw that the front door was wide open, letting in the sweet May air, but what was that swinging from the bright brass knocker? What but a May basket, resembling nothing so much as an enormous pink rose!

"Is it, oh, is it?" cried the child, clasping her hands tightly together, her cheeks flushing crimson with excitement.

"It is, and your name is on the basket," smiled Miss Constance, who looked as much excited as did her young friend.

Untying it quickly, Constance clasped her unexpected gift in her arms, and followed her hostess to the dining-room.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "here's the candy, and in the bottom of the basket there's a little tiny pink box; why," looking up, "there weren't any little

boxes in those other baskets." But when the cover was removed and she discovered a beautiful little ring, set with turquoises as blue as her eyes, she fairly gasped with delight, and whispered, "It's for me, you gave it to me!"

"It's certainly yours, my dearest, and when your visit is over, you must look at the little ring and think of some one whom you have made very

happy, and almost young again, almost young."

"I'll always remember, and I'll always love you, Miss Constance, even if I didn't have the ring," slipping a confiding little hand into hers, "and I shall write and tell mother that I never had a nicer May Day than this one, never;" and Miss Constance added, "Nor did I, Connie, nor did I."

Have You Served Up to It?

By Mrs. Charles Norman

IT is related of Fox, the British Commoner, that during a fight for the treasuryship of England, he said: "The place is mine, I have served up to it and I will have it."

Fox was a politician. It is not often we stop to contemplate the virtues of his class, but a political leader, like any other leader, must have strong qualities, and such a resolute speech calls for our admiration. Few men have the courage to assert their right to any position. Fewer still can justify their own claims by truthfully affirming: "I have served up to it."

"Good God!" said the restless Napoleon, "how rare men are!" On every hand we hear the same complaint of inefficiency and untrustworthiness. Ask any supervisor about the young men and women working under him and, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, we are told: "He is not doing his best." "Is he not ambitious?" "Yes, ambitious to hold a high position, but not ambitious to deserve it."

"Oh," said a miss of sixteen to a woman of forty-five, "I think when I graduate I will get such a place as yours."

"Then," answered the matron, "it is time to prepare. I have been thirty years getting ready for this work and

I feel hardly equal to it yet." The girl looked incredulous and probably felt that she, with her cleverness, would not need such preparation.

But whether that was her feeling or not, it is the one common to youth and all too familiar in adults. In climbing up the ladder, they are rejoiced to skip a few rounds, and they call it good luck, forgetting that what good luck brings bad luck has a right to take. They do not appreciate the point that each step gives a different point of view, which enables them to understand some one thing better than if they had looked at it from above or below. In other words, each step means experience and "experience is hands and feet to any enterprise."

In ancient Greece no youth was so foolish as to enter the Olympian games without continuous preparation. All his master said he heard and obeyed, nor dreamed of success till he had served up to it. He must "conform to rules; submit to diet; refrain from dainties; exercise his body, whether he choose or not, at a stated hour, in heat and in cold. Then in the combat he might be thrown into the ditch, dislocate his arm, turn his ankle, swallow abundance of dust, lose the victory!"

What then? He must try it all over

again. Perhaps the time came when he won in the fight, but it did not come till his training was made perfect, till he was cured of his egotism and held a proper estimate of the strength of his adversary.

Just here lies a point worth considering. Worldly success may come to a man who is selfishly pursuing his own interests, but no great man is self-centered. It is impossible to think of a sublime deed done by a man whose mind is concentrated all on self. It is he that forgetteth himself, that is truly exalted.

"Life is not intellectual or critical," says Emerson, "but sturdy." Study alone will not make a man wise or strong. He must act, and act unselfishly.

The twelve apostles were not chosen because of intellectual merit. Only one virtue was demanded and that was consecration.

"Follow me!"

"Yes," answered one man. "I will when I have buried my father."

Still the answer: "Follow me."

That was a strange and imperious command, but no less absolute than life is giving us continually. For each of us there exists a leader — call him Duty, Conscience or what you will. Your Duty and mine may not look much alike, but each gives the command: "Follow me."

We mean to obey, but cannot tell how or where to begin. The voice says: "Begin where you are. Play with the baby! Sweep your shop! Do the duty that pertains to this particular moment and do it well." And while we still dally, and look around for something that is important enough, and wait for "tomorrow," or "the first of the week" or the "New Year"—we again

hear the relentless summons: "Follow me."

It would be a deal better instead of trying to improve our position, to improve our character, instead of trying to escape service, to seek it.

"We have taken a standard," said the young captain to his commander. "Go, take another," was the thunderous respond.

I was present one day at an art exhibit when a young woman came in and, glancing at the paintings, began to inquire the price. An attendant gave her the information. "Humph!" she said, "I did not suppose they were worth that much. Doesn't take long to paint them, does it?" "No," was the quiet answer, "not when you have once learned how."

Those words, "when you have once learned how," are still resounding in my ears; for I was acquainted with the artist and I knew he had given full twenty years — not only twenty years of work and thought, but twenty years of devotion, not twenty years of time, but twenty years of LIFE. The pleasures of the world had not turned him aside. Sickness and discouragement had not changed his resolution. Impatience and haste had not foiled him. He was still working.

We think we can fool Nature, but she mixes the bitter and the sweet and we must take all or leave all. We cannot separate them. With our rude hands and unprepared souls, we determine to grasp the prizes of life. We will not be so stupid as to take the unattractive road of service. We are like the over-eager scientist who, on seeing a wonderful moth in his garden, snatched at it. He did not miss his aim, but the beautiful captive fell into dust at his touch.



Type of Vision

By Kate Gannet Wells

IF, as Professor William James has said, the "type of vision is the important thing in a philosopher," it is still more important in everyday life. Otherwise we get weary, nervous, burdened with minor details and lose all sense of proportion. Without vision it is hard to determine the amount of pleasure to allow one's self, for one may have grown so blinded to any vision that she thinks she must always be doing for others, arguing that the more disagreeable is the doing the more virtuous is she, since she may be so fanatically altruistic that she finds happiness only in doing. Yet other people may not experience as much delight in meeting her as they might have felt, if she had had enough vision to keep herself intellectually alert as part of the tribute she owed to social welfare.

Visions are so beautiful, even if never realized. At least they help palpably during the minutes they last and usually they leave one all the tenderer and more alive to the chances for extracting happiness out of nothing. Surely as housekeepers we need vision. I never could decide who had the less vision, the friend who would not go to her brother's funeral, because she thought it her duty to stay at home and prepare her husband's dinner (he was an able-bodied man), or another friend who hesitated to postpone her housecleaning for three or four days that she might go into the country to see the early spring flowers in bloom. The one who gave the invitation to come to the flowers replied, "Dust will keep, but violets won't."

That message comes to mind every time there is an apparent conflict between the immediate, prosaic work and the indirect future gain from —

violets, and, unless I trample on some one's rights by so doing, I now decide for the violets, whereas twenty years ago I should have chosen the drudgery. One of the comforts of growing old is the learning to see wider and the being more merciful to one's self, wearying for the odor of violets. The old quatrain says:

"If thou of fortune art bereft,
And in thy store but two loaves left,
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

For hyacinths we can read whatever will best feed our soul. A certain middle-aged maiden, oppressed with a New England conscience and hampered by small means, occasionally buys a book for which her soul longs. In it she inscribes her name with the words, "presented to herself as a mark of esteem," unaware that to those who know her the humorous words tell of the struggle she had with herself and then of the victory won, as her vision gave her courage to "feed her soul" by buying the book.

When, however, there is only one's self to straighten the tangles of house-keeping, the vision often gets blurred. Still it is there all the same, waiting to be achieved. Then is it that our sanity should seize upon our timorousness and lead us among the violets. They may not be those of nature, but at least they will be something of beauty and uplift, an hour or a day outdoors somewhere, or a picture gallery or a good book, something which is not in the routine of work.

With the advent of summer the vision heightens. Then is it we lay aside superfluities of intercourse and rest ourselves as best we may in the playtime of the year, for almost every salaried worker has the pittance of a two weeks'

vacation; after that back to the shop. Yet still the vision gained throws its inward light aslant the heavy ulsters, which must be made in August heat for January wear. Social economics!

It is the mass of unsalaried workers and those without wages, whose only vacations are stray afternoons, who are the realest toilers in the sense of always being at it; the women who keep the home in running order by dire economy and steady briskness. Theirs is the solving of the problem that the dust will keep, but their lives won't.

Alas! hundreds of them cannot leave their daily home-born cares and can catch the vision only by their serenity in the midst of toil. It is so dear, after a day of unmitigated longing for something one has always wanted to do, to find the craving quieted, at last, and one's self thankful that life, one's self and everything is not any worse than it is, one's heart silently singing as one helps somebody else to have what one would have liked for one's self. Then it is vision, unnamed but circumambient, bluer, sweeter than any cove of violets.

It must be such visions which make "The Heroes of Peace," as Edwin D. Mead calls them, many of whose names are being inscribed on tablets in a cloister in the "Postmen's Park," London, England; the stewardess, who would not overcrowd the rescue boat and so perished with the steamer as it sank; the maid, who brought her employer's children out of the fire and lost her own life; the little boy of eleven who saved his littler brother. To George Frederick Watts, the painter, came the thought and its execution of thus perpetuating by these tablets the memory of these "Work-a-Day He-

roes," whose lives were so enriched with nobleness that they did not hesitate to surrender them instantly for another's sake. And in Red Cross Hall, London, Walter Crane, of whom we think as the delighter of children, is decorating six panels, that he who gazes on them may feel the heroism of the poor; as of two men, who seeing that a railroad sleeper had started, and an express train was due, made a sign to each other (there was no time for words), replaced the sleeper, "saved the train and — were left dead upon the line." Truly that swift, intelligible sign from one to the other was a vision.

That the type of vision is the same for the deed with a great result as for an act with its small consequence, no one knows more fully than Professor James, whose home life is ennobled by the same cordiality and breadth of thought as gives to the philosopher his force and coherence in reasoning. Another Harvard professor, the great-hearted Shaler, wrote, "That I was not made a prig was due to my keen interest in people." That interest, devoid of mere curiosity, was so shot through with vivid sympathy for others that we take heart in learning from him how to appreciate in more or less degree the hidden potentialities and limited opportunities of cramped lives. To him vision was the outgrowth of research into nature and into the soul of man.

To others, less gifted in perception than Mr. Shaler, there yet come visions, unsought, perhaps, at first, but heightening as miracle becomes fact and drudgery a blessing; while we, as house-keepers, find our home work is better done, when once or twice in a cycle of busy years we take a vacation from it and go off for the violets.



Psychology of Food

Discussed by Young Philosophers

By Josephine Page Wright

"EAT pig and you will be pig," insisted the Vegetarian, disdaining a share of the chops which the Epicurean was browning in her chafing dish.

"That remark always makes me think of the wag who retorted, 'Eat nuts and you will be nutty,'" laughed the Cynic.

The Sage nodded knowingly. "Without going to either extreme," she mused, "we must admit that food has a physical value and a psychical value."

"Fancy corn beef and cabbage having a soul," suggested the Cynic. "Nevertheless I have known souls that were elementally corn beef and cabbagey."

"Of course," admitted the Epicurean, "sight and smell and taste are senses which act upon the psychic, and they also react upon the appetite, which is purely physical."

"You're getting beyond your depth," warned the Scientist. "Stick to facts."

"Which means, I suppose, know facts. You will never admit that there are some unknown facts. You —"

"Stick rather to the subject," interrupted the Sage. "Let us talk about the psychology of food. Perhaps I can explain what I mean by an illustration. The taste for olives is a cultivated one. To me the taste was particularly unpleasant. One afternoon in early spring I went to a reception. The weather was unseasonably warm and, when I reached the place of entertainment, I was overheated. In the refreshment room one of the hostesses was serving hot coffee and sandwiches. I could conjure up no desire for them. An assistant offered me an olive. The dish which

she held out to me was of a beautiful shade of green and the olives were covered with cracked ice. Much to my surprise they looked good to me. I took one and ate it with the keenest relish. I am very fond of them now. The mental suggestion produced by the ice and the attraction of the color created in me a new physical appetite."

"Nonsense," scoffed the Scientist.

"It isn't nonsense," contradicted the Epicurean. "I acquired my taste for coffee in much the same manner. As a child I did not care for it. One morning I came downstairs from a very cold bedroom into a cold dining-room. I was shivering. I looked at my iced grape-fruit. I looked at my cold cereal and its pitcher of thick cream. Very much to my mother's surprise I called for a cup of coffee. It tasted good and the warmth permeated my whole body. To this day the aroma of steaming coffee —"

"Is an appeal," supplemented the Sage, "not to your appetite, but an appeal to one of the pleasant memories which your subliminal self stores so carefully."

The Vegetarian now contributed an experience. "When I was converted to a belief in vegetarianism, my physician, who discouraged what he regarded as a fad, urged upon me the necessity of an apple diet. I loathed apples, but made up my mind to eat them. Each day I ordered a baked apple put at my place. I cannot say that I disliked the taste, for I do not know how it did taste. I could not force myself to put the wrinkled unsightly thing to my mouth. One day a friend sent me an apple porcupine. It was a large, firm apple, pared and

cored and cooked to clearness in a thick syrup. After it had been cooked in this way, its round sides were made to bristle with blanched almonds and the entire dish daintily browned in the oven. When I saw it I had a strong desire to eat it, which I did with great satisfaction."

"Nevertheless," said the Cynic, "you cannot find the soul of hash, common everyday hash."

"I am glad you spoke of that," smiled the Sage, "because there is no dish in the world so much a victim of these laws of the psychology of food. Hash, properly made, is one of the most delicious meat preparations we have. The unimaginative man and woman enjoy it to its fullest. The humorist and comedian are responsible for its rejection by the fastidious. When it is placed before us at a hotel or restaurant we cling to the myth that it has been made of the scraps from the plates. We fail to taste it, therefore, although it may be, and doubtless is, the most palatable and nourishing dish before us. I believe, however, that in the privacy and security of our own home we all eat and enjoy

this dish of which for some reason or other we pretend to be ashamed. An Irishman has said that a chafing dish is a frying pan breaking into society. The same might be said of the croquette and hash."

"Grant us, at least, the soullessness of bread-and-apple pudding," urged the Scientist.

"Not even that," denied the Sage. "Have you ever eaten it?"

"Never, it always sounds so mussy."

"And it looks mussy as it is usually served," continued the Sage. "Try it this way. Sauté strips of bread and roll them in powdered sugar. With these line individual baking dishes. Cook a rich apple sauce, rub it through a colander and fill the bread cups. Brown in the oven and sprinkle with powdered sugar."

"No psychology about that," argued the Scientist. "One tastes good and the other does not."

"But the food values are the same."

The Scientist was unconvinced. "If a pound of beef has a certain food value, I do not know why—"

"There are a lot of things you do not know," admitted the Cynic.

Sally's Smile

By Clara Seaman Chase

Oh Sally's smile, oh Sally's smile,
It is the dearest thing!
It makes you think of rainbows fresh,
And bluebirds on the wing.

It's like a field o' flowers gay
You've come on by surprise;
It flashes, darts, now here, now there,
Like glancing butterflies.

Sometimes it reads you searchingly,
With wise and solemn look,
And then comes rippling o'er your way
Like sunshine on a brook.

And when you're feeling very drear,
With troubles in a row,
Along comes tripping Sally's smile,—
And banished is your woe!

But ah, her smile is more than this.
All words it doth defy!
But one year old is Sally yet
And won fore'er am I!

French Servants

By Frances B. Sheaffer

FRENCH servants are an amusing and irritating combination of republican principles and monarchical traditions. They are, at the same time, more independent and less so than are American servants. Their republicanism is more of a cult, for do they not belong to a nation that inscribes its watchword, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" even on its churches? Given the call, they would join a revolution with fervor. They feel their individual freedom keenly; and yet in France it is, so far at least, only a theory, for there is not — perhaps there will never be — such a thing as social equality here.

And because French servants belong to a class that has always served, those of today still do, and admirably. It is a French characteristic to work well, and no French servants, once they know the duties required in any position, would be content to perform those duties less than very thoroughly. Even though tomorrow's revolution may make them the enemies of those they serve, still they must do their best today. It is in the nation's blood, and I do not doubt at all that, given a social upheaval every generation, the next would still produce its faithful, painstaking, interested servants.

From this analysis it is by no means to be concluded that French servants are perfect. They are human, and their very thoroughness may become, at times, a most exasperating fault. A French servant will almost never permit you to change your mind. If you are so rash as to issue an order capable of being interpreted into a fixed rule, then the consequences be upon your own head! They will do for you their utmost, according to their lights, — French ones, be it always

understood. But if, by chance, you have a few absurd foreign preferences, it will be as much as your life is worth to try to have them receive any consideration whatever. For example, the French idea of a soft-boiled egg is literal, and the white must, to meet their tastes, be not even set. In eating it, they always cut off the top of the shell and suck out enough of the white to allow what is left to be mixed thoroughly in the shell with a spoon. Suppose you, a stranger, do not immediately take to this French method of eating a soft-boiled egg, and suppose you demand your egg with the white cooked. Will you get it still soft-boiled? *Jamais de la vie!* It will come to you henceforth quite hard, and no mild criticism, severe sarcasm, even scolding, will change the procedure. It is the French way, or none. You are only another victim of the *System* at which the French satirists hurl their shafts, and the *System* spreads its hard and fast rules over all France, from the peasant's cottage to the seat of the government itself. It is a fine and far-reaching revenge that the fallen monarchy reaps in thus superimposing its century-old traditions on an upstart republic. In France, anything which has been done must be done, and any custom, no matter how absurd, is right, because it is a custom. French housewives have no doubt a very different opinion of the capabilities of their *domestiques* than would any stranger within their gates, but, then, they too are living up to French traditions, and perhaps their conceptions of these inherited ideals are even more rigid, more exacting, than those of the servants. They have a way of saying, when they complain of their helpers, as they do, like every other

mistress of a household the world over: "Our servants are nothing but machines." And, in truth, a French servant does lack initiative. What they do for you, they do with a commendable thoroughness, but you must never expect them to do for you anything they have never heard of, and, moreover, something which, being a foreign custom, must of necessity be only "foolishness."

French servants are loyal, as a rule, no matter what their opinion of you may be, and they will exhaust their ingenuity trying to beguile you, trick you, argue you into adopting the only sensible way of doing things, — namely the French way, and this not alone because it is the way they know best, but because they believe it will be for your good.

The subterfuges they will resort to, in order to keep you from having all the fresh air you are used to, are quite worthy of the national imagination. There is a French superstition that night air is not good to breathe, hence it is carefully excluded by means of heavy curtains. It is believed to produce some malady of the eyes, — of all unlikely effects, — and of course if you catch cold, it is because you have left your window open. And, besides, to open your windows after the winter fires are lighted is a shocking waste of hot air, which costs no small sum in France, and is correspondingly prized. Another cause of winter colds is a too lavish use of water of a morning on your person. Any French servant will tell you that. And they have such a blandly convincing way of overriding your arguments, such a patronizing fashion of treating you as quite devoid of ordinary common sense, that you have baffling moments of feeling yourself their intellectual inferiors, and you wonder if, maybe after all, you have not been laboring all along under some false ideas of living. This, until you go off by yourself to think it over,

then you are irritated for a space but, luckily, amused. And so the struggle goes on.

To compensate for the inelasticity of their serving code, there is nothing within the scope of their understanding that French servants will not do for you. They consider no service beneath them, which is comforting, after the unwilling compromises of serving conditions at home. Your French servants will bully you, lecture you, even deceive you, to avoid doing for you the unnecessary and silly services which your benighted, foreign ignorance would demand of them. But once you are willing to accept their notion of what you ought to want done, they will serve you "to the last ditch." They will even lend you money from their cherished savings, if you happen to need it, — and that is the supreme test of friendliness in France.

Furthermore, French servants "know their place," to use a homely American phrase. They never presume, never abuse your kindness to them. Your *valet de chambre* is the most impersonal being on earth. He will come into your room, light your fire, and bring you your breakfast of a morning, while you are still in bed, and you will never remember that these offices are seldom performed by men servants at home, so entirely self-effacing will he be. But, then, his wife is your cook, and you know the whole history of their humble ménage; how they are working early and late to the end that they may save money for the education of "*le petit*" off in Brittany with his grandparents. They have no time nor inclination for frivolities of any kind. They must see to it that the *petit* is provided for, while they have their strength. Perhaps they may be able to buy him a farm when he grows up, and his own yoke of oxen. Oh, they are ambitious enough, and, who knows? they may each have an arm-

chair beside the fireplace of the little one's house, when they are too old to work, and then they can watch the "*tous petits*" of their own "*petit*" grow up about them.

The hours of French servants are long, six in the morning to ten at night in most houses, later if there is any entertaining going on. Until very lately they were not entitled to any free time. If they had an occasional day off, it was because the people of their household were themselves going out. Now, however, they are reaping one of the benefits of their republicanism in the *repos hebdomadaire*, which is an enforcing of a law, making obligatory one whole day of rest in seven for every working person. Any servant may now demand this time, either as an entire day or in the two half-days which we give our servants in America each week. No doubt this is an excellent and much-needed reform, but there are still many French servants who will not take advantage of their right, because they do not wish to buy outside the meal which comes in their half-day.

French servants who live in a household are not expected to go out in the evening. They are on duty to answer the bells, to prepare the beds, to render any service required until ten, — later, of course, in the case of personal, or "body" servants, who must be about whenever they may be needed.

In modest families, in France, there is a cook and a *femme de chambre*. The cook attends to all the meals, and does the cleaning of the kitchen, the cellars and storerooms, and she also cares for the dining-room, with all its furnishings, including the silver. The *femme de chambre* is our "second maid," with much the same duties here, except that she blacks the boots. Also, if there are children and no *bonne* is specially engaged to look after them, she dresses them and undresses them, takes them to school and brings them

home again. It is she, also, who gives them their "*gouter*" or four-o'clock lunch.

When there is a nurse, she has entire charge of the children. She washes, irons and mends their clothes, sees to their personal cleanliness, — not always thoroughly, according to our standards, it must be admitted. She is almost always their sworn and bosom friend, for all the French of every class adore children.

In households which can afford a *valet de chambre*, the work is further subdivided, and the valet has about a footman's duties. He is besides a generally handy man. In the event of a married couple being employed in a small household, the valet will do the chamber work, as well as the salon and dining-room service, in which case he takes the place of a *femme de chambre*. I hardly think there exists in America any manservants, other than a negro, who would not consider himself distinctly lowered by doing the things a French manservant will look upon quite as a matter of course. He will black your boots, fill the lamps, sweep your rooms, attend to your outside commissions, brush the mud off your skirts. Anything which he considers within his field of service he will do, and he will always maintain his dignity no matter how menial his task.

A French cook receives as wages from fifty francs to one hundred a month, according to her record and experience. If she is a *Cordon Bleu*, *i.e.*, if she is from a cooking school, she will demand one hundred francs, and in that event she is generally well worth her price. The *femme de chambre* seldom gets more than sixty francs a month. A man and wife may get from one hundred to one hundred and fifty between them. A *bonne* gets fifty, and a *nourrice* or wet nurse — an almost universal institution in France — is paid the same wages. The "*nou-nou*,"

(Continued on page xviii)

THE
BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

PUBLISHED TEN TIMES A YEAR

Publication Office:

372 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10c
FOREIGN POSTAGE; TO CANADA, 20c PER YEAR
TO OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 40c PER YEAR

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The date stamped on the wrapper is the date on which your subscription expires; it is, also, an acknowledgment that a subscription, or a renewal of the same, has been received.

Please renew on receipt of the colored blank enclosed for this purpose.

In sending notice to renew a subscription or change an address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*.

In referring to an original entry, we must know the name as it was formerly given, together with the Post-office, County, State, Post-office Box, or Street Number.

Entered at Boston Post-office as second-class matter

"The generous policy pursued by our government in offering homesteads to all who would take them and live upon them was justified by the needs of the people and the vast amount of undeveloped wealth which awaited the coming of settlers. We gave away our public land with all their hidden wealth, because they were then unproductive and it was a national advantage to have them occupied. We were cruel to the Indians and foolish in our treatment of the buffalo, but these things are past and we have now come to a new epoch. The question now arises concerning the conservation, for the benefit of all the people, of our forests, mines, water power, and the advantages of irrigation. The wealth to be developed is incalculable and should now be held for the benefit of the whole nation."

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE is the leading culinary authority in America. Hygienic diet in relation to wholesome, sanitary living is its main topic. It aims to do but one thing, and to do that well.

This magazine was the first to print half-tone illustrations of prepared dishes; and in this line it has done more and better work than any other periodical at home or abroad.

The entire contents of the magazine are original, eminently practical and thoroughly reliable in character.

For fourteen years the magazine has been making steady progress as an authority in food and cookery second to none other. Among its list of subscribers are appreciative readers of fourteen years' standing.

The supreme importance of diet in modern life is no longer seriously called in question. This magazine stands for that which pertains to the fundamental and best interests of successful home life, that is, "to both individual good fortune and social welfare."

LOOKING AT LIFE IN THE LARGE

IN painting a portrait, a landscape, or any subject, the artist must first look at this in the large, that is to say, he must open his eyes to their fullest extent and take in, not merely one detail after another, but at once what is before him; he must take it in as a whole, must comprehend the sweep and greatness of it, or he can never make a success of his work. This is a point upon which the great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lectures to students lays especial emphasis. The artist, he insists, must fix his mind upon "the whole together," he must give steady attention "to the general effect." This demands the artist's whole mind, while an elaborate finish of details may be done with the thought elsewhere and has been called "the laborious effects of idleness."

As in painting, so it is elsewhere. All men who occupy themselves with this "attention to the whole" are kings of their craft, be their craft art, science or business.

Life is a picture which each man is painting for himself. To do it with success he must open wide his eyes and look at what is before him in the large, not at mere personal details, but at the life of the world as it struggles up to God; his own portrait against such a background gains a new dignity and power.

The physician who spoke of the loveliness of a summer dawn as compensation for his sleepless night at the bedside of a patient, and who delighted in the world awakening to a new day with all its possibilities of joy, feeling his own share in it, held the ministry and consolations of beauty in his life. The heavenly old divine, who when asked how he could endure his many trials with such patience, answered that when he looked about him he could always find some one worse off than himself, had a wide outlook into human life in the large and must have made himself a ministering figure in this.

Young people leave school and college with the secret conviction that, whatever may be said to the contrary, the world is small enough and they themselves are large enough to win a commanding place in it. A good part of life is gaining a sense of proportion and learning what winning costs. Life in the large teaches a man that winning has a broader range than he had at first imagined, that successes are along many different lines, and some are not worth the cost. A mental looking at life in the large takes in one's neighbor, and to do this rightly must take him in in the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson's quatrain:

"There's so much good about the worst of us,
And so much bad about the best of us,
That it behooves none of us
To talk about the rest of us."

A man in the picture of his own life must put his brother man in the proper perspective, with the same rights to help in trouble, to sympathy in sorrow, to rejoice in happiness that he himself has. He draws his own portrait with success or failure only according as he gives to his fellow-man this just perspective and proportion; no man can draw his own portrait without a background, however much he may try; he is placed in surroundings to make a good picture and he must see them in the large as belonging to him, or he may mar his work in the transcription. If in his life, in his bargains, he takes no heed to the rights of the other man, he makes his own portrait like the artist who, with no eye for his subject in the large and caring only for petty details, makes a failure — a failure in character, immediately felt if not recognized.

"Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss thy heaven."

Most of all is this the case when the man himself has wrought the neighbor's wrong. We may study Mars and all the planets as possible places of habitation; but we ourselves, for this life, at least, are shut up on the earth with one another, and everything we do to make the world better or worse inevitably returns to us in some manner. A man may think only of his pocket and scorn his character as of small account. Yet many a one would give his fortune to be rid of his disease; and some time — somewhere — spiritual disease will be no less appreciated.

But looking at life in the large gives breadth of vision and joy of heart. The many great and good things one cannot do one's self, he may see done by others and rejoice in them. In so far as the world is a better place to live in, he shares in the benefit. He knows of sorrow and sin and grieves over them. But he knows also of joy and heroism

and triumphs in them. Into the picture of his life he has painted the sky with its radiance, its depths of atmosphere, its heights of inspiration, and his wide-opened eyes take, in true proportions, what lies between it and himself. He may not have more money in his purse, but he has more wealth in his heart, and enjoys a share in all the good that is going, and in all the good that is coming. In his soul he echoes the song of Whittier:

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave and free."

— *Frances Campbell Sparhawk.*

"By all honorable means let us avoid a tariff war with our neighbors in Canada and those with whom we have dealings in other parts of the world. Without taking part in the contest concerning free trade and protection, which involves a moral question very difficult to disentangle, we need not hesitate to advocate a generous policy in our dealings with all other nations. They are belated theorists who hold that any one nation can prosper at the expense of all the rest. Universal good will is a commercial asset of the highest value. A good name in the market is not only better than riches, but it is the source of the wealth which breeds no envy."

— *Christian Register.*

CO-EDUCATION

Segregationward the tide of education in Eastern educational institutions takes its way. Two of the leading preparatory schools of the Middle States have just decided to give up co-education of boys and girls, and now Tufts follows Wesleyan in the same decision. It seems to be agreed, at Tufts at least, that there are reasons,

based on innate differences in point of view between men and women, which make it expedient that during the undergraduate stage there shall be separation. Tufts, therefore, like Harvard and Brown, is proposing the creation of a separate institution for its women students, which will open next fall.

— *The Herald.*

The God of the Open Air

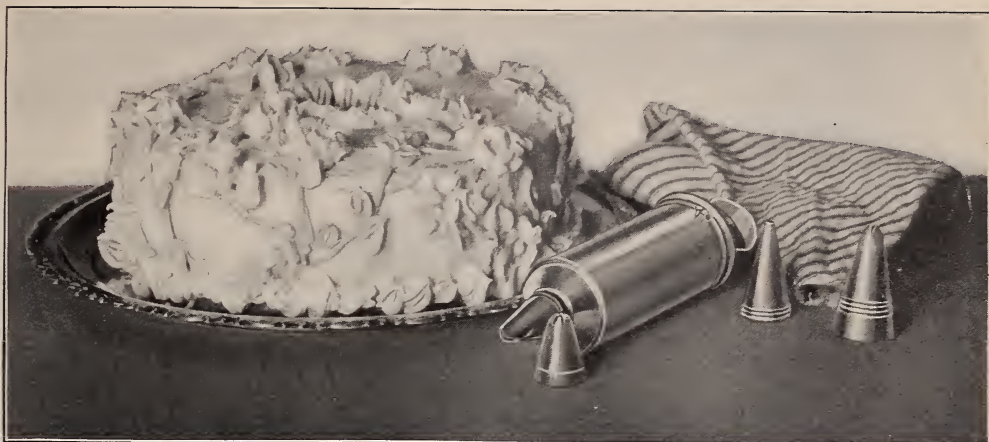
Thou who hast set Thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry
lights,
And set Thy altars everywhere, —
On mountain heights,
In woodland valleys dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And in the curving capes of every
stream,—
Thou who hast taken to Thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea
And on fair islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshipers to come to Thee
In Thy great out-of-doors, —
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air!

From the prison of anxious thoughts that
greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought, and
pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the
fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a
world of illusion
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and lan-
guishes there),
I would escape and be free in the joy of the
open air.

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owing them by love;
And, when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the water
clear,

Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright
and dear,
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And, while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land —
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to nature's
care,
My spirit out to Thee,
God of the open air.

— *Henry Van Dyke, in Century Magazine*



CAKE ORNAMENTED WITH BOILED FROSTING. APPLIANCES FOR PIPING FROSTING

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

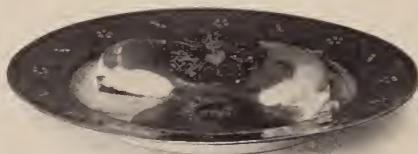
Purée of Turnips with Tapioca

FOR two quarts of soup a bunch of young turnips should be pared, cut in thin slices and boiled tender in water to cover. Drain the turnips and press them through a purée sieve. Add to two quarts of lamb or beef broth, freed of fat, and heat to the boiling point; sprinkle in one-third a cup of quick-cooking tapioca, and when again boiling let cook over boiling water nearly an hour. Season with about two teaspoonfuls of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika.

Soup for the Convalescent

Cut two pounds, each, of beef shank and neck, or shoulder of mutton in small pieces, cover with four quarts of cold water and let simmer, closely covered,

until the meat is in shreds. Remove the large bones; add a large carrot, scraped and cut in slices, three large onions, sliced, half a cup of rice, half a cup of sliced celery, if at hand (if not add a soup spoonful of celery extract or celery salt, just before taking from the fire), four or five parsley branches and a tablespoonful or more of salt. For a change use half a pint of tomatoes or half a pint of dry beans, soaked over night and parboiled. Cook nearly an



EGGS, WALDORF STYLE

hour after adding the vegetables; strain, pressing out all of the juice. When cold remove the fat, reheat, season as needed and it is ready for use.

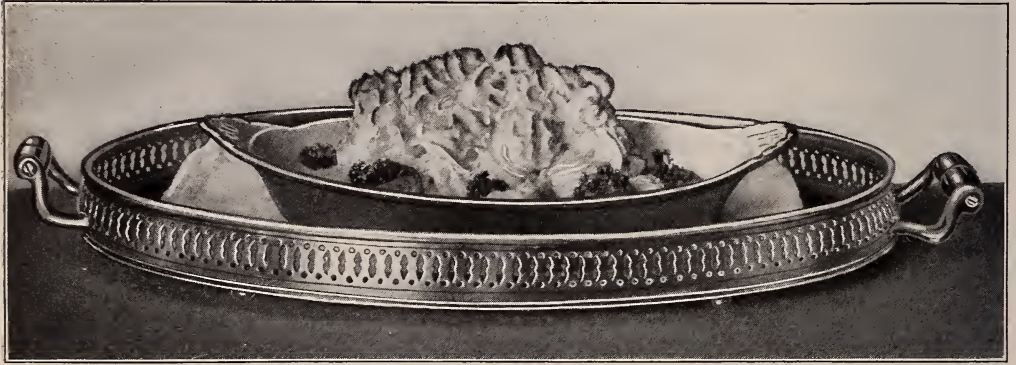
Eggs, Waldorf Style

Carefully poach two eggs; dispose these on two small slices of toast, set close together, and pour over them about half a cup of brown sauce. Garnish with three, cooked, fresh mushroom caps and serve at once. To prepare the caps, remove stems and peel, reserving these

and fried potato balls at the ends of the dish. Serve an extra supply of Béarnaise sauce in a bowl. The potato balls may be cooked first and kept hot while the fish is cooking.

Fried Potato Balls for Fish

Put the balls over the fire in boiling water and let boil about five minutes; drain, rinse in cold water and dry on a cloth, then immerse in hot fat and let cook until tender. It will take nearly fifteen minutes.



BAKED FILLETS OF FRESH FISH, MOUSSELINE STYLE

for some other dish. Simmer the caps in the brown sauce about ten minutes or until softened throughout.

Fillets of Halibut, St. Germain Style

Have two slices of halibut, from the tail of the fish, cut half an inch thick. Remove the skin and bone, thus securing eight fillets of the same shape and size. Sprinkle the fillets with a little lemon juice, salt and pepper, roll and run through each a wooden toothpick dipped in melted butter (that it may be removed with ease). Roll the turbans of halibut in sifted bread crumbs (center of a stale loaf) then in an egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and again in the soft crumbs. Fry in deep fat, four at a time. They should fry in four or five minutes. Dispose on a hot dish, each fillet or turban on a slice of lemon. Dispose a spoonful of thick Béarnaise sauce on each turban,

Béarnaise Sauce

On the back of the range cook two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped onion in three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, until the vinegar is reduced one-half or more; press the onion and liquid through a cloth, into a double boiler; add the yolks of three eggs, and about a tablespoonful of butter and stir constantly while adding the rest of half a cup of butter in small pieces; add, also, a little salt and paprika and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Serve as soon as the mixture thickens.

Baked Fillets of Fresh Fish, Mousseline Style

Fasten the ends of short fillets of fresh fish together with a buttered toothpick, to form short cylinders, season with salt and pepper, add mushroom liquor, if at hand, and let cook in

the oven about twelve minutes, basting three or four times with the liquid in the pan. Pipe duchesse potato in the center of an au-gratin dish and brush this with the beaten yolk of an egg diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk; set the fillets around the potato, pour over them a little melted butter and set into a hot oven, to brown the edges of the potato. With the fish broth in the baking pan and an equal measure of thin cream and flour and butter as required, make a sauce into which stir the rest of the egg yolk. Serve this sauce in a bowl. Put a spoonful of green mousseline sauce in each cylinder of fish and serve at once.

Green Mousseline Sauce

To the Béarnaise sauce, given above, add three tablespoonfuls of cooked spinach, drained and pressed through a fine sieve, and one-fourth a cup of heavy cream, beaten firm; let cook a little over hot water, stirring constantly. The spinach purée should be thick and the finished sauce light and fluffy.

Ham-and-Chicken, or Veal Sandwiches

Pound half a cup, each, of chopped ham and chicken, or veal; add two teaspoonfuls of celery salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, a teaspoonful of anchovy paste and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing, and mix all together thoroughly. Cut the crust from slices of stale bread, spread with butter lightly, then with the meat preparation. Have

ready some lettuce hearts, seasoned with French dressing; put one or more leaves on a slice of the prepared bread, cover the lettuce with a second slice of



FILLETS OF HALIBUT, ST. GERMAIN STYLE

the prepared bread, press together closely and serve at once.

Fish Salad, Sardine Dressing

Make mayonnaise dressing, using one raw yolk of egg, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar and three-fourths a cup of olive oil. When ready to serve the salad mix into the dressing the cooked yolks of three eggs pressed through a sieve and pounded with the flesh of three sardines (skinned, if needed, and wiped free from oil). Make a large nest of heart leaves of crisp, tender lettuce, rinsed in cold water and wiped dry. In this dispose about a pint of fresh, cooked white fish, flaked, chilled and mixed with a part of the dressing. Pour the rest of the dressing over the fish. Decorate with whole sardines, drained free of oil



FISH SALAD, SARDINE DECORATION

from the can, and lettuce hearts. In the half-tone cut to illustrate this dish the skin was not removed from the sardines used to ornament the dish. In actual practice the skin should be eliminated.

Onions, Stuffed with Veal, en Casserole

Bermuda onions are particularly good for this dish. Peel the onions, cover with boiling water and let cook half an hour; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Remove the centers from the onions, to leave regular shaped cases. For six onions chop

fifteen minutes longer; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little kitchen bouquet and serve from the casserole.

Creamed Chicken in Pastry Horns

Use puff or flaky (ordinary pastry into which butter has been rolled) pastry. Cut the paste, rolled into a sheet, into long strips half an inch wide, and roll them around lady-lock molds (tin or wood), taking care that each round of paste overlaps the one before it. Set on a baking sheet and bake in a quick oven. Slip from the molds and fill with cooked chicken, cut in cubes and made hot in cream or



CREAMED CHICKEN IN PASTRY HORNS

one slice of bacon and one pound of veal steak, freed from skin and unedible portions. Add half a teaspoonful of sweet basil or thyme, the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of soft, fine bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk; mix all together thoroughly and use to fill the open spaces in the onions. Set the onions in an earthen casserole, turn in half a cup of broth or boiling water with beef extract and let cook about two hours in a moderate oven. Baste three or four times with the liquid in the casserole, adding more if needed. At the last add a tablespoonful of flour, mixed with water to pour, and let cook

Bechamel sauce. Use a generous cup of chicken for a scant cup of sauce. That is, in making each cup of sauce use a scant cup of liquid (cream and chicken broth or rich milk alone) to each two tablespoonfuls of flour and butter. Fill the horns with the mixture and set a generous spoonful at the large opening of the horn. Sweetbreads, clams, lobster, shrimps, peas and asparagus in cream sauce may be used in place of the chicken mixture.

Asparagus Salad, Tartare Mousse-line Sauce

Dispose cold, cooked asparagus stalks, from which the tough portions have been cut, on nests of well-crisped let-

tuce hearts; put a spoonful of tartare mousseline sauce above the asparagus in each nest and serve at once. The lettuce, asparagus and sauce should all be well chilled before serving.

Tartare Mousseline Sauce

To a cup of mayonnaise dressing add two tablespoonfuls, each, of fine-chopped capers, olives and gherkins, half a chilli pepper, fine-chopped, and, just before serving, half a cup of double cream, beaten solid, and salt as needed.

Wellesley Toast

(Miss Coomb's Tea Room)

Cut fresh-baked bread in slices, toast a golden brown, then spread with butter and dredge liberally with cinnamon and sugar. Serve at once with chocolate or tea.

Rhubarb-and-Orange Marmalade

Take six oranges, two lemons and two pounds of rhubarb. Wash and wipe the oranges and lemons, cut each in lengthwise quarters, and the quarters in exceedingly thin slices, discarding the seeds. Weigh the prepared fruit and to each pound add three pints of cold water. Set aside for twenty-four hours. Let simmer until the rind is very tender, it will take five or six hours, then set aside until the next day. If the rhubarb be young and tender, the skin may be retained, otherwise remove it. Cut the stalks in half-inch pieces, add to the prepared orange and lemon and get the weight of the whole.

Let the whole heat to the boiling point, simmer five minutes, then add a pound of sugar for each pound of



ONIONS STUFFED WITH VEAL

mixture. Let cook until it thickens slightly on a cold dish, then store in glasses as jelly is stored. The marmalade will stiffen, on cooling, and care must be taken that it be not overcooked.

Fig or Date Layer Cake

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter, and beat the yolks of two eggs until light colored and thick, then beat half a cup of sugar into the butter and half a cup of sugar into the yolks, and then beat the two together. Add, alternately, half a cup of milk and one cup and a half of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda and a slightly-rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Lastly, add the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Bake in two layers. Put the layers together with half a pound of chopped figs or dates, cooked smooth in two or three tablespoonfuls of water. Cover the top with cream frosting.



ASPARAGUS SALAD, TARTARE MOUSSELINE SAUCE

Cream Frosting

Scald a scant fourth a cup of cream, and stir into it sifted confectioners' sugar, to make a frosting that will spread without running off. It will take nearly three cups of sugar.

Cottage Pudding with Strawberries

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, one well-beaten egg, and, alternately, half a cup of milk and one cup and three-fourths of flour, sifted with two slightly-rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a shallow pan about half an hour. Cut in squares and serve with a basket of strawberries,

washed and drained, then crushed with a cup and a half of granulated or two generous cups of powdered sugar. Cream may also be served, if desired.

Cream Sponge Cake

Beat the yolks of four eggs until light colored and thick, the whites until dry. Beat into the yolks the grated rind of an orange or lemon and one cup of granulated sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Sift together one level cup of flour, less one tablespoonful; one teaspoonful and a half (measured level) of cornstarch, and a slightly-rounding teaspoonful of baking powder; cut and fold this mixture into the yolk mixture. Fold in the whites of eggs. Bake about fifty minutes in a sponge-cake pan.

Fig or Date Cookies

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar, then one egg, beaten light, one-third a cup of sweet milk and two or more cups of flour, sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Enough flour should be used to make a dough that can be handled and will not spread too much in baking. Cook half a pound of stoned dates or half a pound of bag or pressed figs till soft; chop fine, return to the dish with the liquid or boiling water and let cook to a paste, not too thick, then cool. Take a little of the dough on a floured board, roll to a thin sheet and cut in any shape desired. Set one-half the shapes in a buttered baking pan and spread with the fruit mixture nearly to the edge of the dough; set a second shape above the first, brush over with white of egg, if convenient, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a rather quick oven.

Ice Cream Cake (Mrs. English)

Beat one cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in three cups of sugar. Sift together, three times, four



NEW APPLIANCE FOR WHIPPING CREAM
Courtesy of F. A. Walker Co.

cups of sifted pastry flour and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one cup of milk to the butter and sugar, alternately, with the

taken, and blanched almonds, split in halves, alternately, upon the frosting on the top and sides. In making half of the cake make only half of the frosting.



ICE CREAM CAKE, RAISIN AND ALMOND DECORATION

flour mixture; lastly, beat in the whites of one dozen eggs, beaten dry. Bake in layers and put together with a boiled frosting. One half the recipe may be baked in two layer-cake pans, about 11 by 7 inches. The full recipe makes a very large cake. The cake is of very delicate texture.

Frosting for Ice Cream Cake

Boil three cups of sugar and one cup of water — as in making fondant — to 240° Fahr. by the sugar thermometer. Without a thermometer, boil till, when tested in the usual manner, a long thread will form. Pour upon the whites of six eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Use as filling and frosting for the cake. Set large, juicy raisins, from which the seeds have been

Biscuit Tortoni

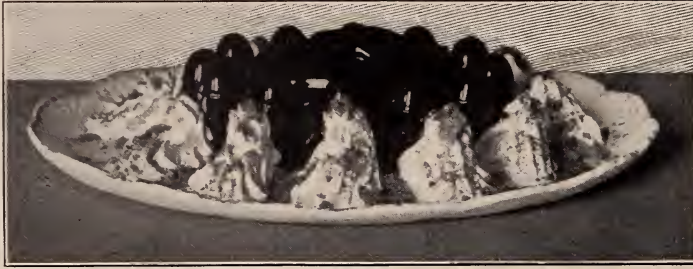
Beat the yolks of three eggs until light colored and thick. Cook one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water to 238 degrees Fahr., or until the syrup will spin a thread two inches in length. Turn the syrup slowly upon the beaten yolks, beating constantly meanwhile; return the whole



BISCUIT TORTONI. THREE PINT MOLD OR CAN OF FREEZER FOR PACKING THE FILLED CASES

to the saucepan in which the sugar was cooked and beat and cook over boiling water until smooth and thick; then beat occasionally while cooling.

blanched almonds, chopped and browned in the oven. For a larger number of ices use a lard pail or the can of a freezer.



CARAMEL COFFEE JELLY

Beat three-fourths a cup of double cream until firm throughout; add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat or fold in the egg mixture. Dispose this spongy mixture in six or seven paper cases, filling them evenly with the top of the cases. Set them, in two layers, in a three-pint brick-mold with a paper between the layers, cover with paper, press the cover in place and pack in equal measures of rock-salt and crushed ice. Let stand about three hours. When frozen repack, using large pieces of ice and little or no salt. Before serving sprinkle the top of each biscuit with macaroon crumbs or

Caramel Coffee Jelly (Miss Wilbur)

Soak half a package of granulated gelatine in half a cup of cold water. Cook three-fourths a cup of sugar to caramel, add one cup of boiling water and let simmer until the caramel is dissolved, then pour over the softened gelatine; add, also, one cup of strong black coffee, half a cup of water and half a cup of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then turn into a mold. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Boiled custard made of a pint of milk, three egg-yolks and one-third a cup of sugar may replace the cream.



LARGE EARTHEN MIXING BOWL COVERED WITH TISSUE-PAPER PETALS TO BE USED AS PUNCH BOWL

Menus for One Week in May

Household employments are still generally considered occupations that anyone can "pick up," but the hygienic results of "instinctive cookery," and "picked up" knowledge are often seen in ill health and a derangement of household affairs erroneously contributed to other causes.

—SALMON.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Picked or Sliced Pineapple Boiled Rice, Thin Cream Poached Eggs, Waldorf Style. Radishes Corn Meal Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Clam Broth Tenderloin Cutlets, Tomato Sauce Bermuda Onions, Buttered Lettuce, French Dressing Individual Strawberry Shortcakes Half Cups of Coffee</p> <p>Supper Scrambled Eggs on Anchovy Toast Olives. Marguerites. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Cresco Grits, Thin Cream Broiled Calf's Liver with Bacon White Hashed Potatoes Glazed Currant Buns Grape-fruit Marmalade. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Canned Salmon Croquettes, Philadelphia Relish. Yeast Biscuit Pineapple Sherbet Cream Sponge Cake. Coffee</p> <p>Dinner Fowl en Casserole Lettuce, French Dressing. Cream Cheese Baked Rhubarb. Cream Sponge Cake Half Cups of Coffee</p>	WEDNESDAY	
	<p>Breakfast (Fresh or Salt) Broiled Spanish Mackerel, Maitre d'Hotel Butter French Fried Potatoes. Fried Rice Parker House Rolls. Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Kornlet Chowder Egg-Salad-Sandwiches Caramel-Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream</p> <p>Dinner Purée of Young Turnips with Tapioca Broiled Flank Steak Scalloped Potatoes Spinach en Branches Prune Whip, Boiled Custard Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Dried Beef in Cream Sauce French Fried Potatoes Doughnuts. Orange-and-Rhubarb Marmalade. Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Chicken Soufflé, Brown Sauce New Beets, Buttered. Bread and Butter Pineapple-and-Tapioca Sponge. Tea</p> <p>Dinner Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin Creamed Cabbage Boiled Custard with Meringue Fig or Date Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee</p>		THURSDAY
TUESDAY	<p>Breakfast Boiled Rice, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream French Omelet with Asparagus Tips Spider Corn Cake. Zwiebach Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Luncheon Head Cheese Potato Salad Graham Bread and Butter Rhubarb Pie. Tea</p> <p>Dinner Cream-of-Asparagus Soup Bermuda Onions Stuffed with Veal Cold Spinach, Sauce Tartare Pineapple Fanchonnettes (little pies) Half Cups of Coffee</p>	<p>Breakfast Corned Beef Hash with Eggs Cooked Soft in Shell Fried Mush, Maple Syrup Coffee</p> <p>Luncheon Dried Lima Beans-and-Kornlet Succotash Wellesley Toast Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Filets of Halibut, St. Germain Style Cucumbers, French Dressing Canned Stringless Beans, Buttered Lemon Pie Half Cups of Coffee</p>	FRIDAY	
	SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Salt Codfish Cakes, Bacon Radishes Rice Griddle Cakes, Caramel Syrup Coffee</p>		<p>Luncheon Purée of Turnips with Tapioca Mayonnaise of Lettuce and Head Cheese Lady Finger Rolls (yeast) Chocolate Eclairs Tea</p>

Menus with Noon Dinner for Children and Hot Dish for Man's Supper

It seems not unreasonable to consider marriage on its practical side as a business partnership to which the woman as well as the man is to contribute; but if she (the woman) brings no knowledge of household affairs, and no equivalent for it, the partnership on its business side is unfair.—SALMON.

SUNDAY	<p>Breakfast Barley Crystals, Thin Cream Poached Eggs on Toast Cold Muffins, Toasted Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Broiled Hamburg Steak, Baked Potatoes Creamed Macaroni Lettuce, French Dressing Strawberries, Sugar Bread and Butter. Tea</p> <p>Supper Cream Toast Head Cheese, Sliced Thin Lettuce, French Dressing Stewed Prunes. Fig Cookies. Tea</p>	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Fresh Fish Cakes, Bacon Baking Powder Biscuit Rhubarb Stewed with Raisins Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons Hot Broiled Ham, Spinach à la Crème Scalloped Potatoes Raspberry Tarts (Raspberry Preserves) Cream Cheese</p> <p>Supper Egg Timbales, Bread Sauce Graham Bread, Toasted Dried Peaches, Stewed, Cream Tea. Cocoa</p>	WEDNESDAY	
	<p>Breakfast . Cooked Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon Creamed Potato Cubes Wellesley Toast Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Neck of Lamb en Casserole, French Style New Beets Stuffed with Cabbage Salad Rice Pudding with Raisins, Vanilla Sauce</p> <p>Supper Scrambled Eggs Buttered Toast Strawberries. Sponge Cake Tea. Cocoa</p>	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Sweetbreads, Sautéd, Tomato Sauce Yeast Rolls Rhubarb-and-Orange Marmalade Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Clam or Fresh Fish Chowder. Crackers Asparagus on Toast, Drawn Butter Sauce Grape-Juice Bavarirose Cream Sponge Cake</p> <p>Supper Veal Broth with Tapioca Lettuce-and-Chopped Ham Sandwiches, Salad Style Strawberries. Cake. Tea. Cocoa</p>		THURSDAY
TUESDAY	<p>Breakfast Hot Cereal, Ripe Bananas Sliced, Thin Cream Mildly-Salted Corned Beef, Sliced Thin, Mustard. Radishes. Baked Potatoes Graham Muffins (baking powder) Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Kornlet Soup Fresh Fish, Boiled, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Pickles Stringless Beans Rhubarb Jelly, Boiled Custard</p> <p>Supper Corned-Beef-and-Potato Hash, Horse- radish. Buttered Toast. Strawberries Marguerites. Tea. Cocoa</p>	<p>Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham White Hashed Potatoes en Cocotte Doughnuts or Fried Mush Marmalade or Maple Syrup Coffee. Cocoa</p> <p>Dinner Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce French Fried Potatoes. Asparagus Cooked as Peas. Cream Puffs</p> <p>Supper Hot Rice (cooked with tomato, cheese peppers and bacon). Lettuce, French Dressing. Bread and Butter Pineapple. Gingerbread. Tea. Cocoa</p>	FRIDAY	
	SATURDAY	<p>Breakfast Dried Peaches Cereal, Thin Cream Asparagus Omelet Baking Powder Muffins Coffee. Cocoa</p>		<p>Dinner Leg of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Sauce Banana Fritters, Jelly Sauce Mashed Potatoes New Turnips, Buttered Bread Pudding Strawberry Preserves Meringue</p>

May Luncheons

Color: Pink. Flowers: Sweet Peas and Mignonette.

Strawberry Cocktails
Mock Bisque Soup
Bread Sticks
Shrimps and Peas in Swedish Cases,
Newburg Style
Broiled Lamb Chops, Maître d'Hôtel
French Fried Potatoes
Radish-and-Lettuce Salad
Sultana Roll, Claret or Strawberry Sauce
Coffee
Pink and White Mints

Colors: Yellow and White

Flowers: Daisies

Salpicon of Pineapple and Orange in Orange
Cups (Daisy Fashion)
Beauregard Eggs
Olives. Salted Nuts
Fried Sweetbreads (egged and crumbed)
with Fresh Mushrooms in Cream
Rolls
Cream Cheese Balls. Toasted Crackers
Lettuce
Biscuit Tortoni
Cream Sponge Cake
Candied Grape-fruit Peel
Coffee

Colors: Green and White

Flowers: White Lilacs and Foliage

Cream-of-Spinach, Bread Sticks
Truffled Fish Mousse, Bechamel Sauce
Cucumbers, French Dressing with Chives
Sweetbreads, Breaded and Fried
Green Peas
Asparagus-Cream Glacé
Toasted Crackers
Lemon Sherbet in Tall Glasses,
Chopped Pistachio Decoration
Macarons
White Lady Fingers
Candied Mint Leaves
Coffee

Dresden Style. Flowers: Pink and Blue Forget-

Me-Nots with Maidenhair Ferns

Salpicon of Fruit in Glass Cups
(Pineapple, Bananas, Strawberries, Canned
Peaches, etc.)
Clam Bouillon with Whipped Cream
Radishes. Salted Nuts
Salmon Croquettes Peas
Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups
Larded Veal Cutlets en Casserole
Lettuce, French Dressing
Pineapple Bavarioise, Pompadour
Coffee

Flowers: Fleur-de-Lis

Cream-of-Asparagus Soup
Cold Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin
Lettuce-and-Grape-fruit Salad
French Dressing
Strawberry Ice Cream
Angel Cake
Coffee

Helps in Planning Daily Menus for a Family

(Large or Small)

By Janet M. Hill

"All food acts as fuel, yielding energy, in the form of heat and muscular power."

Foods Listed According to their Chief Function in the Body

IN the diet of adults the proportions of foods (1) and (2) should be as 1:5; in children as 1:4.3.

(1) *Tissue Building and Repairing Foods* (Proteids)

Milk
Cheese
Eggs
Fish of all kinds
Lean Meat
Poultry and Game
Dried Beans
Dried Peas
Lentils
Nuts (except chestnuts)
Grains

Illustrations of Tissue Building and Repairing Foods in Combination

Macaroni, especially if cooked with cheese and milk
Bread and Rolls, especially if made with milk
Creamed Dishes of Vegetables, as Creamed Cabbage, Cauliflower and Onions
Bread Pudding: milk, eggs, bread, sugar

(2) *Foods Supplying Muscular Energy and Heat* (Carbohydrates and Fats)

(These if eaten in excess are stored in the body as fat)
Vegetables growing underground (potatoes, beets, artichokes)
Green Peas and Beans
Squash
Asparagus
Green Corn
Bread of all kinds
Rice
Chestnuts
Preparations from Grains, either "cereals" or flour or meal
Bacon
Lard
Olive oil
Cream
Butter
Bananas
Dates
Figs
Raisins

Grapes
Honey
Sugar in all forms

(3) *Foods Useful as Flavorers and Appetizers*

Plain Meat or Fish Broths
Green Vegetables (lettuce, cucumbers, spinach, celery, tomatoes, radishes, green corn, asparagus)
Grape-fruit
Oranges
Apples
Pineapples
Prunes
Strawberries

(4) *Foods that give Bulk* Turnips, Carrots, Parsnips

Foods Listed in the Order of their Digestibility

Oysters
Toast
Soft-cooked Eggs
Sweetbreads
Bread, Cereals, Milk Pudding
Whitefish, boiled or broiled
Chicken, boiled or broiled
Roast Beef or Steak, lean
Eggs, scrambled or in omelet
Mutton, roasted or broiled
Squab, Partridge, Bacon
Roast Chicken, Turkey
Tripe, Brains, Liver
Roast Lamb
Chops, mutton or lamb
Corned Beef
Veal
Ham
Duck, Venison
Rabbit
Salmon, Mackerel
Herring
Roast Goose
Lobster, Crabs
Smoked Fish

The above foods are listed according to the function they are best adapted to fill in the economy of the system. At the same time it should be remembered that any food substance is complex in its composition and contains compounds, often in generous measure, other than those on account of which it is classed.

Our Menus and Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

AS quite a large number of subscribers have asked for an article that will give more definite ideas concerning articles of food that may be used in place of meat dishes, the recipes and illustrations in the next — the June-July — issue of this magazine will be largely for meat substitutes. At this time let these subscribers make a careful study of page 484. Under tissue building and repairing foods, "lean meat," "poultry and game" are but two of the items mentioned. All the other items in this list can be drawn upon to serve as meat substitutes.

As an addition to the recipes for the cheaper cuts of meat given in the April magazine we call attention to the two following recipes contributed by C. D. W. of Iowa:

Swiss Steak

"Select a slice of round steak cut about two inches thick. Into the steak pound as much flour as it will hold on both sides. It takes at least a cup of flour. Then brown well in hot bacon or salt pork fat on both sides, then cover with hot water and let stew about one and a half or two hours. Cut a number of onions fine and add these, also parsley, salt and pepper. Add more water as needed, and if necessary thicken the gravy a little when ready to serve. This has been very popular in my catering, especially for men's clubs and banquets. There is no waste on it and one big steak will serve ten or twelve." Served with mushroom sauce it tasted like fillet of beef.

Flank Steak

"The dealer will cut the surface of the meat crosswise in two directions; pound it if desired, cook brown on both sides in hot fat, then lay out flat in a large

agate pan, cover with plenty of sliced onions, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the whole a can of well-seasoned tomatoes. Let cook one hour and a half in a very moderate oven."

The recipe for "soup for a convalescent" was frequently given to patients, some fifteen or twenty years ago, by a Philadelphia specialist of nervous disorders. Men and women suffering from nervous prostration and exhaustion were advised to take a coffee-cup of this soup before retiring and another before rising in the morning. The doctor usually added the injunction, "on no account omit the onion." Onions were especially commended — by this physician — to all people with overworked brains and nerves, unless there was plain evidence that they positively disagreed with the individual. The old adage, "eat onions in May, and all the year after physicians shall play," is in line with the injunction of the Philadelphia doctor. Often people whose stomachs are not very tolerant of onions find that one small onion, carefully boiled, will create no disturbance, but, if a second be eaten, the stomach will rebel. A boiled onion in cream sauce, or better still cream, will often be found very much less objectionable than the same eaten without this addition.

Through the courtesy of the Dennison Manufacturing Company we are enabled to show quite a novel punch bowl. The bowl itself may be a new tin dishpan or a large earthen mixing bowl. Large petals are cut from pink tissue paper; half a dozen or more may be cut at one time. By folding these through the middle lengthwise, the center of each petal may be creased in half-inch pleats or folds; these folds are loosened and folded back, then the

base of the petals is spread with glue and pressed, in regular order, upon the inverted receptacle. A calyx of green tissue paper completes the bowl. When neatly done, fifteen minutes' work will produce a punch bowl suitable for almost any occasion.

At the head of the recipes a cake piped with boiled frosting is shown. To make the frosting cook two cups of sugar and half a cup of water to 240° Fahr., or until, when all the syrup has run from a spoon thrust into it, a thread at least three inches in length will spin from the end of the spoon. Pour the syrup, in a fine stream, upon the whites of four eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Return the syrup and egg mixture to the saucepan and to the fire. Use an asbestos mat or a saucepan of boiling water. Beat the mixture with a spoon until it begins to

sugar a little next the pan and the egg seems "set." Beat occasionally until cold. For piping use what is called the leaf tube for flowers and leaves, and a tube with a small round opening for stems. There are several appliances to which tubes of various patterns may be attached at pleasure, but there is probably no one of them, taking all things into consideration, that is as satisfactory as the common duck or ticking bag, into which the desired shape of tube is inserted before the frosting is turned into the bag. This frosting must be cooked long enough to "hold its shape." Each line of the tube must be clear and distinct; if the lines run together, longer cooking on the asbestos mat or in boiling water is the remedy. The frosting must be beaten while over the fire.

Hail to the Queen!

By M. C. N.

You, who in May have bathed in bliss,
And sighed to keep her ever near,
Come honor her, with grateful song,
And crown her queen of all the year.

Oh you, who love the breath of spring,
The violet by the shady way,
The sweet-briar on the sunny hill,
Come out, and sing your praise of May!

Come out and hail the queen of queens
And dance for her your gayest measure,
For o'er the wide, warm fields of earth
She spreads for you her richest treasure.

Oh sing, sweet bird! Unfold, dear rose,
For heaven has kissed the earth today;
And you, God's child, give praise and thanks
That He has sent the lovely May.

Lessons in Elementary Cooking

By Mary Chandler Jones

Teacher of Cookery in the Public Schools of Brookline, Mass.

LESSON III

STARCHES and sugars, as we have seen, form together a group that we call the carbohydrates. Let us study, for a little, the former and see where it is found, what properties it possesses and how it behaves under different conditions.

Starch is found almost entirely in the vegetable kingdom. The plant stores up starch for its own use or for the nourishment of the new plant, and we, "like vandals," break into the storehouse and carry away the treasure. In many plants this storehouse is the seed, where the baby plant lies surrounded with the food for its future growth. (What are some examples of this?) In the potato we find the starch stored in a thickened underground stem.

We will use cornstarch as our type to find out the properties of starch and to observe its behavior under different conditions. (From what is cornstarch made? Examine a grain of corn. Some corn may be popped, if it is convenient.) We see that cornstarch is a fine white powder, as smooth as satin to the touch and with no taste. It may, however, be felt as a rough powder on the tongue. It is important to notice this, as its presence is our surest test of uncooked starch. Let us try some simple experiments with cornstarch.

EXPERIMENT I. Put a teaspoonful of dry cornstarch in a tumbler of cold water and stir thoroughly. Then let the tumbler stand undisturbed and notice how the starch settles. (How does cold starch behave in the laundry?) When the water is entirely clear, pour

it off very carefully and allow the starch at the bottom of the glass to dry. When it is perfectly free from moisture, crumble it and notice that it has not been affected by mixing it with cold water.

EXPERIMENT II. Mix a teaspoonful of dry cornstarch with boiling water and notice the lumpy consistency of the paste. Break open the small lumps and observe the dry starch within. A piece of laundry starch, with a little boiling water poured over it, shows very plainly the fact that the action of the boiling water does not penetrate to the center of the mass.

EXPERIMENT III. Mix a teaspoonful of dry cornstarch with two of cold water and then add one-half a cup of hot water, but do not let the mixture boil. Let it stand and notice that slowly the uncooked starch will settle, while there will, also, be portions of more or less cooked starch which remain partly dissolved.

EXPERIMENT IV. Mix one teaspoonful of dry cornstarch with two teaspoonfuls of cold water, then add one-half a cup of boiling water and let the mixture boil. Set this aside to cool, and notice that it stiffens into a smooth, semi-translucent, jelly-like mass. Let it stand some time and observe whether any white, uncooked starch settles to the bottom of the dish. Compare, again, with the appearance and behavior of cooked starch in the laundry.

If a little tincture of iodine can be obtained, it is very interesting to show the iodine test for starch. Dilute a few drops of iodine, in a test-tube, with cold water, and put a drop on several

substances, such as flour, cornstarch, bread, cracker, cereal, rice and potato. Try also sugar, salt, baking soda and cream of tartar. If a starch solution be tested with iodine, observe that, on heating, the blue color disappears only to reappear when the solution is cooled again.

We have now seen that starch is not affected by cold water, that it forms a rough paste with boiling water, that it is partially dissolved when boiled after it has been mixed into a smooth paste with cold water, and that it stiffens to a jelly on cooling.

Let us apply these principles in the preparation of a

Cornstarch Mold

1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups of scalded milk	of	$\frac{1}{8}$ a teaspoonful of salt
3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch		$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of cold milk
3 tablespoonfuls of sugar		$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix together the cornstarch, sugar, salt and cold milk. Add the scalded milk and let boil about two minutes with constant stirring. Then put into a double boiler and let cook over boiling water until the taste of raw starch is entirely gone. Remove from the heat, add the vanilla and strain into cold, wet molds. Cool and serve with milk and sugar.

(Let the pupils give reasons for each of these steps. Perhaps, from the experiments, they may be able to reason out the method of combining the dish before the actual recipe is given to them.)

Another common form of starch, which we shall often use in our cooking, is flour. (From what plant is flour made? What part of the plant is used?) If possible, examine a grain of wheat. Flour contains, beside starch, other food principles, so that it is a less pure form of starch than that which we used for our experiments.

(What name would be given to the starch of flour?) We must use a larger

proportion of flour than of cornstarch for thickening, and cornstarch requires longer cooking to free it from the raw taste.

White Sauce

2	tablespoonfuls of		1 cup of milk
	butter		$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of
2	tablespoonfuls of		salt
	flour		A speck of pepper

Melt the butter with great care not to brown it. Mix together the dry ingredients and stir them into the butter, to make a perfectly smooth paste. Add the milk by thirds, each time letting the sauce boil and thicken before adding more milk. Stir constantly, to prevent the sauce from burning and to keep it smooth. Cook until all taste of raw starch has gone. Strain and serve with toast, or as a sauce for vegetables or fish. (When served with toast, omit the pepper.)

PRECAUTIONS

1. Do not melt the butter over a direct flame. Watch the butter constantly while it is melting. (Can *white* sauce be made from *brown* butter?)

2. It is always safer to strain a sauce, to remove any possible lumps, though, if the sauce be carefully made, there will be no necessity for this.

(What is the reason for adding the flour to the melted butter? Why *boil* the sauce? Why do we not add the dry flour directly to the scalded milk? If the sauce were too thin, could it be thickened by stirring into it more dry flour? Explain why not.)

Another method of making white sauce is to moisten the dry flour with cold milk enough to make a paste, add the scalded milk gradually and, after the sauce is made, last of all the butter. In this way the butter is cooked less and is more separate from the starch, which makes the sauce more digestible. It is less easy to prepare by this method.

For making white sauce we may use either flour or cornstarch, as the thickening, and different liquids in place of

milk. It may be flavored and sweetened or seasoned in many ways and used as the foundation for various sauces. Thickening for cream soups is also made on the principle of the white sauce. Let the pupils make a table of the kinds of fat, starch, liquid and seasoning that may be used in preparing various sauces for fish, vegetables, meat and puddings. Notice the larger

proportion of starch, if a thicker sauce be required. (In a white sauce made with butter, flour and milk how many of the food principles are present?)

A good white sauce is a useful thing, and the ability to make it is an accomplishment simple enough and dainty enough to please any girl of housewifely tastes. Discuss with the pupils the qualities of a satisfactory white sauce

Gladiator Soup

By Isaac Motes

A STRONG, thick, easily digested soup is a real necessity to business people for the midday luncheon, when one needs some nourishing, nutritious and "filling" dish, yet one which is not such a tax upon the digestive functions as would be enough roast beef or pork to give the same amount of energy for the afternoon work, which is generally the most strenuous part of the business day. The average business man doesn't have an ideal midday meal, just when he needs it most. The breakfast is usually more nearly ideal than luncheon, because so many business men eat their lunch at a restaurant near their place of business; but it would be wisdom on their part to pay ten cents car fare, if they live in the city, and go home for luncheon.

The great need of business people for breakfast and luncheon is strengthening and nourishing, yet soft and soluble food, capable of furnishing, easily and quickly, the necessary amount of heat and energy needed for the remainder of the business day. The business man whose work is exhausting would keep himself in better trim for that work, if his noon lunch were a bowl of thick, strong soup, with plenty of crackers, and a cup of strong coffee, or a glass of

rich, sweet milk. The soup would be filling and strengthening, and at the same time so easily digested that it would not draw much energy from the brain to assist in assimilating it and appropriating, immediately, its strength for the performance of the work in hand.

By following the directions given below a soup can be prepared strong enough for a man's luncheon, when accompanied by a cup of good coffee, and perhaps a small portion of lemon or chocolate pudding or tender stewed fruit. Such a luncheon would furnish as much nutrition as a generous plate of roast beef, pork or fish, and it takes up less energy in the process of digestion, besides yielding its strength quicker, and if made a little less strong it would be equally good for the six o'clock dinner.

To make this soup for the noon luncheon put a quart of good white beans under the hydrant to soak the evening before, allowing the water to drip slowly upon them all night. Next morning when getting breakfast put them on a slow fire and simmer in a closed pot until 11.30. Put a good-sized square of streaked salt pork with them, and enough water so there will be plenty of soup at 11.30.

About ten o'clock put two stewpans upon the fire with a quart of water in each. Into one put a dozen or so coarse outer stalks of celery, exceedingly well scraped and washed, and cut into small pieces. Into the other put the celery hearts and tender inside stalks, cut into small bits. Put them in while the water is cold, and let all heat up slowly together, under heavy, close-fitting lids, so that no steam will escape. Let them simmer until a half hour before luncheon.

About 11.30 take out of the pot of beans the amount of soup necessary for the family luncheon, and put it in a large iron or copper kettle or good granite stewpan. Take up also a teacup of the beans and press through a colander or fine sieve, first rubbing the hulls loose. If the beans are not quite done, as they probably will not be, it doesn't matter, as there will be more cooking. Add this pulp to the soup and stir in well.

Now add the broth from both pans of celery. There should be not more than a pint of this to each pan. Throw the coarse stalks away and put the hearts and tender stalks through a colander or sieve and add to the soup. Also, have ready six or more hard-boiled eggs. Mash the yolks in a bowl, adding two or three spoonfuls of soup to make them creamy. Add this to the soup and stir in well. Then put this pot upon the fire and cook slowly until twelve o'clock, adding salt and pepper, and a little butter if desired, and stirring occasionally, when it is ready to serve.

Serve with crisp crackers or corn bread if liked. Corn muffins left over from breakfast may be warmed and utilized in this way very nicely.

If desired, you can, after the soup is poured into bowls, sprinkle a little grated cheese into them, stirring it in at the same time. The soup being thick, the cheese will not sink to the bottom, as in thin soup. It will be evenly distributed through the soup. Or, if desired, dice some of the tender lean pork and add.

This will make a strong, rich, strengthening soup almost as thick as mush, which will make a man strong as a gladiator, and upon which he can work that afternoon like a steam engine. The pot of beans may be filled with water again, of course, and cooked slowly until six o'clock, when the soup may be dipped off and made in the same way, only thinner.

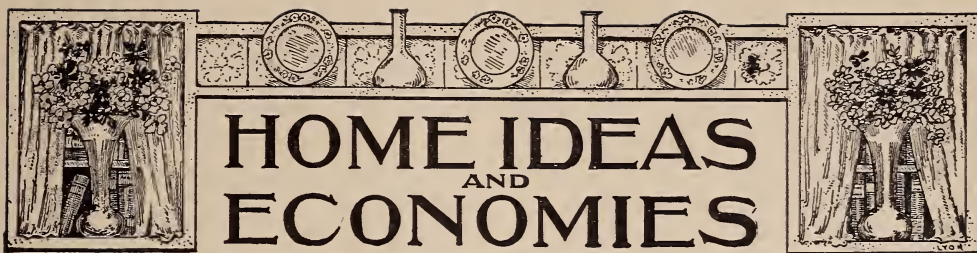
As only the yolks of the eggs are used in the soup we see no reason for cooking the whole egg. The yolks might be dropped into a saucepan of water just at the boiling point to remain (without further boiling of the water) until firm throughout, and the uncooked whites be reserved for some other dish. Also, we see no reason why these cooked yolks should receive another half hour of cooking, and would suggest that after they have been made ready for the soup that they be set aside with the butter until just before the soup is to be sent to the table. —
EDITOR.

The Nestling

By Grace Agnes Thompson

Hush! little one, hush!
So soft the breezes sigh,
So gently blow the zephyrs o'er thy nest,
They cannot rouse thy infant, guileless rest;
Then close each sweet blue eye.
Sleep! little one, sleep!

Rest! little one, rest!
Though cold the world and wide,
So trustful is thy helpless, perfect ease,
I safely keep thee here upon my knees;
Love watches by thy side.
Sleep! little one, sleep!



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

COOKING with the furnace may sometimes be accomplished where the furnace has a wide ledge inside the door. Meats or puddings that require slow cooking may be put on the ledge in the baking dishes, and the furnace door be left slightly open.

When a kettle is liable to boil over grease the rim lightly all around with a bit of butter. The contents will touch this danger line, but will not pass it. This is a good thing to remember when boiling syrups or making candies.

Glass preserve jars for keeping groceries in a pantry will be found most useful. They are easily cleaned, neat to look at, and the contents are seen at a glance, so one knows when the supplies are running low. It is well to paste a label on each one, then there will be no danger of using a wrong article. Such things as tea, coffee, rice, tapioca, raisins, currants, cream of tartar, powdered sugar, salt, etc., may be kept clean and fresh in these jars.

To keep the cookbook open at the right place, make a band of one-inch elastic the proper size. When not in use it may be strapped around the closed book.

A good covering for an ironing board may be made from unbleached cotton cloth. Cut it about two inches

larger than the board, hem it all around, and at intervals of six inches sew on tape, to tie it on the board. If two covers are made a fresh one can always be kept ready for use.

To turn the hem on new table napkins, put the napkins through the narrow hemmer of an unthreaded sewing machine. This makes a more narrow and more even hem than can be turned by hand.

A buttonhole worked in the corner of the dishcloth will be found better than a loop by which to hang it up, because a buttonhole will last as long as the cloth itself, whereas a loop often gets pulled off.

Where one has no covered pudding dish, the cover and water pan of a chafing-dish will answer very well for the purpose. The round earthen dish in which the pudding is baked should be just a little smaller than the water pan.

A discarded tennis racquet is good for beating rugs, being light and strong, and so constructed that it does not destroy the goods. Its short handle is a good point, too. Remove all the cords from the racquet, leaving only the frame.

Add a teaspoonful of cocoa to a recipe for sour cream cake and see how delicious the result will be.

Diced, tart apples are a delightful addition to chicken salad.

To get fresh jelly when it is needed make a practice of straining fruit-juice in the summer the same as when you are usually making jelly, but put the juice into jars, boiling hot, just as in canning, and without sugar; then, at any time in the winter, sugar may be added and jelly made and it will be nice and fresh. And the work will not be nearly so hard as on a hot summer's day.

When putting away woolen clothes in the spring it is a good plan to wrap each article in newspaper, separately. Moths will not bother anything put away in this manner, as they do not like newspapers.

Too keep flies from chandeliers, wipe the chandeliers with a soft cloth that has been wet with kerosene oil. This should be done several times during the summer. Fly specks can be removed in the same manner, even when on gilt picture frames, but the cloth must be only slightly moistened in the latter case, and used lightly, else the gilt itself may come off. * * * T. A. T.

* * *

CAN I make a suggestion to makers of caramel custard? I put my sugar for the caramel directly into the saucepan (agate) in which I bake the custard. When it is melted turn the saucepan till it is lined with the caramel, and then turn the custard mixture in. In this way none of the caramel is wasted. I have excellent results with it, as I do, in fact, with all your recipes. H. H. S.

* * *

AT the picnic table next ours we noticed that the oranges had been peeled and quartered at home and the sections done up in oiled paper. The eaters seemed to enjoy their fruit so much without the annoyance of prepar-

ing it, and the children kept themselves so much cleaner, that I concluded to try the same scheme the next time we sallied forth for a picnic. C. F. S.

* * *

Our Newest Vegetable—Italian Fennel or Finocchio, a Salad Plant

LONG ISLAND is fast becoming a vast market garden. Despised heretofore, when treated according to modern methods its possibilities reveal its fitness for many things desired in our markets, not only the old stand-bys but novelties which our cosmopolitan cities demand.

One of these is the European salad plant, finocchio, or Italian sweet fennel. Others, grown now on Long Island and elsewhere by progressive gardeners, are the Japanese radishes, okra, martynia, artichokes, sweet potatoes, peanuts and Spanish salsify. But to return to finocchio; a season's experience will overcome the fears of even the most conservative growers, and a test by housekeepers will show them another plant to be added to the family dietary.

The sweet fennel has a root some three to four inches in depth; like a bulb, it is made by the thickened bases of the leaves. These resemble celery and are eaten with salt for a relish. Or they may be made into a salad with oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Usually the roots are boiled in salted water first, then sliced for a salad, and chilled. When served hot as a vegetable the fennel may be boiled in salted water and dressed with melted butter. For all these dishes the fennel plants are bleached like celery.

Fennel is planted in the fall or spring by means of seeds. It germinates readily and must be thinned out; then it will mature in any good garden soil wherever celery and other garden vegetables will thrive. As autumn comes on it must be "earthed up," to bleach it, just as celery is managed.

The Florence fennel is *Fœniculum dulce*. The common fennel is grown for its aromatic seeds and for its young leaves to be used as flavoring.

The Italians use fennel seeds in their national bread or cake, which is made entirely of chestnut flour. In fact, they inherited this taste for fennel from the ancient Romans, who cultivated it for centuries. In many parts of the world, as Bermuda, the fennel grows wild. The Germans, also, use the seeds in cookery, being fond of caraway, anise, dill, cardamom, etc., in various combinations, for many dishes, from pickles to rye bread and Nuremberg gingerbread; in the latter cardamom, unpleasant as it is by itself, is used with spices to give an agreeable flavor.

The English *Gardener's Chronicle*, a magazine largely read in this country by all garden lovers, suggests the use of fennel as a vegetable, praising the Italian variety. Old English cookery manuals and early American ones always mention fresh fennel sprigs for fish sauces. It is to be chopped fine and used as we use parsley or chervil nowadays. And in old-time stories we read of old dames wending their way to "meeting" with sprigs of fennel to nibble during the long sermons. Try fennel in a corner of the garden. Use its seeds for chestnut cake; chop the young leaves for drawn butter for fish, and, if you grow the *Fœniculum dulce*, then enjoy a new salad plant and share it with your guests and neighbors.

J. D. C.

Ars Victrix

By John N. Hilliard

A committee has been formed, including several prominent gourmets such as M. Jules Claretie and M. Alfred Capus, together with several prominent restaurateurs, to carry out the idea of erecting in the open square in front of the St. Eustache Church, in the heart of the central markets, a national monument to commemorate the culinary glory of France.—*Paris Despatch*.

When great men die, we straightway raise
A granite slab or column,
And grave thereon their meed of praise
In words discreet and solemn;
The world's great warriors, statesmen and
The scientists, distinguished,
Live on in shafts and statues grand,
Although life's flame's extinguished.

But why, I ask, have men not wrought,
With bold imagination,
A stone to those brave souls who taught
That cooking's inspiration?
For surely 'tis a poet's part
To mayonnaise a salad,
And breading cutlets is an art
More subtle than a ballad.

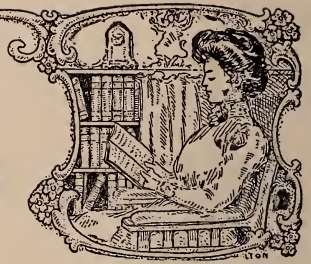
Who grills a steak is greater than
The man who takes a city,
And he who masters pot and pan
Is more than wise and witty;
To broil a chop one ought to know
More than is taught of statics;
More deep the knack of mixing dough
Than higher mathematics.

Who understands just how to boil
An old or new potato,
Yet keep the flavor of the soil,
Is wiser far than Plato;
To cook a capon demands skill
Beyond Van Dyck or Titian;
To turn a young pig on the grill
Is simply intuition.

Then mold in deathless bronze or brass
A bas-relief of Vatel,
Set off with skillet, pan and glass,
By cooling-tub and bottle;
A monument to Reyniere,
And eke Carême and Barble,
While Savarin, the wise and rare,
Shall live in purest marble.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1599—Concluded.

Beets Stuffed with Cabbage-and-Nut Salad

Have ready young beets, boiled tender and skinned, heart leaves of a head of lettuce, washed and thoroughly dried, cabbage, chopped fine with pecan nut meats, and either boiled, French or mayonnaise dressing. Cut the centers of the beets and trim them, as needed, to make cases one-fourth an inch in thickness. Reserve the trimmings, to be chopped fine, to garnish a salad for the next day. Mix the prepared cabbage and nuts with the dressing and use to fill the beet cups. Dress the lettuce with French dressing and on it set the cups. Serve at once.

Celery, cut fine, may replace the cabbage.

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad

$\frac{1}{4}$ a pound of prunes	2	tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{4}$ a pound of pecan nut meats		lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ a head of lettuce	$\frac{1}{4}$	a teaspoonful of
$\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonfuls of oil		salt (or more)

Soak the prunes over night in cold water; let cook on the back of the range until tender (and no longer), when the water should be pretty thoroughly evaporated. When cold cut from the stones in neat lengthwise pieces. Cut the nuts

in slices, lengthwise. Mix the oil, lemon juice and salt and pour over the prunes and nuts. Mix and turn upon the lettuce. Serve with roast meats or with bread and butter.

Apple-Nut-and-Celery Salad

1 cup of apple (peeled and cut in half-inch cubes)	stalks cut in one-fourth inch slices)
$\frac{1}{2}$ a tablespoonful of lemon juice	French or mayonnaise dressing, as desired
$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 full cup of tender celery (inner	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of nut meats, broken in pieces

Mix the apple and lemon juice to keep the apple from discoloring, then mix the apple and celery with French dressing. Use lemon juice instead of vinegar, in making the dressing, and allow for the lemon juice poured over the apple when it was cut. Instead of French dressing, mayonnaise may be used.

The above salad recipes are from "Cooking for Two."

Devil's Cake

Beat two-thirds a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one cup of sugar; beat the yolks of four eggs very light; beat into them one cup of sugar, then beat the two mixtures together; add one cup of hot, mashed potato, two squares of melted chocolate, and, alternately, half

a cup of sweet milk and two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with three and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon and nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of clove. Lastly, add a cup of walnut meats, chopped fine, and the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a loaf, a sheet, or in layers. Frost with chocolate, or plain white icing, as desired.

Devil's Cake, No. 2

¼ a cup of butter		2 level teaspoonfuls
Yolks of 2 eggs		of baking powder
1 cup of sugar		2 whites of eggs,
4 ounces of chocolate		beaten dry
½ a cup of milk		1 teaspoonful of va-
1½ cups of sifted flour		nilla extract

Beat the butter to a cream and the yolks till light; beat one-half the sugar into the butter and the other half into the yolks and combine the two; add the chocolate, melted over hot water, and, alternately, the milk and flour, sifted with the baking powder; lastly, add the extract and the whites of eggs. Bake in two layers about twenty minutes. Put the layers together with boiled frosting.

Horseradish Dressing for Cole Slaw

2 yolks of eggs		1 white of egg, beaten
½ a teaspoonful of salt		dry
½ a teaspoonful of sugar		2 tablespoonfuls of
¼ a teaspoonful of mustard		butter
¼ a teaspoonful of paprika		½ a cup of double
2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar		cream
		1 teaspoonful of
		grated horse-
		radish

Beat the yolks very light, add the seasonings and acid, and stir, while cooking over hot water, until the mixture thickens. Remove from the water, while the white is being beaten, return to the water and fold in the white; continue the cooking till the white is "set;" remove from the fire and beat in the butter. When cold and ready to serve fold in the cream, beaten firm, and the horseradish.

Brown Sauce

Pour the fat from the pan in which the meat was roasted, then add to the pan one cup of boiling water and stir and cook, to remove the glaze and juices from the pan. Take two tablespoonfuls of the fat in a small saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir and cook until well browned, then add the liquid from the roasting pan and stir until boiling. Add salt and pepper as needed. Flour, browned in the oven, may be kept on hand for use in these sauces, thus shortening the time of making the sauce. Kitchen bouquet may, also, be added to heighten the color.

Chocolate Chips

½ a cup of sugar		1 teaspoonful of va-
¼ a cup of glucose		nilla
½ a cup of water		"Dot" chocolate

Melt the sugar in the water and glucose (pure corn syrup answers the purpose), and let boil to about 254° Fahr., or between a soft and a hard ball. Add the vanilla and turn upon a marble or platter, over which powdered sugar has been sifted. Turn the candy to take a rectangular shape on the marble. When cool enough, score the candy in strips about an inch and a quarter wide; as it grows cooler lift the strips, one by one, to a clean place, and cut in pieces half or three-fourths of an inch long. When cold dip them in "Dot" chocolate, melted for the purpose; lift out, drain and set upon an oilcloth. These are crisp when first made, but grow more friable upon keeping.

QUERY 1600. — "Kindly repeat recipe for 'Fish à la Virginia' given in 1909. Also, give recipes for Cheese Cakes made with lemon and chopped almonds, Onion Soup that has cheese in it, Wellesley Fudge Cake and English Plum Cake."

Fish à la Virginia

Press enough stale bread, freed from crust, through a colander to half fill a cup. Put the bread and half a cup of

cream over the fire and stir until hot; remove from the fire and beat in one well-beaten egg, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper. Return to the fire and stir constantly until the egg is set. Do not let the mixture boil. Add one cup of cooked fish, shredded fine, and, when well mixed, turn into a pan, to make a sheet not over an inch thick. Let stand in a cool place several hours or over night. Cut into rounds, roll these in an egg, beaten and diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, then in sifted bread crumbs. Have ready as many halves of tomato as rounds of fish. Season the tomato with salt and pepper and broil until softened throughout. Set the halves of tomato on rounds of buttered toast and put a bit of butter on each piece of tomato, also a sprinkling of pepper and salt. In the meantime, fry the rounds of fish in deep fat and set one above each half of tomato. Pour a cup and a half of rich, white sauce over the whole, or serve the sauce in a dish apart.

Cheese Cakes

Beat two eggs, then gradually beat into one cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of ground almonds and one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Turn into individual tins, lined with rich pastry, and let bake in moderate oven about twenty minutes, or until firm in the center. Brush the top of the mixture with a little white of egg, reserved for the purpose, dredge with granulated sugar and return to the oven to color the top delicately. Reheat, if they become cold, before serving.

Onion Soup in Petites Marmites

(From Cooking and Serving en Casserole)

Melt half a cup of butter; in it cook four large, white onions, sliced fine; stir and cook the onions until they are softened and yellowed, then add three or four sprigs of parsley,

two quarts of rich beef broth and a pint of water and let simmer twenty minutes. Have ready eight *petites marmites*; into each of these put three round slices of French bread, freed from crust, browned in the oven, or toasted, and then sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese. Strain the soup over the toast, which will rise to the top of the *marmites*; again sprinkle the toast with grated cheese and set the *marmites* into the oven, to melt the cheese and brown it slightly. The soup is now ready to send to the table in the little vessels. If preferred, pick out the parsley and leave the onion in the soup.

Wellesley Fudge Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ a cup of butter	1 cup of milk
1 cup of sugar	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sifted flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of chocolate, melted over hot water	1 rounding teaspoon- ful of baking powder
2 yolks of eggs	2 whites of eggs

Mix the ingredients in the order enumerated; bake in a loaf and cover with the following frosting.

Frosting for Fudge Cake

1 tablespoonful but- ter	$\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of chocolate	1 teaspoonful of va- nilla
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sugar	

Melt the chocolate over hot water; add the butter, sugar and milk and let cook about ten minutes; let stand until cooled a little, then add the vanilla and beat until of a consistency to spread.

Nice Plum Cake (Mary Harrison)

$\frac{3}{4}$ a pound of flour	4 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of butter, lard or dripping	1 teaspoonful of bak- ing powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of sugar	Grated rind of lemon
$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of currants	

Rub the shortening into the flour; add all the other dry ingredients and mix with the eggs, well beaten. Turn into a cake tin lined with paper and bake for about an hour and a quarter.



Beautiful Spoons and Forks Practically Free

Just to acquaint you with the many delightful uses and cooking economies of *pure* extract of beef,

— so you'll know by actual trial, the delicious flavor it adds to soups, gravies, sauces,

— and how an ordinary soup becomes tasty and fine flavored with just a bit of *pure* extract of beef added,

Simply as an inducement to you to *try* the absolutely pure extract, the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef,

— we give you these beautiful, full-sized, heavily-plated teaspoons and forks, of exclusive rose pattern, furnished in "French Gray" like the newest Sterling ware.

They are made and warranted by Wm. Rogers & Son, and are entirely without advertising.

Simply send us the metal cap of a jar of the genuine Liebig and 10 cts. in stamps and we'll send you a spoon, post-paid. Send one Liebig cap and 20 cts. in stamps for a fork—no limit to the spoons and forks you can get this way for practically nothing. You need only to see *one*, then you'll want the complete set.

But be sure you get the genuine

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

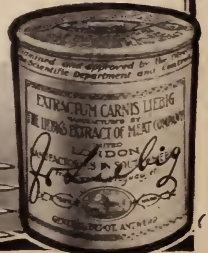
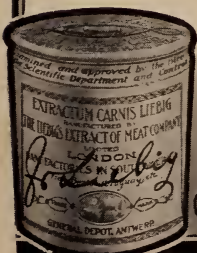
with the signature in blue on the jar.

None other so pure, so delicious, so economical.

And you know that it is not the by-product of a firm which sells butcher's beef, and that it is prepared under perfect sanitary conditions. You get in Liebig Company's the pure concentrated extract of the finest beef in the world, from cattle raised on our own ranches, solely for making Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.

Our free *Cook Book*, by Mrs. Rorer, gives many delightful recipes. Your name on a post-card brings it.

For spoons, forks or cook books, address Dept. G
CORNEILLE DAVID & CO., 118 Hudson St., New York



a little cream. Mix all together thoroughly, then dispose in buttered shells (individual) on a baking dish. Stir two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs into one-third a cup of melted butter and spread over the top of the salsify preparation. Set into a hot oven, to brown the crumbs.

Scalloped Vegetable Oysters, No. 2

Scrape the salsify roots and drop into cold water, to which two tablespoonfuls of vinegar has been added. When all are scraped, cut the roots into thin slices, letting each slice fall into the water as cut. Cook the slices tender in the flour and water as given above, then drain. For a pint of cooked salsify prepare a cup and a half of cream sauce; if desired, add the yolks of one or two eggs and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put a layer of sauce in an au gratin dish, add a layer of salsify and continue until all the ingredients are used. Have the last layer of sauce; cover with buttered cracker crumbs, as in preceding recipe, and let cook in a hot oven to brown the crumbs.

Tough, Shriveled Cucumber Pickles

When taken from the vines cucumbers for pickles are usually steeped over night in a brine of salt and water. If too much salt be used, the pickles will sooner or later become tough and shriveled in appearance. A cup of salt is enough for two gallons of water.

QUERY 1545. — "Recipe for Soft Gingerbread made with Sour Cream."

Soft Gingerbread with Sour Cream

<p>$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter (scant) $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar 2 eggs 1 cup of sour cream 1 cup of molasses 3 cups of flour</p>	<p>$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of soda 2 teaspoonfuls of gin- ger 1 teaspoonful of cin- namon</p>
--	--

Mix in the same manner as a cake. If rich cream be used, shorten the

measure of butter a little. Bake in two brick-loaf bread pans or in one shallow biscuit pan.

QUERY 1546. — "Recipe for Jewish Unleavened Bread."

Matza or Passover Bread

To a quart of flour add a teaspoonful of salt; at discretion work in from a tablespoonful to one-fourth a cup of butter, then mix with cold water to a *very stiff dough*. Add water at the last very cautiously, as the dough should contain very much less moisture than an ordinary dough. Run the dough repeatedly through a machine made for the purpose. The machine cuts as well as kneads the dough. When the dough is very smooth and elastic, shape into very thin round cakes. Set in a baking pan a little distance apart. Bake in a quick oven.

QUERY 1547. — "How may Irish and sweet potatoes be baked that the skins may be soft and the potatoes thoroughly baked?"

Baked Potatoes

We do not think it possible to bake potatoes so that they may be mealy and the skins be soft at the same time. After being thoroughly baked, if they be allowed to stand a time without cracking, the enclosed steam may soften the skins, but the potato itself will not be as good.

QUERY 1548. — "Recipe for canning Sweet Red Peppers to be used in the same way as the canned pimentos bought at grocers."

Canned Red Peppers

Cut around the stem and remove it, then remove the seeds. Pour boiling water over the prepared peppers, cover and let stand five or six minutes, to lessen the firmness and facilitate packing. Fill the jars with the peppers, pressing them in; set in place on the rack of a steam cooker, first laying a folded cloth over the rack. Pour



CHEESE

Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebits, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast, Rice with Cheese and all Chafing Dish Cooking.



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Its rare, rich flavor makes **Lea & Perrins Sauce** the most useful of all seasonings.

Beware of Imitations.

— JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

**HOW TO COOK
RICE**
In True Southern Style

Among foods it is the cereal easiest to DIGEST and the most NUTRITIOUS — high in heat value, therefore excellent in cold climates.

Write for booklet, "Creole Mammy Rice Recipes," FREE.
Dep't M,
Rice Association of America
CROWLEY, LA.

Service 47th St. N.Y.

GOLD BOND

BRAND 

**PURE FOOD
SEA PRODUCTS**

Far superior to similar goods obtainable at your local store.

Choicest of fat salt mackerel and genuine Georges codfish.

Special packs of shrimp, oysters, crab meat, salmon, sardines, etc.

A full line of imported finnan haddie, kippered herring, olive oil and other foreign delicacies.

**Packed Especially to Your Order
All Delivery Charges Prepaid**

Write for full particulars of our special trial offer, and Free Cook Book.

Gold Bond Packing Co., Gloucester, Mass.

water, lukewarm is safe, into the cooker, set the covers on the rack beside the jars, fill the jars to overflow with lukewarm water, cover the cooker and let cook an hour after boiling begins. Add boiling water, if needed, to fill the jars to overflow, adjust the rubbers and covers and let cook fifteen minutes. Tighten the jars and remove from the cooker.

QUERY 1549. — Recipes for "Salmon Cutlet," "Fruit Cocktail," and "Candied Citron." "Why is it that gluten bread is usually heavy, while flour containing much gluten gives light bread?"

Salmon Cutlet

Salmon steaks or slices an inch in thickness are often called cutlets. A salmon steak from the center of the fish, cut in halves, would closely resemble the shape usually thought of under the name of cutlet. In answer to Query 1530, December copy of this magazine, a recipe for salmon cutlets, made of cooked or canned salmon, was given. This recipe is the same as would be given for salmon croquettes; the shapes given to the mixture occasion the name.

Fruit Cocktail

A fruit cocktail may be made of one variety of fruit or of several varieties. Or, it may be made of fruit juice, as grape-fruit, and wine, with a single piece of the grape-fruit pulp in the bottom of the glass. In our seasonable recipes directions for making a cocktail of bananas and grape-fruit will be found. The shape of the banana, as given, is particularly pleasing, but the banana may be cut in cubes or slices. The fruit of the season is usually selected, though canned fruit is often used with fresh fruit. At this season grape-fruit, oranges, bananas

and white grapes, skinned and seeded, give a good variety from which to select.

Candied Citron

Peel and cut in sections, removing all seeds, let stand over night in brine made of half a cup of salt to a gallon of water. Drain, rinse and cook until tender in fresh water. Let cool in the water. Take sugar equal to the weight of the citron before cooking and a cup of water to each pound of sugar; let boil, and skim. In this cook the citron until transparent; remove, and let the syrup simmer until quite thick; put in the pieces of citron and let stand over night. Take out the citron, reheat the syrup, pour it over the citron and let stand again. Repeat till the citron will take up no more syrup. Then let dry off and store.

Lightness, etc., of Gluten Bread

The question, "why is it that gluten bread is usually heavy while flour containing much gluten gives light bread," though stating two well-known facts is decidedly misleading. Rye flour contains a large proportion of gluten, but bread made entirely of rye flour is not particularly light. Rye bread is of a close texture and very "sticky." The same is true of so-called gluten bread. In order that yeast bread be light, the *starch and gluten in the flour must be properly* proportioned. Yeast plants cannot grow (or fermentation cannot take place) in a dough made of pure gluten flour. The yeast plants feed upon the starch (in composition) changing some of it into sugar, and the sugar into alcohol and carbon di-oxide. This chemical change, in a dough that holds a proper proportion of gluten, occasions the changing of the dough into an elastic puffy mass.

Don't Be Cleverly Fooled By Lard Labels

If you want *leaf lard*—as most housewives do—don't buy a pail of lard labeled "Leaf Brand."

"Leaf Brand" isn't leaf lard.

Neither is "Pure Lard."

Most housewives know that leaf lard is best. But hundreds who think they are getting leaf lard never do.

It's because they are cleverly duped by ingeniously worded labels.

What the Law Says

The law says that unless a pail contains real leaf lard the maker can't say "Leaf Lard" on the label.

But "Leaf Brand" isn't saying Leaf Lard, so it's not against the law.

The maker assumes, when he says it, that women will not discover the truth.

A pail so labeled never contains leaf lard. Women who buy those pails never get it.

How to be Sure of Leaf Lard

Look for a pail like the one shown here. Note that the label says "Leaf Lard"—"Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

You know this lard is pure—you know it is clean and that it is leaf lard.

We make the lard in an open kettle, just as leaf lard was made on the farm.

But we use open-jacketed kettles and our skill is the skill of years.

So Armour's leaf lard has a flavor not even approached in other lards.



Leaf lard is better than butter for cooking. It doesn't cook so dry.

You need use but two-thirds as much as of other lards. So it's the most economical.

We make it from that dainty bit of flaky fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys. This is the choicest of all fat. There is only enough of the fat to supply one-tenth of the people with leaf lard. You never have known such pastry as you can make with *real* leaf lard.

There's not enough leaf lard for everyone. If you *want* leaf lard you must insist. Don't be misled any longer. See that the next lard you buy is labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHARTER OAK
PATTERN

Durability and Beauty

have made this ware famous for many years.
It affords the longest service
and satisfaction—

"Silver Plate that
Wears"

The *heaviest* triple plate is guaranteed by the trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "N-8" showing designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn. New York Chicago San Francisco

(International Silver Co., Successor)

New Books

Dorothy Brooke's School Days. By FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK, author of "A Life of Lincoln for Boys," etc. With illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. 368 pages, 8vo, \$1.50. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

The author writes good English. Her stories are not sensational; they are wholesome reading for young and old. Dorothy Brooke is a fascinating girl. The reader becomes interested in her and her companions at once, and follows their several careers in a large boarding school with ever-increasing pleasure. The story gives an insight into growth of thought and power in the characters. Their traits are naturally portrayed, and are chiefly admirable. The tone of the narrative is firm, far above cavil. In short, this is a spirited and wholesome girl's story, which every wide-awake girl will enjoy. Elder people, too, in these days of startling revelations, may find its perusal soothing and refreshing. The ideals and standards of its heroine are worthy of imitation. Lofty standards and ideals are sentiments than which nothing better can be inculcated in youth.

Dame Curtsey's Book of Etiquette. By ELLYE HOWELL GLOVER. Price 50 cents net. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

What constitutes "good form" is a knowledge of a few universal rules which give one a passport into polite society; but every city or community has rules and customs which must be observed by the stranger within the gates. In this little volume, which is intended merely as a handbook for busy people in a busy world, the consensus of opinion of the best authorities obtainable has been taken as a stand-

ard. A practical application of the Golden Rule will often help to decide a puzzling question, and it might be well to remember that to be over punctilious is much better than to err upon the side of neglect and carelessness.

This little book answers many questions and gives many hints and directions as to the latest decree of Dame Society on points of etiquette. It certainly pays to be polite on all occasions.

Creole Mammy Rice Recipes is the title of a booklet sent free to our subscribers upon application to the Rice Association of America, Crowley, La. It contains about a dozen and a half of recipes, chiefly Creole, for cooking rice. Rice as a cereal for breakfast, rice in batter cakes, waffles and fritters, rice in tomato soup, in gumbo and with curried dishes, also, Jambalaya, Daube and the like, are among the recipes. Rice is ever to be commended as a food easy to digest and most nutritious. It is the chief ingredient in many inexpensive and wholesome dishes suitable to every climate and season.



Impure air and sickness are caused by OIL and GAS Stoves, faulty furnaces, and dry steam heat. In every living room keep an open vessel containing water and

Platt's Chlorides

An odorless, colorless liquid disinfectant and deodorizer. Sold only in quart bottles. Write to Henry B. Platt, 42 Cliff Street, New York, for free book on Sanitation.



RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and the stove which was so attractive when new can be made to look just as much an ornament as ever with a little RISING SUN. Don't neglect the stove; rust soon spoils it.

Rising Sun Makes It Look Like New

and keeps it so with far fewer applications than any other polish ever made, because it stands the heat so much longer than any other. That's right; you can prove it.

MORSE BROS., Props., Canton, Mass.



"It's all in the Turn"

HOW ABOUT THAT TOAST?

Over and Over

Patented



AGENTS WANTED. Large profits in this for agents. Will send one prepaid to any one enclosing 35 cents.

Do you want yours made just right? Toast as good, palatable and delicately crisp and brown, made as easily over your gas or oil stove or burner, as it can ever be made over a bed of red coals. You need the E. & W. Revolving Adjustable Toaster, the latest and best household convenience and necessity. Unsurpassed in appearance, usefulness and convenience. You will be delighted with the ease with which the bread is toasted just right on both sides with the E. & W. Toaster. No burning the toast or hands. Every up-to-date housekeeper who likes to serve things just right will want one. It can also be used to broil frankfurts and many other things.

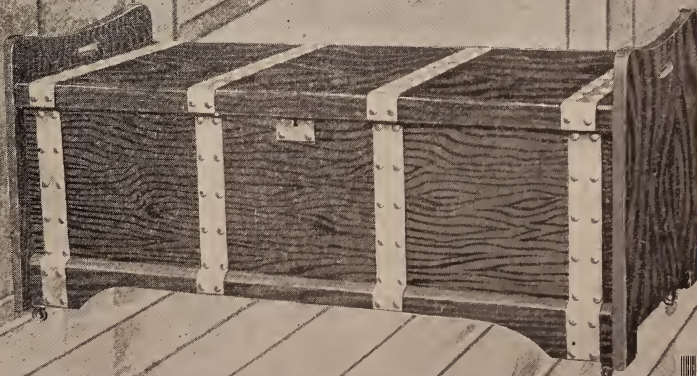
IF NOT AT YOUR DEALERS', WE WILL SEND ONE, PREPAID, FOR 35c. ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO
E. & W. MANUFACTURING CO., 115 Fitch St., Syracuse, N.Y.

A Piedmont in Your Hall

or window nook would lend character to your whole home. Practicability and sentiment are combined. Your gowns, furs and hats in a Piedmont Chest of genuine Red Cedar are absolutely safe from moths, dust and dampness. Piedmont Chests may be handed down as heirlooms—they are of such beautiful and honest craftsmanship.

The Colonial Window Seat or Hall Chest, No. 58 shown, is made of 3/4 in. Solid Red Cedar. Fitted with strong lock, brass casters and brass lid stay. Bound with wide bands of dull finished copper. Studded with heavy copper rivets. Price \$22.50 delivered prepaid east of the Mississippi River. This low price is possible because we manufacture in the heart of the red cedar section and ship direct to you. By our **Special 15 Days' Free Trial Offer** you can examine this chest in your own home at no cost. If unsatisfactory, we even pay the return freight charges. *Send now for our catalog of chests of all styles and prices.*

DEPT. C PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST COMPANY, SEATESVILLE, N. C.



Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes



EAGLE

BRAND

Condensed Milk

PEERLESS

BRAND

Evaporated Milk

They are the BEST.

They are Pure, Sterile,
Safe.

Always available.

Economical and Superior
to fresh Cow's Milk.

They solve every milk problem.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

New York

The Story of the Three Princesses

(Continued from page 277)

What she saw was a tall, quiet looking girl of thirteen, with serious blue eyes and a mass of soft fluffy brown hair. With her, dancing first at one side and then at the other, a bright, laughing midget of eight, with gleaming reddish hair, a saucy little nose and a rather large mouth, parted to show two rows of shining white teeth. This was the Princess Gay.

"Hm!" said the Fairy godmother, "I think Philada has found out for herself. What do you do all day?" she asked abruptly, turning to Philada.

"Take care of Gay and do the mending," said the Princess Philada. "You know we had to send the nurses and most of the maids away."

"Keep on doing it, and anything else you can think of that will help others.—I think you'll get along all right," she added, turning again to the king. "I'll come once in a while to see how things are."

After she had gone the Princess Gay laughed long and merrily. "She's so funny in her old gray dress!"

"She's lovely," said the Princess Philada quickly, "and she is my own godmother."

"You're welcome to her, I don't want her. She's too solemn for me." And the Princess Gay broke away and ran out into the garden to chase butterflies.

For ten long busy years the Princess Philada continued to care for her father and the Princess Gay. She ruled the few servants wisely and well, and they all adored her. Her nimble fingers darned and patched the faded old brocades that were once such gorgeous robes, and the best and prettiest of them all were made over for the Princess Gay.

Meanwhile word had come that the Princess Favorita was married to a wealthy young king who had fallen in love with her beautiful voice and



ROASTS No other seasoning can equal the delicate touch given all roasts by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The leading cooks throughout the world know the value of Lea & Perrins Sauce as the "final touch" to many a dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.



Rae's Lucca Oil

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL"

THE VERY FINEST QUALITY
OF
PURE OLIVE OIL

SOLD IN BOTTLES AND TINS
OF VARIOUS SIZES

S. RAE & CO.
LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY

Canned Pumpkin

Cut the pumpkin in halves, remove seeds and coarse threads. Cut the halves in narrow strips, pare these and cut them in short pieces. Put the pieces of pumpkin over the fire in an agate kettle, add a cup or less of boiling water, cover closely and let cook very slowly on the back of the range. Stir occasionally. Let cook in this manner about five hours, then press through a sieve. Put the cooked pumpkin into sterilized jars. A small pumpkin, when cooked, will yield about enough to fill two pint jars. If a jar lacks a little of being full, add boiling water to fill it. Set the jars on the rack in a steam kettle or any saucepan of sufficient depth, and put the covers beside the jars; add lukewarm water and let cook an hour, add boiling water if needed to fill the jars to overflow, adjust the rubbers and covers and let cook fifteen minutes longer. Tighten the covers and store in a cool place.

QUERY 1578. — "Is Welsh Rabbit digestible, and which is the most correct term, rabbit or rarebit?"

Digestibility of Welsh Rabbit

Cheese is the proteid elements or curd of the milk separated from the dilutant water. Thus concentrated these compounds are not as easily broken up and digested as when they were found in their natural state with other compounds. In a welsh rabbit, the cheese is diluted somewhat by the admixture of other ingredients; then, too, the addition of a tiny portion of baking soda (half a teaspoonful to a pound of cheese) may help to restore the natural alkalinity. Both of these things aid digestion. But more than all other things the digestibility of a rabbit or other cheese dish depends upon the degree of heat to which it is subjected. A rabbit cooked over hot water is one thing and a rabbit cooked directly

over a flame and allowed to boil is quite another thing. As to the correct term to apply to this cheese dish there is considerable variance in opinion. At present we follow Thudichum who, writing in 1895, says: "The conjecture according to which the name *rabbit* was a corruption of *rare bit* has no kind of probability in its favor."

QUERY 1579. — "Recipe for a Boiled Frosting that can be used in decorating cakes by the use of copper tubes or paper cones."

Boiled Frosting for Piping Cakes

2 cups of granulated sugar	The whites of four eggs
½ a cup of boiling water	Flavoring and color tints if desired

Stir the sugar and water on the back of the range until the sugar is dissolved, then draw to a hot part of the range. With the fingers or a cloth dipped repeatedly in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan, to remove any stray grains of sugar. Cover and let boil rapidly three or four minutes; uncover and let boil to 240° Fahr., or until a thread three inches in length will hang from a spoon dipped into the syrup. Pour the syrup in a fine stream upon the whites of eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Return the whole to the saucepan, set the saucepan on the back of the range, or in a dish of boiling water, and beat continuously until the mixture loses its tendency to separate. Beat, occasionally, until cool, then use. Before the frosting is returned to the fire it is firm enough to stay in place upon a cake, but it will not hold the lines in a tube. After the second cooking it is in perfect condition to use in making flowers, scrolls, etc. It will take a little experience to cook the frosting the second time, but if not cooked enough it may be returned to the dish of water a second, a third or more times without injury. Half of the recipe is ample for a small cake heavily decorated.



SQUIRE'S ARLINGTON SAUSAGES FOR LUNCHEON

Two Ways of Serving Squire's Arlington Sausage

Sausages for Luncheon

Prick the sausages all over with a steel fork, pour on boiling water to cover and let simmer five or six minutes, drain off the water and set the sausages into the oven to cook for about fifteen minutes. Have ready hot mashed potato, seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and a little cream or rich milk; beat with a perforated wooden spoon until very light, white and fluffy. Dispose the potato on a serving dish, a plain mound answers nicely, but with pastry bag and star tube the mound may be made more ornamental. Set the sausages on the potato, thicken the gravy in the pan with a little flour, add a little water,

let boil and turn around the potato. A few balls or cubes cut from a carrot, boiled tender, will give a touch of color and additional flavor to the dish.

Sausages for Breakfast

Prepare the sausage as in the preceding recipe, but serve with creamed or Lyonnaise potatoes. For Lyonnaise potatoes, while the sausages are cooking, cut cold, boiled potatoes in thin slices, and a small, raw, peeled onion in very thin slices. Turn some of the fat from the sausages into a frying-pan; in this cook the onion, stirring constantly until lightly browned; add more fat if needed and the potato, sprinkle with salt and let cook, stirring occasionally, until very hot.

AND BE SURE THEY ARE SQUIRE'S

ARLINGTON BRAND SAUSAGES

For they are the best in the world. Made only from choice young pork seasoned with pure herbs and spices. Nearly all first-class dealers in New England can supply you. But don't be misled into thinking that Arlington Sausages are ever sold in bulk. They are a superior product, guaranteed to you because you buy them in the original package, wrapped in our scrupulously clean factory. They have a deliciousness all their own.



JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

If interested in model manufacturing plants, inspect our factory in East Cambridge, and dine at our restaurant

Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes

Extravagant Housekeepers

ADVICE in regard to purchasing meat is liberally offered by almost everybody nowadays. Two distinguished American citizens, in statements made public, assign a large part of the blame for high prices upon careless and extravagant housekeepers. Archbishop Ireland says:

"Certain housewives, whose deposits in the savings banks are of the lightest kind, if deposits at all they have, would, when marketing, be ashamed to call for any meat that would not demand a high price; and then in the matter of living, among rich and poor, there is a dreadful waste and extravagance resulting from ignorance of housekeeping."

Mr. James J. Hill uttered a similar criticism, saying:

"If a housekeeper, instead of standing before a telephone to order the family supplies, would go to the market and learn which foods are cheap and just as good as the expensive kinds she has been ordering there would be less of this kind of talk."

There are housekeepers and housekeepers. Doubtless many deserve this implied censure. All of us, both men and women, are inclined to extravagance in both food and raiment. A majority of those who, in a rough classification, may be termed "the well-to-do" doubtless demand and expect more costly meat than is necessary for health and comfort. Moreover, there are few households where domestic economy and individual tastes are so fortunately harmonized as in the noted home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt.—*Providence Journal*.

Senator Taylor of Tennessee said the finest example he knew of the antebellum negro's use of the English language was the remark made by an old

negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it, and asked the boy if he was married. "I ain't saying I ain't," the boy replied. "Now you, 'Rastus,'" stormed the old man, "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is!" — *The Troy Press*.

To Belinda

Belinda is the Village Belle,
Her beauty has no ||.

Her charming manner is perfection,
There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash
If after her I made a —,

And with a manner suave and bland
I frankly asked her for her ☞;

Then if she murmured, "Tell me,
dearie,"
Would she say, "Yes," unto my?

And yet, — Belinda's tongue's so brisk,
I fear I'd be an *.

— *Carolyn Wells in Harper's Weekly*.



Dirt that is visible can be easily removed. Germs that are invisible are difficult to destroy, yet they are the more dangerous. The disinfectant, deodorant power of

Platt's Chlorides,
IS APPARENT AND POTENT

Six Initialed Silver Spoons Free

They are marked Wm. Rogers & Son AA. That means their famous Extra plate with a base of highest grade of nickel Silver. The design is new and original, known as the Armour Lily Pattern. You can't buy anything like them. The pieces we send you will bear your initial. There is, of course, no advertising on them.

Six pieces of equal value would cost you \$3.00 in the stores.

They are worth it.

Here is a way to get them!

We want you to use a little Armour's Extract of Beef—just enough to know it. We don't want to give you a jar. That would cheapen it.

But we are going to give you for a little time this present worth more than you pay. We will send tea, after-dinner coffee or bouillon spoons, or butter spreaders, or you can have an assorted set of this silverware.

Our offer is this: Send us the paper certificate from under the metal top of the jar that you buy, or send the top itself. Send with it ten cents to pay cost of carriage and packing. We will then send any

one of the pieces. Our usual limit is six to a family, but send up to 12 certificates and get any 12 pieces if you want them.

Always send 10 cents with each certificate for packing and carriage costs.

Our object is this: There are numerous extracts not nearly so good as ours. We want you to try ours.

Another object is this: American cooks have not yet learned the hundred uses of Armour's Extract of Beef.

The making of beef tea is the least of its uses. You need it in soups, gravies, sauces, on left-over meats, etc.

Armour's Extract of Beef

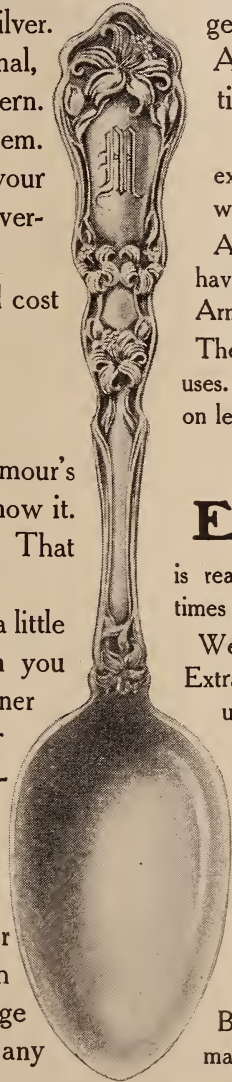
is really the cheapest because it goes four times as far as the ordinary.

We simply want to show you what Armour's Extract really means to you. Then you will use it forever and use it in a hundred ways.

Please order one jar of a grocer or druggist—now—before you forget it. Then send in the first cap with 10 cents to Armour & Co., Chicago, Department E P.

This offer is made only to those living in the United States.

Save the library slips in Extract of Beef jars and use them to get your favorite magazines free.



ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Other Fish Dishes

Any variety of fresh fish is good served in cream sauce. Use a generous cup of fish to a level cup of sauce. For a change, the top covered with buttered crumbs may be browned in the oven. Or, mashed potato may be piped around an au gratin dish or individual dishes; the potato, brushed with beaten yolk of egg, may then be browned in the oven and the creamed fish turned into the center of the dish or dishes. Cheese may be added to the sauce for any of these dishes. A teaspoonful of curry powder, added with each tablespoonful of flour used in making the cream sauce for creamed fish, gives curry of fish. Flaked fish with lettuce and French or mayonnaise dressing gives an appetizing salad. String beans, peas or cubes of cooked potato may be used with the fish in place of the lettuce.

QUERY 1575. — "Recipe for Baba."

Baba

1 lb. (4 cups) of flour	½ a teaspoonful of salt
10 oz. (1½ cups) of butter	1 tablespoonful of sugar
1 cake of compressed yeast	8 eggs
¼ a cup of scalded and cooled milk	1 cup of fruit (cherries, citron or raisins)

Mix the yeast and milk to a smooth consistency; stir in enough of the flour to make a little ball of dough that may be kneaded. Knead until smooth and elastic. Drop the ball into a small saucepan of lukewarm water. At once put the remainder of the flour into a mixing bowl, add the butter, softened by the heat of the room, but not melted, the salt, sugar and three of the eggs (unbeaten). Work the whole together with the hand, beating towards the body. When the mixture is smooth add, one at a time, the rest of the eggs, beating the mixture smooth before the addition of each egg. By this time the little ball of dough will be a spongy mass floating on the water. Lift it

with a skimmer — take no water with it — to the butter and egg mixture and beat it into this mixture in the same manner as the eggs were beaten in. Beat in also the fruit. The fruit may be omitted, if desired. Butter two Turk's head molds, pour in the mixture, and when light and puffy looking bake about half an hour. Pour over wine, rum or fruit syrup and serve at once. The following is from a subscriber to this magazine, who refers to the above recipe: "I have made baba from your recipe, and a friend, whose home is in Paris, says he never ate it better. He also told me that 'his mother thinks it grows better by keeping.' She soaks it in rum sauce when hot, then puts it by for use when occasion demands."

Rum Sauce for Baba

2 cups of granulated sugar | ¾ a cup of water
 | ½ a cup of rum

Boil the sugar and water to a syrup of good consistency, then add the rum.

Pineapple Sauce for Baba

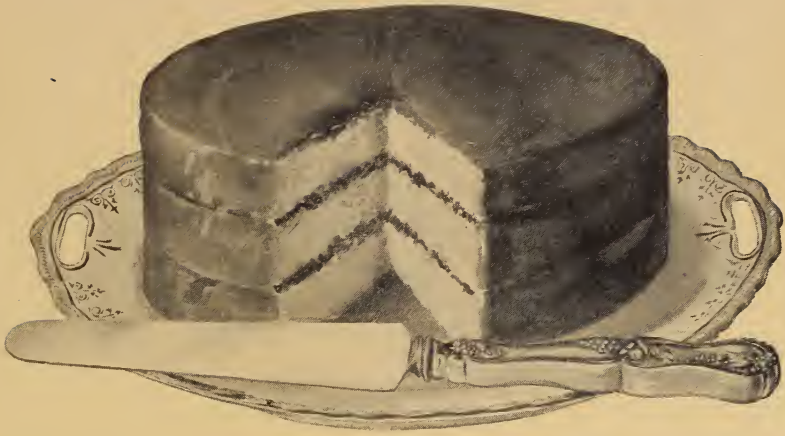
Boil two cups of grated pineapple, the juice of half a lemon and one cup and a half of sugar five or six minutes.

QUERY 1576. — "Why are baked potatoes more digestible than boiled potatoes?"

Digestibility of Baked and Boiled Potatoes

Before assimilation in the body can take place starchy foods must be changed to sugar. This change can be partially brought about in cooking and, to a certain extent, the higher the degree of heat to which an article is subjected the greater the change; that is, potatoes baked in a hot oven (400° Fahr.) would be in a more fit condition for assimilation than a potato cooked in boiling water (212° Fahr.).

QUERY 1577. — "Recipe for Canning Pumpkin for summer use."

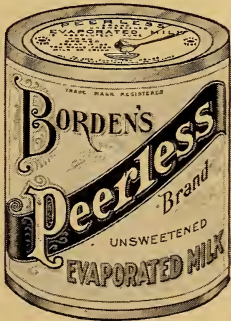


CAKES

Puddings, Ice Cream and all kinds of Desserts are much more delicious when made with

BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

(Unsweetened)



Best for all cooking where milk or cream is an ingredient. Dilute with water to any desired richness and use same as "fresh milk."

Convenience, Economy and Better Results make the use of Peerless Milk a Valuable Habit.

Recipe Book for the asking while they last.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

New York

The **BAKER'S**
Genuine **Breakfast Cocoa**



with the *delicious*
natural flavor and
the rich red-
brown color
characteristic
of this high
grade cocoa
is made only
by

Registered
U. S. Pat. Office

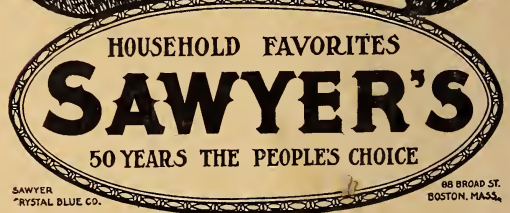
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Established 1700



TRIED
AND
TRUE

SEE
YOUR
GROCER



SAWYER
"CRYSTAL BLUE CO."

88 BROAD ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

VEUVE CHAFFARD
PURE OLIVE OIL

BOTTLED IN FRANCE



IN HONEST
BOTTLES

FULL QUARTS
FULL PINTS
FULL 1-2 PINTS

SOLD BY

PARK & TILFORD, New York
S. S. PIERCE CO., BOSTON



THERE IS NO TARTARIC
ACID IN

MRS. LINCOLN'S
BAKING
POWDER

Send two two-cent stamps for
Mrs. Lincoln's Little Cook Book

MRS. LINCOLN'S
BAKING POWDER CO.

15 Commerce St., Boston



vose **PIANOS**

home free of expense.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

have been established more than **50 YEARS**. By our
system of payments every family in moderate circum-
stances can own a **VOSE** piano. We take old instru-
ments in exchange, and deliver the new piano in your
home. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06385 371 5

R. P. L. Bindery
NOV 16 1910

